JAN 18 1929

Harper's MAGAZINE

THIS HARD-BOILED ERA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

The Mother of a Champion . . . . . *John R. Tunis*

Is America a Christian Country? . . . . . *Bishop Charles Fiske*

Lolling and Lowbrowism . . . . . *Duncan Aikman*

Prosperity for Peace . . . . . *Charles A. Beard*

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[illegible] . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

[illegible] . . . . . *Frances Shaw, and John Frazier Vance*

[illegible]—THE DEVIL'S MOUTH—[illegible] AND [illegible]—IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD—[illegible]—[illegible]

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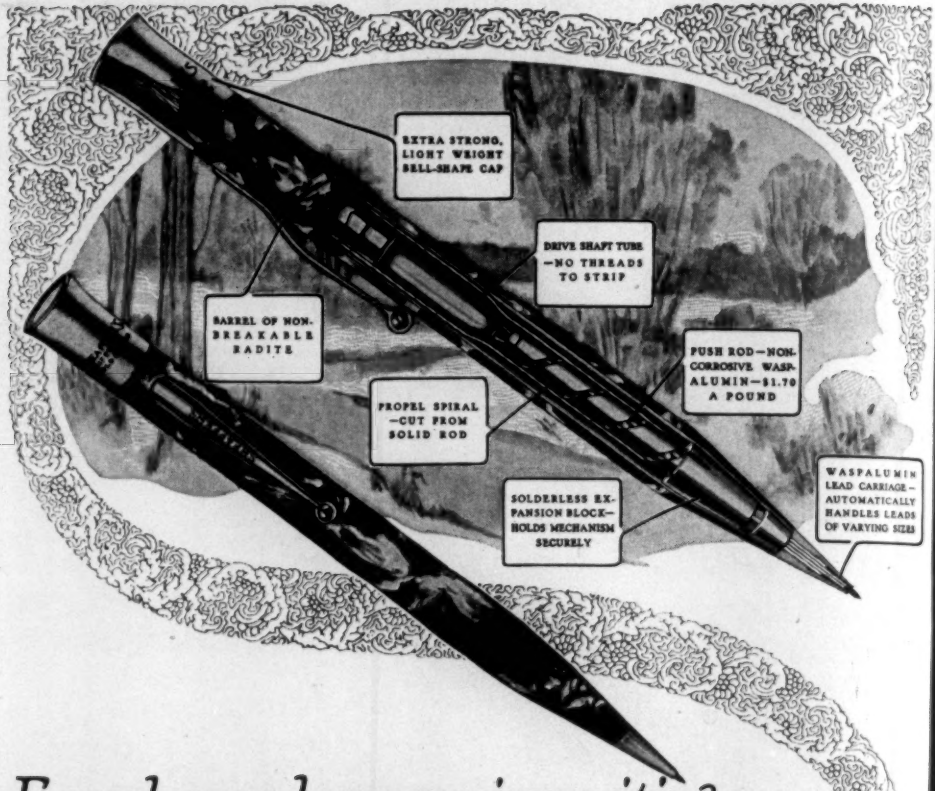
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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THE *Magic Island* by W. B. Seabrook is one of those astonishing narratives of the religious rites of an undeveloped people that send your thoughts back to pagan times. Mr. Seabrook will be remembered as the author of *Adventures in Arabia*. That book had the singular quality of making the men he described real and plausible. It showed that the author had that sympathetic regard for his subject-matter which might almost be spoken of as immersion in an alien culture. This happens likewise to be the outstanding quality of *The Magic Island*. Mr. Seabrook visits Haiti, ingratiates himself in the good will of the black people who still perform Voodoo rites, learns how and why they do it, and almost becomes as much a devotee of Voodoo as once before he almost became an Arab. As a result his book glows with life; here is no tame narrative told by an outsider who stands beyond the pale and describes motions and gestures. Mr. Seabrook catches the spirit, which is all we can ask of any student of religious practices; but to catch the spirit of Voodoo is strangely unlike Caucasian nature, and a bit terrifying. It is no exaggeration to say that when most writers describe Voodooism as a matter of mumbling, strange cries, marks with swords, and the use of eggs, goats, skulls, and bones for ritualistic purposes, they do not rise above their appurtenances. But every religion has something over and above its material vessels, and that is the exaltation, or ecstasy, or whatever it is that animates the spirit and disturbs the emotions of the worshipper. This Mr. Seabrook has discovered and revealed. I know of no chapter so likely to disturb the conventions of Anglo Saxons as that of the sacrifice of the goat in place of the girl; the ceremonies leading up to human sacrifice with every indication that it was to be performed, and then causing the goat and the girl to change places by a strange transformation. Mr. Seabrook is not squeamish about his own participation in the Voodoo ceremonies. He accepts the challenge, drinks the blood of the newly killed goat, and finds himself strangely torn by pagan impulses that are as old as the race.

But in other parts of this odd book Mr. Seabrook is the observer and the investigator who penetrates to the strange corners of Haiti and unearths legends and facts at variance with the life of the white man. He is best when he describes what he sees, but the tales he relates of others also reveal his ability to write dramatically. He visits La Gonaive, and discovers Wirkus, the white king, and the black queen; he describes misfit governments, cock fights, exotic dances. He believes that the arrival of the American marines in Haiti has put an end to revolution, mob violence, and other excesses, but it has also put an end to self-government by the blacks on this hemisphere. This is an extraordinary story, which proves that it will be many generations before the habits and beliefs of mankind become standardized. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

"SHADES OF OUR ANCESTORS"

Alice van Leer Carrick began her researches into antiques a few years ago as an adventure, and an adventure it has been ever since. This gives her books the element of

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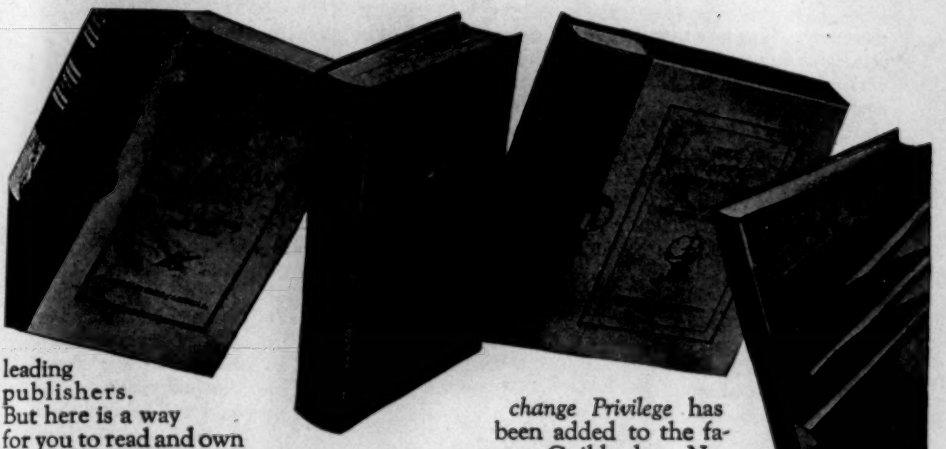

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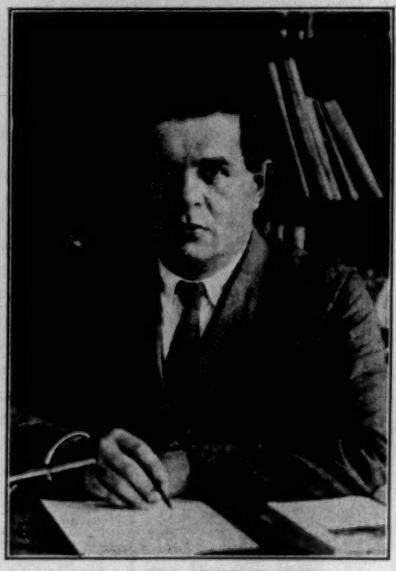
Among the New Books

discovery. She has now taken up silhouettes and followed the "profilists" through various generations of American history in a new book called *Shades of Our Ancestors.* (Little, Brown & Co.) Those who have never read about silhouettes will be surprised at the place they acquired in our social life of one hundred years ago. They will also be surprised to find that Mrs. Carrick has violent enthusiasms for certain of the shadows, and for their creators. There was William Henry Brown, who has "something of the strength of Hogarth, the deep truth of a Goya etching." He silhouetted La Fayette in September, 1824, at Philadelphia, when he was sixteen; he was especially clever with cutting ships under sail; he cut the famous train, the Dewitt Clinton, on which he was a passenger; he cut many of the most famous Americans with his deft scissors. Many other artists worked in silhouette; some embellished their cuttings with gilt and color, and throughout the eastern states they are preserved in libraries and family collections, and sometimes found in old Bibles. Even the framing had an art about it; and Mrs. Carrick tells of the gilded wood and velvet, mahogany enamelled in black and gold, and glass painted blue with black stars in the corners used for the hanging of silhouettes. George and Martha Washington had their profiles cut, and Major André once cut a silhouette of General Burgoyne, which is reproduced in this book. Mrs. Carrick opens up opportunity for a new collection of antiques which includes the zest of examining old chests and ancient papers for the inexpensive shades that still remain scattered over the seaboard states.



PROF. ALEXANDER KLEMIN
Author of an aviation book for boys, "If You Want to Fly"

"THE COLVINS AND THEIR FRIENDS"

Sir Sidney and Lady Colvin were in constant touch with the leaders of English literature and thought during the span of their lives. Consequently their correspondence contains many treasures from John Ruskin, Joseph Conrad, Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Browning, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, Thomas Hardy, Lord Morley, Henry James, Thomas Seccombe, and so many others that to name them were to call a roll of the outstanding writers and thinkers of England in the nineteenth century. Sidney Colvin was born in 1845 and died May 11, 1927, aged eighty-two. He died among his books, and this caused J. L. Garvin to write in the *Observer:* "Even the books, well-known and well-beloved, had become shadows in a world of shadows. His disappearance severs the personal link between this second quarter of the twentieth century and things so long ago that no man left living remembers them." Therefore, the letters are links with the past. They appear in a new book, *The Colvins and Their Friends,* a generous rehearsal of friendships, done by E. V. Lucas. (Scribner's.) This is not actually a biography, although it touches the major events in Sir Sidney's career; it is more a compilation, a running account with extracts from the best letters included, and various intimacies with the great described. The reader is, therefore, once more in a Victorian atmosphere; he sees Ruskin at his best, follows Stevenson about in his quest for health —in 1874 R. L. S. wrote Colvin from Edinburgh: "I think now that I can see my future life. I think it will run stiller and stiller year by year, a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy." And in the same letter he included this:

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Among the New Books

The letters on Landor deal with Colvin's work on the biography of Landor for the English Men of Letters Series and include interesting estimates by Fleeming Jenkin and George Moore. When Colvin edited the *Letters of John Keats* in 1891, Andrew Lang commented: "I hope you will do a regular life of Keats." Colvin had already done a Keats for the English Men of Letters Series, in 1887; his interest in the poet was one of many years' duration, and late in his life, in 1917, he did the *Life of Keats* which is generally regarded as the standard, although it does not contain all the detail so meticulously gathered by Miss Amy Lowell for her two-volume work. Mr. Lucas's book touches on the writing of the Keats by Colvin and contains the expressions of various friends on its publication.

MRS. MILDRED GILMAN
Author of "Headlines," and her son, James Gilman, Jr.

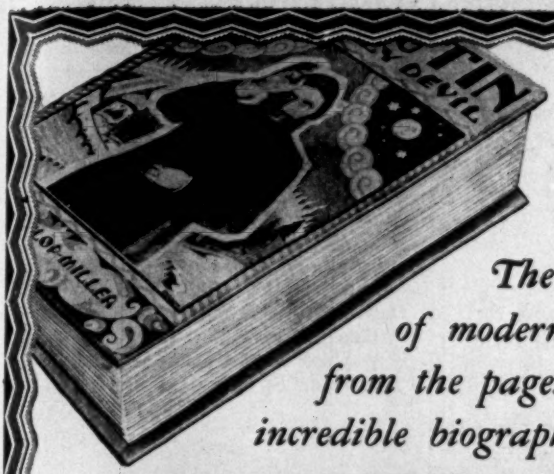
It may not seem plausible, but another book on the great Victorians has just been published, *The Brownings*, by Osbert Burdett, whose writings on the age of Aubrey Beardsley are well known. (Houghton, Mifflin.) This is a very human book, stressing the relations of the two poets and giving, therefore, less attention to Browning's life after his wife's death than before. The author says in his foreword: "The story of a man and a woman, the contrast of a masculine and a feminine poet, combine to give us a little picture of ripe humanity in the Brownings."

"MAN THE MIRACLE MAKER"

Man the Miracle Maker by Hendrik van Loon is described as "the story of inventions," and in it the author has tried to tell how inventions came about, through necessity and through the ingenuity of man. It is not a book of facts but a book of ideas, explaining in easy fashion how man has extended his influence, his faculties, and the reach of his arm by mechanical means. Dr. van Loon's specific quality is simplification of difficult subjects; in this book the whole business reads so easily, and is so well aided by his own illustrations, that it may be considered a popular encyclopedia. Take, for instance, the chapter devoted to "The Taming Hand." Everything that comes about through the use of the hand is here brought into relation; the simple machines of antiquity, the simple weapons, spears, axes, pulleys, plows, dredges, levers, ropes, baskets, walls, houses, pottery, glass, aqueducts, locks, cannon, all this develops from the hand, and in this book it is explained by a logical process. Thus we follow the needs of the foot, from walking to the flying machine, through all the stages of transportation. The needs of the mouth lead us to communication, transmission of knowledge, and the like. Dr. van Loon does not fill the book with names and dates of inventors and inventions. He is more interested in suggesting how man has grown through the use of his faculties, and admits that this growth represents but a very small fraction of his whole earthly existence. The book is illuminating, like the discourse of an interesting teacher to his disciples, and conveys the impression that the author has gained most of his knowledge from observation of men rather than from books, although the opposite is probably the exact truth. (Horace Liveright.)

NEW PLAYS

Plays continue to be published in book form, so there must be a reading audience. Among those that have appeared recently are *The Plays of Noel Coward*, including three that have not yet been presented in the United States. This carries an introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Doubleday, Doran.) *Young Love*, a comedy by Samson Raphaelson, which has had New York presentation, with Dorothy Gish in the leading part, has been issued by Brentano's with a foreword by



The strangest figure of modern times emerges from the pages of this almost incredible biography . . . . . .

RASPUTIN
THE HOLY DEVIL

By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER

"It has all the veracity of a thing seen yesterday and all the horror and mystery of a diabolic fantasy. Never completely a figure of hell, and even sometimes a servant of heaven, his character in this biography becomes a stunning, compelling story of a man, infinitely more enthralling than the wildest conjectures of a writer of fiction might make of a novel," says Laurence Stallings in *McCall's Magazine*. Romain Rolland, Dmitri Merejkowsky, Knut Hamsun, Thomas Mann, Felix Salten have fallen captive to the spell of this fascinating book; thousands of readers here and abroad have made it a sensational success—one of the best-selling biographies of the year. With 92 illustrations. *Fourth Printing.* $5.00

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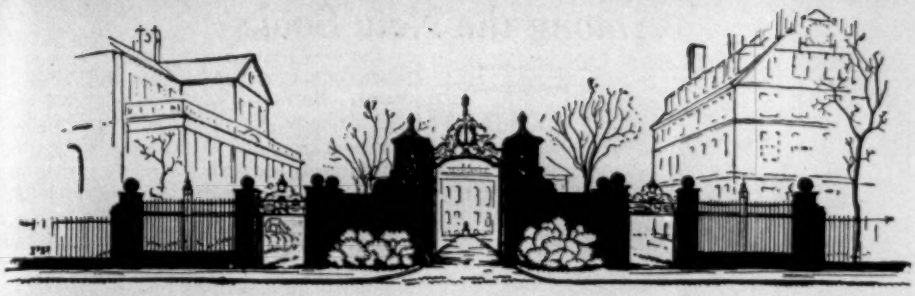
Joseph Wood Krutch. I have already spoken in these columns of *Peter Pan* in a one-volume edition; to this can be added *The Plays of J. M. Barrie*, a book of twenty plays, which has the introductory sketch written for the *Peter Pan* volume. (Scribner's.) New authors also appear on the horizon. In *Crick Bottom Plays* by E. P. Conkle we get five Midwestern plays of the generation just past, written by a man who taught English at the University of North Dakota and later studied under Prof. George P. Baker at Yale. Barrett H. Clark writes a biographical introduction. (Samuel French.) *Ten One Act Plays* by Lee Anderson, who has written for little theater groups, and *The Players' Book of One Act Plays*, first series, containing plays written and produced by The Players of Detroit, are two volumes from a new publisher, Walter V. McKee.

W. B. SEABROOK
Author of "Adventures in Arabia," whose book "Magic Island" has just been published

Arnold Bennett's remarks on Noel Coward naturally stir the curiosity; he writes that Mr. Coward has both friends and enemies in his London audience, those that love him and those that hiss him. He chooses unconventional themes, and avoids sentimentality. "To be unsentimental is the unforgivable sin on the fashionable stage. You can choose and use with safety any subject on earth if you will sentimentalize it," writes Mr. Bennett. It is in the light of this sentence that the plays must be viewed, but an application of this test does not reveal that Mr. Coward differs



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a new book by Professor George Lyman Kittredge, who writes all too seldom to satisfy his friends and students. In *Witchcraft in Old and New England* ($6.00) he has produced a work of scholarship concerned with such startling vagaries of the human mind that it will be of as much interest to general readers as to folk-lorists. ❧ Another technical book, *Physician and Patient* ($2.50), edited by Dr. L. Eugene Emerson, we can recommend with equal confidence to the intelligent layman. You cannot fail to be interested in such chapters as "The Significance of Illness," "The Care of the Aged," and "Attention to Personality in Sex Hygiene." ❧ Speaking of physicians reminds us that this is the season when pneumonia becomes prevalent once more. The revised edition of Dr. Frederick T. Lord's Harvard Health Talk, *Pneumonia* ($1.00), will give you in non-technical language the very latest information about the disease and its treatment. ❧ When the world is made safe from disease and superstition, we may be a little nearer the Socialist's paradise. In the meantime, there is much loose talk about Socialism, based, we suspect, upon insufficient knowledge of what Karl Marx really meant by his theories. No matter what your primary intellectual interests, you should have the familiarity with Socialistic doctrines that will come from a reading of Dr. Mandell M. Bober's *Karl Marx's Interpretation of History* ($3.50). ❧ Of literary studies both new and recent there is a goodly store this month. If you are ever so slightly beyond your salad days, you will recall the delight you had as a child in the novels of Daniel Pierce Thompson, who, according to Carl Van Doren, knew the Vermont frontier as Cooper knew that of New York. Mr. John E. Flitcroft has now written his biography, with the title *The Novelist of Vermont* ($3.50). The book also contains the first printing of an unfinished story, "The Honest Lawyer." ❧ Next, we are publishing a volume of remarkably interesting essays, *Shakspere's Silences* ($3.50), by Alwin Thaler, who has much to say about Milton and Sir Thomas Browne as well as about Shakspere himself. ❧ Second only to Shakspere in the affections of many readers comes the eighteenth century, and for them we have *John Gay's London* ($6.00), by William H. Irving, a book that is difficult to describe because it touches upon every aspect of life in the London of the early eighteenth century. It is a magic chariot into the past, where one wanders through noisy, dirty, ill-paved streets; meets beggars and pickpockets, jugglers and rakes; visits the bear-gardens, the coffee-houses, the watering-places, the taverns, and the play-houses. ❧ From the later days of that same lovable eighteenth century we present Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale, whose name was linked by the gossips with that of William Augustus Conway, an unfortunate American actor. The story of this love-affair is told by Percival Merritt in a dainty little book, *The True Story of the So-Called Love Letters of Mrs. Piozzi* ($3.00). ❧ Jumping another hundred years almost to our own day, we meet another far different lady, Francesca Alexander, the friend of Ruskin and of all Americans who went to Italy in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Her story is told in perfect prose by her cousin Constance Grosvenor Alexander, in a book entitled *Francesca Alexander* ($7.50). ❧ Italy and England mingle once more in Paull Franklin Baum's edition of Rossetti's *House of Life* ($3.00). The notes occupy far more space than the poems themselves, but they are the sort of note one reads for their own sake, and they have particular value for an understanding of Rossetti's life and writings. ❧ You can procure any of these books from your bookseller or from the office of the Harvard University Press at 9 Randall Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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much from his fellows of the sophisticated drama. He dearly loves tearing a convention to pieces, but this has been done for years and the public is no longer in the attitude of being shocked, but rather curious to see what new devices the dramatist can think of. Three plays are included in this volume. "Sirocco" is the tale of a wife, hitherto faithful to a husband who travels too much, who encounters an impetuous Italian. His love-making finally breaks her hold on convention and when her husband returns she refuses the shelter of his defense. But the instability of her new life is easily apparent to her, and she reaches out for a new freedom which shall include neither husband nor lover, but which, to judge by her final cry of anguish, is not so likely to be worth having. "Home Chat" is an ironic title. The situation is conventionally unconventional. The innocent wife is suspected by her husband and relatives of wrong-doing when she is innocent, and of innocence when she is guilty, and that's that. "The Queen Was in the Parlor" tells how a woman who had been frivolous became a queen when fate made her the ruler of a people, and denied her lover. Mr. Coward's dialogue is vivid, and he always seems intent on shocking somebody's maiden aunt. But his plays do not grow out of life; there is a feeling that the situation interests him most and leads him to develop new complications.

THE POETS OF THE MAGAZINES

William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology and Yearbook of American Poetry for 1928* performs the useful service, as in former years, of collecting poems that have appeared in magazines. It is surprising how large and how diverse the output is. Many well-known names are to be found here, but, as the editor points out, the most arresting work is that of the lesser gods. Alexander Jones, who is regarded as one of the poets who has shown unusual growth in the last few years, is represented by a number of poems of action developed from the old ballad form. This shows a distinct swing from the metaphysical and cerebral poetry which has engaged the attention of American writers for so long. Mr. Braithwaite also comments on the fine poems by James Whaler and Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost. It is encouraging to find that Mr. Braithwaite's approval of anthologies directs attention again to *The Lyric South* of Addison Hibbard and *The Bronze Treasury* of Harry Kemp.

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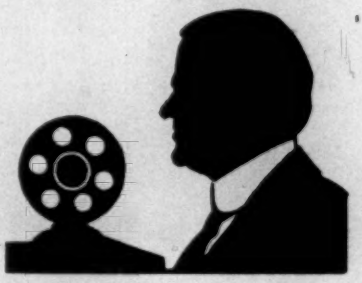

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This time Holland contributes for the enjoyment of American readers one of those fine, well-told family novels that we are accustomed to get from English authors. *The Rebel Generation* has been translated from the Dutch of Jo Van Ammers-Kuller. It is recommended to American readers in a preface by Hendrik van Loon. And it is well worth reading. It records the story of woman's emancipation from male tyranny in the home, from the doctrine that she exists solely to serve her lord and master and bear children. Three generations of one family are portrayed. That of Louis Cornvelt, wool-weaver, in 1840, is in the repressed atmosphere in which women must pray and keep their eyes on the ground and obey the father in everything. The second shows how the children have fared by obeying their father's will, and the growing spirit of independence among their children in 1872. In the third panel, dealing with to-day, we see the ironic spectacle of the children criticizing the parents for their attitude, and the last girl of the family gladly seeking the shelter of male protection which had been so abused in the first instance. Several outstanding characters help build the story. In the first generation we see Marie Elizabeth Sylvain, the daughter of Louis Cornvelt's madcap sister, arrive at his house to make her home with his family. The subjection of women is so powerful that she is censured for knowing Latin and French, and has to make millinery objects by stealth. When old Louis spoils her romance with his son David and that of his daughter with a neighbor's son, Marie, whom he calls Lysbeth, runs away. By 1872 she has become a writer for woman's rights under the name of Sylvia and strongly influences the daughter of one of her cousins, who determines to gain an education as a physician. In 1923, when the modern generation is described, Sylvia is no more, but Dr. Eliza Wiseman, who had in her turn revolted against her father's will, stands aghast at the views expressed by her nieces and seems already a conservative. This is a mere indication of the threads of the plot, which are closely woven and yield an engrossing story. The fact that the setting is Holland does not in the least interfere with our appreciation of the elements involved; for American family history developed in much the same way. If pride of family did not have so important a place here as it did in Holland, the position

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of women was not far superior to that of the women of Holland at the beginning of the forties. Gradually the ground has been broken for reforms, and in three generations women have captured all and even more liberty than they sought. That the Dutch author is not worried over the outcome is indicated in the last passages of this novel, in which the action of the young girl leads to the conviction that "women in their hearts are much the same as they have ever been." In setting, atmosphere, and costuming, this novel is a capable performance. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

GREAT SHORT BIOGRAPHIES

Barrett H. Clark, who edited the *Great Short Novels of the World*, has completed another valuable compilation in *Great Short Biographies of the World*. This is one of those books which, by grace of thin paper, contains much more than meets the eye. It has 1407 pages, and in its 700,000 words includes many representative biographies that have been written during the last two thousand years; but its editor explains that he could by no means include everything. And his choice has been governed by his own predilections: seeking the best picture of a man, the most honest portrait, he has not always taken the latest or the most scientific; he has, as he explains, discovered virtues in the gossipy writer of anecdotes, the man who is weak on facts but strong on personality. That this compilation should be made at all is an indication of the growing interest in this phase of writing. A close study of biography will repay anyone, for it reflects changes in methods with the years. From Plutarch, who was a model for biographers for many centuries, to James Boswell, who completely revolutionized the writing of intimate biography, and so down to Emil Ludwig, who applies the principles of Plutarch without sacrificing his modern point of view, biography is a long, long trail that grows as we become more and more interested in the careers of men. The classics are fairly well known. Mr. Clark has included many great writings out of that period. Eighteenth century Europe yields Macaulay's sketch of Frederick the Great; Stendhal's of Mozart, Thackeray's article on Swift from *English Humorists of the 18th Century;* Motley's "Peter the Great" is here, and the study of Pope by Samuel Johnson. Nineteenth Century biographies include that of Georg Brandes on Napoleon; Jules Janin on

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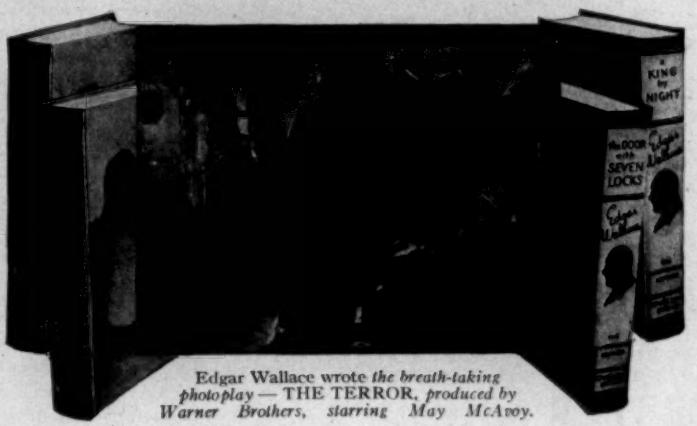

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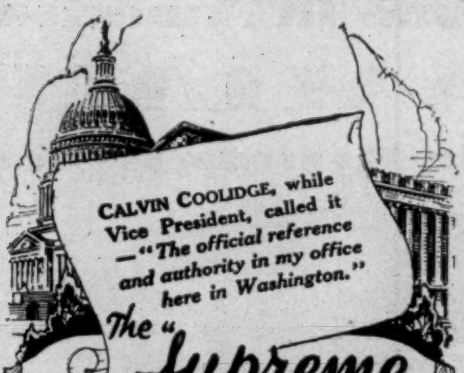

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ROUND ABOUT THE OPERA

Books that interest the opera-goer, or the student of modern music aside from the opera, appear from time to time; last fall saw the publication of several works on Franz Schubert, of which the latest, *Franz Schubert and His Times*, by Karl Kobald, was issued by Alfred A. Knopf late in December. In the field of the opera there is available *Stories of the Great Operas: Vol. I: Richard Wagner* by Ernest Newman, which is naturally a great deal more than a plot summary; also the latest edition of George P. Upton's *The Standard Operas*, first issued in 1885, to which Felix Borowski has added the more recent operas. (A. C. McClurg & Co.) *The Dilemma of American Music* by Daniel Gregory Mason is filled with stimulating discussions of phases of modern music (Macmillan), and *Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans* by Mary Lawton, written originally for a magazine audience, is filled with anecdotes of opera life (Macmillan). Mr. Mason is not a pessimist; he sees the dilemma of American music in 1928 as the result of indigestion. A nation which did not have musical history of its own is suddenly put in posession of a flood of music from all schools and nationalities, and the result is an inability to assimilate. The War has helped bring artists to America where "too much passive reception, too little self-realizing activity" was to be found. "Under the vast mass and variety of influence that now swept in upon us our modest powers of assimilation were hopelessly deluged and gutted. We became vast stomachs to swallow at one gulp the music of the universe." We became, says Mr. Mason, "polyglot parrots." He illustrates the dilemma of composition in his own forceful way, with musical passages. He does not see hope in a nationalist movement in music, rather in the "elastic eclecticism of individual choice." Mr. Mason's figures are

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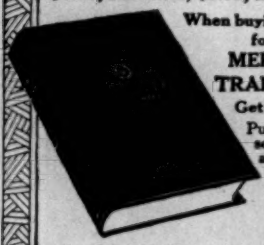

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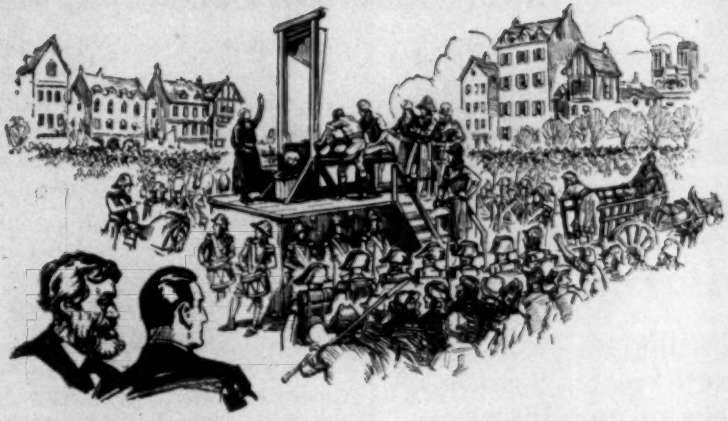
not limited to music; he draws on literature for comparisons, and he writes as easily on more abstract subjects, such as creative leisure, as on specific matters like the career of Beethoven. Mr. Newman's book on Wagner shows that a second volume of stories from the great operas will be published this spring. His book, *Wagner as Man and Artist*, is an excellent study of the composer from the point of view of a critic who is familiar with all the biographical and controversial material. The story of Schumann-Heink has been set down by Mary Lawton as it came from the lips of the great singer. Although this preserves her characteristic emphasis and use of English words, it is at times awkward and unpleasing. The story of her full life, however, could not fail to scintillate with anecdote. She has known all the great singers and conductors of her time, and was for years *persona grata* at Wahnfried in Bayreuth, when so many other artists could not tolerate the stern regime of Cosima Wagner. What Madame Schumann-Heink tells of those days bears out the report that Cosima was a hard taskmaster—even Schumann-Heink describes that the heavy armor and chains that she wore when singing Waltraute hurt her flesh and caused it to bleed; but Cosima Wagner insisted that she wear it, until she tried it on herself and admitted that it would interfere with the singing of the artist. This remarkable woman, now over ninety years old, the daughter of Liszt and the widow of Wagner, preserved the tradition of Bayreuth and would permit not the change of a syllable or an inflection. The days when Cosima "was like a queen" are described by Schumann-Heink. The story of how news that war was declared came to her after the first act of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, and how the singers worked desperately with a small orchestra to complete the opera is a dramatic incident of her book.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

A few months ago we gave a list of the J. M. Barrie books on *Peter Pan*, adding that the play of that title had not been put into book form. This was true at the time, contrary to Miss Idella Roth's (Davenport, Iowa) opinion. Miss Roth has written to correct us in this little item. The play form of *Peter Pan* is a very recent publication. There are three editions of it on the market now: a cloth edition at $1.25, a red limp leather at $2.00, and it is included in the col-



Last night~I saw Louis the Sixteenth beheaded in Paris

MY friend Carlyle and I watched the tragic scene, standing in the crowded Place de la Revolution. All Paris was there — hushed, expectant. It is not every day that a nation kills its king.

When, in the very shadow of the guillotine, the king was allowed to say a few words, he cried simply:

"Frenchmen, I die innocent! I pardon my enemies! I desire that France —"

Then an officer yelled "Tambours!"—the drums rolled, Samson pulled the cord, and I covered my eyes.

Carlyle had been living in Paris all through the Revolution. How vividly he made me see it all — the attack on the Tuileries, the fall of the Bastile, Charlotte Corday's murder of Citizen Marat, and the final "whiff of grapeshot" with which young Major Bonaparte ended it all.

Tonight I Shall Walk in London with Dickens

He is going to take me through the silent streets to the old Curiosity Shop. Perhaps we shall catch a glimpse of little Nell's face at the window — and see her strange old grandfather stealing home.

Then we may walk over to Folly Ditch, to the house where murderer Bill Sykes was surrounded by the mob, and fell to death from the chimney. Perhaps we shall stop at "Golden Cross Inn" for ale and a diverting hour with Mr. Pickwick. My friend Dickens knows his London. He will take me wherever I ask.

What nonsense, I hear someone saying, to think that you can walk and talk with people now dead, in surroundings that no longer exist.

If *you* do not know what I mean, I am sorry for you. For you are missing a great pleasure which costs next to nothing — the joy of traveling when and where you will in time and space, on the winged words of the greatest books.

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lected plays of J. M. Barrie. The last sells for $5.00 the volume. We publish this for the benefit of our former correspondent who wished for the list of all the *Peter Pan* books. . . . J. C. Calhoun, Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to know if it is true that the plays of John Galsworthy are to be had in one volume. This has recently been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City, who are also the publishers of the Barrie books. The price of the *Collected Plays of John Galsworthy* is $2.50. This writer also wants to know if the O'Brien *Best Short Stories of 1928* published by Dodd, Mead & Co., Fourth Avenue, New York City, and *The O. Henry Prize Short Stories for 1928* were out before Christmas. He adds that it does not seem fair to the authors who have their stories in the December issue of the magazines, for they must be left out. If Mr. Calhoun will recall, the issue of a magazine is dated a month ahead, which puts the December issue on the stands in November. Also, editors of collections of this kind are doubtless given some access to the material a little beforehand. However, for verification of this we advise Mr. Calhoun to write direct to Mr. Edward O'Brien, Dodd, Mead & Co., and to the editors of the O. Henry Prize Stories, Doubleday, Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y. Each of these volumes sells for $2.50. . . . A list of ten new fiction books for review is requested by Mrs. Fremont Dixon, Billings, Mont. Among the new books are: *The Children* by Edith Wharton, D. Appleton Co., 35 West 32d Street, New York City, $2.50; *Bambi* by Felix Salten, Simon & Schuster, 37 West 57th Street, New York City, $2.50; *The Father* by Katharine Holland Brown, John Day Publishing Co., 25 West 45th Street, New York City, $2.00; *Hounds of God* by Rafael Sabatini, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., $2.50; *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* by Arnold Zweig, Viking Press, New York City, $2.50; *My Brother Jonathan* by Francis Brett Young, Alfred A. Knopf, New York City, $3.00; *The Wanderer* by Alain Fournier, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Bos-

FOR THAT FIRESIDE PARTY—when it's cold and blustery outside, you're bound to settle down to a snug, jolly evening at home in front of a blazing fire. As you reach for a book we suggest:—

THE PATHWAY, by Henry Williamson, John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, and Thomas Hardy ranked him with W. H. Hudson. William Rose Benet ranks him with Thomas Hardy. While this is his first novel, he is already known to many people through *Tarka The Otter,* published last year and awarded the Hawthornden Prize. Among the six best sellers in England, we recommend it as the outstanding book of the Spring published by this firm.

Have you ever awakened in the middle of the night and had an eerie feeling that burglars or ghosts were prowling around? That's how you feel all the way through **THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED,** a new type of ghost-mystery novel by Samuel Emery. It's the Dutton Mystery for February.

What is a woman's supreme test of love in a man? Sheila Kaye-Smith answers in **THE VILLAGE DOCTOR,** the Dutton Book of the Month for February. A new novel by Sheila Kaye-Smith is an event in the publishing world.

Insatiable demand is a guide to good books. To satisfy that demand we are issuing a new edition of Mary Webb's **PRECIOUS BANE** with an introduction by Premier Stanley Baldwin. Over 50,000 copies sold in England the last two months.

What would you say if an author whom you knew as a splendid traveller suddenly wrote a gorgeously colorful novel with a terrific climax? If you don't quite know what you would say, read **THE LIONESS** by Ferdinand Ossendowski, author of *Beasts, Men, and Gods.*

FALSEHOOD IN WARTIME, a completely different type of book, tells how the assorted governments spread assorted lies during the Great War. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., presents the evidence.

For a fireside party: **GYPSY RICKWOOD'S FORTUNE-TELLING BOOK.** This book explains how to tell fortunes by the true gypsy method. You can get many hours of enjoyment out of it.

It might seem strange to publish a golf book in mid-winter, but **IDA BROKE,** The Humor and Philosophy of Golf, like the *Compleat Angler,* is a book for any season. Grantland Rice wrote the introduction to Chick Evans' opus.

If you like the story of those adventurous men who explored the Americas, you will like **BARTOLOME DE LAS CASAS** (Father of the Indians). Marcel Brion created this vivid biography of one man who dared take the part of the Incas against the Spanish Conquistadores.

Our colleges have received a full measure of sensational publicity, but very little comment based on fact. James Anderson Hawes, travelling secretary of D. K. E., evens the balance by writing of his **TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE TWENTY-YEAR OLDS.**

Sir Francis Younghusband's **THE COMING COUNTRY,** will fascinate you; an allegorical novel; a modern Pilgrim's Progress.

The fireside is a perfect place to find spiritual peace. For this, no book could be more fitting than **WHO IS THEN THIS MAN?** a life of Christ by Melanie Marnas, translated by Henry Longal Stuart.

And that's that. But have you read **THE SPECTACLES OF MR. CAGLIOSTRO** ($2.00), the new detective mystery by the author of *Sing Sing Nights;* **WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED** ($2.50), which won the Dutton Book of the Month Prize for January, by the author of *Andy Brandt's Ark;* **CHRYSALIS** ($2.50), by Zephine Humphrey; **THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT** ($3.00); and **THE YOUNG LOVERS** ($2.50), by H. C. Bailey?

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Among the New Books

knows of it, too. Her ignorance is, we rather fancy, mostly imaginary. The source of most quotations is not known to many who glibly quote them. This one is to be found in "The Theologian's Tale" in *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Among the editions of Longfellow's poems are: The Cambridge Edition, $3.50 in cloth and $10.00 in three-quarters morocco, the Household Edition, $2.50, an illustrated edition with cloth binding; both published by Houghton, Mifflin Co. There is a limp-leather edition published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 393 Fourth Avenue, New York City, in the Crowell Poets, priced $3.75 a volume. The complete quotation is:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness,
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Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

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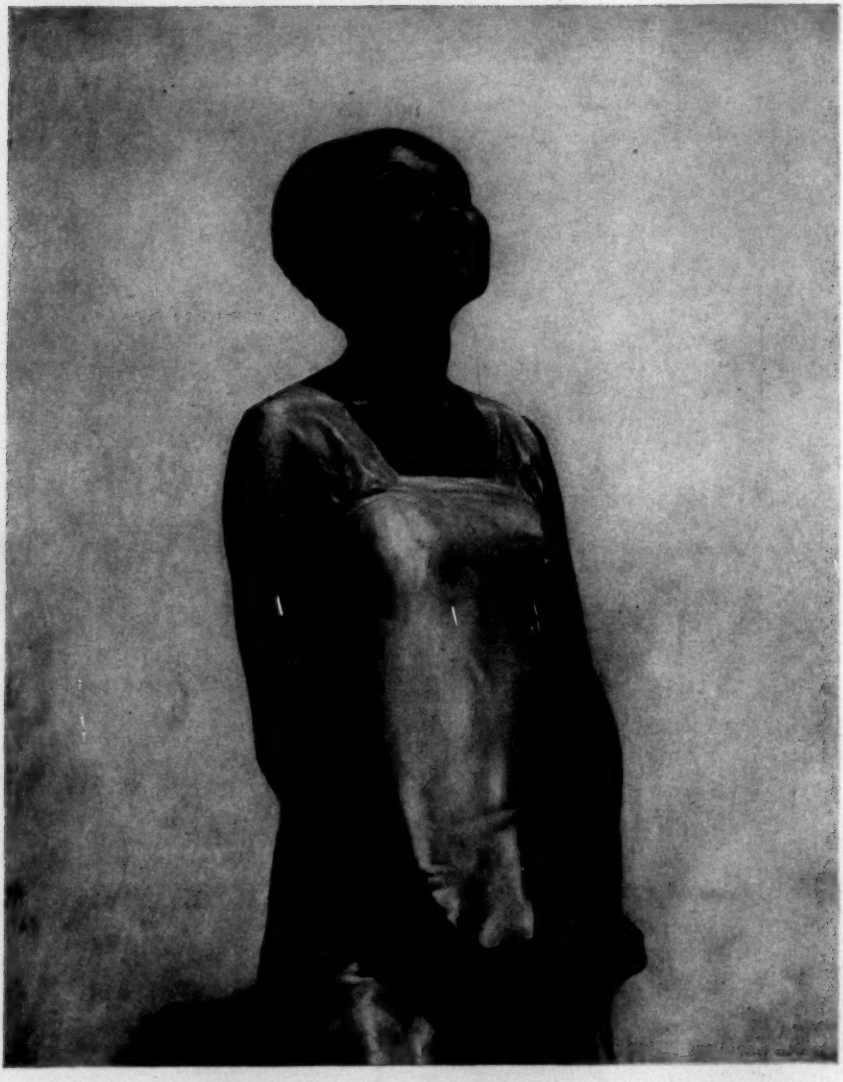

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VOLUME 158 FEBRUARY 1929

Harpers Magazine

THIS HARD-BOILED ERA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE uncritical and undocumented American layman who reads history for his amusement finds himself lingering most sympathetically, perhaps, over volumes that deal with the Roman Empire of the first centuries after Christ. The substance is surprisingly familiar. Rampant materialism; the ease and frequency of travel to all parts of the known earth; the passion for speed; the juxtaposition of great wealth and great poverty; the breaking down of old social barriers and rise of a rich parvenu class; the immense importance of money; curiosity; tolerance; fear of the mob; disillusionment; syncretism; the strong influence of rhetors and sophists and demagogues; emancipation of women; Greece playing the part, among the upper classes, that Europe has played with us in matters of culture and taste; a tremendous influx of foreigners, so that not only Rome but other Italian cities (especially ports) must have been melting-pots like New York—among these facts and conditions the twentieth-century American finds himself astonishingly and woefully at home. The Roman republic had vanished as completely as the American republic has vanished. There were the same powerless aristocratic laments; the farmers complained and the profiteers flourished; the rich bought for themselves new sensations which the poor clamored to have popularized—and disillusioned men and women of fashion sought spiritual comfort from Oriental peddlers, being weary of the faith of their fathers. Just so. Someone (Mr. Elmer Davis, I believe) has said recently that Kipling's Romans in Britain (see *Puck of Pook's Hill*) are not Romans at all, but nice Anglo-Indians. Mr. Davis's knowledge of history is profound, and mine is merely *nil;* yet I wonder if the point is not that the better representatives of Imperial Rome in Britain were — precisely — nice Anglo-Indians. That Kipling meant it so we cannot doubt. Similar conditions and responsibilities bring forth similar types.

The argument from historical analogy is as dangerous as most other arguments. But it would seem that, in the wide fields of asphodel, the hard-boiled Ameri-

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can and the hard-boiled Roman might meet and converse with peculiar pleasure and in almost complete agreement.

It has been pointed out, before this, that the cultural trend of the day is towards a fondness for life in the raw. As proofs, there can be adduced: the vogue of prize fighting, even among intellectuals and gentlefolk; the vogue of plays about gangsters, prostitutes, pugilists, etc., and of profanity and "frankness" on the stage; the fluent biographies of bandits, crooks, outlaws, and hard characters generally; the wide demand for "robust" literature, whether it be poetic, fictional, dramatic, historical, or critical. In short, all the "facts" that the public delights in "facing." How about it? What makes us hard-boiled, and are we going to keep it up? What is the root of it all, the significance?

II

The root of it all, one supposes, is original sin, since that is the root of most human behavior. But one needs to define and delimit and specify a little more closely than that. Why has the Time-Spirit chosen the twentieth century to duplicate the second and third? In the book which of all others manages best to be priggish in the grand style—the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—I find a clear and colorless and delightful statement about the Emperor Commodus: "In spite of a careful education he soon showed a fondness for low society and amusement." I have been told that recently a certain clergyman "had to adjourn a church meeting to give the men a chance to hear a fight over the radio." No doubt, like Commodus, they were carefully educated. The vogue of prize fighting is perhaps even more significant than the "robust stuff" of the plays, the novels, and the criticism; for every period is to some extent a period of revolt against the preceding one, and the nineteenth century, despite its intellectual and æsthetic power, had certain affectations and sentimentalities and false decorums that its descendants were sure to object to. Possibly, indeed, the latter half of the twentieth century will find us back among some resuscitated conventions, for the pendulum is ever swinging. There are not lacking signs of "tenuities and caducities" in our literature that seem to be declining towards an age of pure sham.

Mere intellectual revolt, fostered so artfully among the young by certain pseudo-seers, is not the whole story, of course, though it plays its part. No recent period has been more professionally disillusioned, more consciously cynical, than that of the eighteen-nineties, in spite of the naïveté of the famous "Souls" as described by Lord Ronaldshay. Yet we are far from their point of view. For example, we seem at present to be deliberately unæsthetic. If "Art is Art because it is not Nature," this demand for life in the raw can hardly be attributed to æstheticism. It is the substance of our art that is sophisticated, rather than the manner; and our sophistication is chiefly a matter of specialized information. We sit at the feet of the hobo, the bruiser, the criminal, and learn, not because of their superior intelligence, but because the nastier detail of their lives is something new to us. Our passion, I repeat, is for facts, not for method; for nature, perhaps, rather than for art.

This, one need not note, is the sign of a jaded palate. The fact is, one supposes, that luxury like Rome's and ours always brings people back to the eternal crudities. The simple homespun creature wants chiefly a greater delicacy of life, softnesses that are outside his experience. When you go in purple, your curiosities all satisfied, your comforts all guaranteed, the ends of the earth ministering to your pleasure, where are you going to get a "kick" except from the primitive? People who are obliged to live at the mercy of nature get no thrill out of sleeping under the stars. It is only the pampered person whose imagination is stirred by

discomfort, peril, and pain. The man who encounters them daily longs only for a refuge. It cannot be contested, I imagine, that at no time in the world's history has so much material comfort been at the disposal of the average man as now; that never before has so much wizardry been performed in the interest of the simple citizen. Who has not open plumbing, a telephone, a motor car, a radio? What householder does not get his heat and light from great distances, and much of his food and raiment from the antipodes? When has the average man been so luxuriously served? Most of us, as far as material comfort goes, are in a patrician position.

Now luxury "in widest commonalty spread" can do one of two things, as we know. It can release us from the care of the body to the care of the spirit, and leisure can be applied to the civilizing of the individual. It can do something quite different: it can tempt the individual to seek ever farther and more furiously for the kind of thrill he is already familiar with and has a taste for. In a materialistic and insensitive civilization like ours, it is the latter which more frequently happens; men take to opium rather than to scholastic philosophy. Softened to a great extent by luxury, waxed fat like Jeshurun, the average citizen does not care to cleanse and strengthen his own body by the practice of some difficult sport; he likes to watch other people doing it for him. Hence the enormous attendance at all sorts of professional games—for much of the amateur athletic activity is in spirit professional. We are too sophisticated to be amused by anything short of *expertise;* and we like the *expertise* to be startling, new, and, if possible, dangerous, since we have pretty well exhausted the safer and more conventional thrills. We have also exhausted the cheaper, more accessible, less exacting forms of beauty; and, pretty generally, we are exploiting ugliness to see what we can get out of *that.*

"The art of boxing is dead," a very hard-boiled gentleman said to me, some years ago, in Nevada; "what the public wants is knockouts." The same dictum applies to fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, sermons, political speeches, cartoons, and jokes. It takes extreme violence to make us sit up. No play, no book, no sporting spectacle is going to thrill us unless it can compete with the front page of the newspaper. Since gangsters have taken to mowing down their enemies in the city streets with machine guns, we can no longer get a "kick" out of the isolated and furtive pistol. No art furnished for our entertainment can hope to "go over big" unless it is more exciting than the average headline. We have recently been told a good deal about the suppression of a certain play in New York. According to one newspaper account, a reporter, interviewing the authoress, asked her why, instead of making the murder of revenge take a peculiarly revolting form, she could not have let the avenging brother shoot the protagonist. Her reply was completely honest. Shooting, she averred, was so common that there was no kick in it; she simply had to think of something else. During the same week, we were told of a curious outbreak of superstition in New York State, the mayor of a town having accused the local rabbi, by implication at least, of ritual murder. Just why this particular medieval accusation should have been revived—should, that is, have been susceptible of revival—in the twentieth-century United States is hard to determine. I suspect that it is really because we are more prone at the present moment than at any time, these many generations, to assume the casual presence among us of violent and unnatural crimes. There is some reason besides individual ignorance for a suspicion of the sort; it could not be harbored by the average citizen except in a world that was hardened to horrors. The notion of ritual murder was to the accuser shocking but not impossible—not, that is, so shocking as to be impossible.

We demand knockouts; we get knockouts; and our emotions are roused by nothing less. We deal, easily and habitually, in terms of violence. It is only the super-knockout that makes us really sit up.

Last summer, at Braves Field in Boston, thirty thousand citizens assembled to see Jack Dempsey enter the ring in a business suit and announce a brace of contests. The week before, only forty thousand people had gone to the Yankee Stadium to see Tunney defend his title. No wonder Tunney quit! Mr. W. O. McGeehan will tell us, any day—and does tell us, most days—just how superior Tunney is, in every way, to Dempsey. The fact remains that no one is interested in Tunney, except Mr. McGeehan and a few professors of English, whereas a legend appears to be forming round Dempsey that promises to parallel the old John L. Sullivan legend. The reason is Dempsey's murderous power. What is boxing compared with a punch? The vogue of prize fighting, "even among intellectuals and gentlefolk," has been taken as a sign of our times. Certainly the Dempsey legend is being fostered by people of a different class from those who fostered the old Sullivan legend. Fight fans are not nowadays drawn preponderatingly from among the vulgar and the criminal. It is no longer "low" to be a devotee of the "sweet science." Part of this is due to the improved status of boxing, which is no longer illegal and furtive. The days of "Gallegher" are over. Nor would any fighter of the type of John L. Sullivan be popular nowadays, punch or no punch. Since boxing has become "big business," the sot can keep no place in it. The successful fighter, in the champion or challenger class, is wooed by big purses. The corollary of that is that such a fighter has heavy responsibilities laid on him. He must be frugal, or he cannot afford the elaborate training he needs; he must be temperate and he must be continent, or he will be beaten by the man who is both. These conditions are due in part to a superior and disseminated athletic knowledge, and to more rigid rules of the ring; in part, no doubt, to Mr. Tex Rickard himself, and his progressive whitewashing of the pugilistic business. But all that does not wholly suffice to explain; nor could Tex Rickard himself drag us to the Coliseum if the Coliseum were not precisely where we wanted to go. We are tired of delicate pleasures, because they no longer excite us; we need heavier sedatives and more powerful stimulants. (Contract bridge, even, is displacing auction.) The small stakes, the gentle contests, the simple pleasures fail to quicken us. More beasts out of Africa, more spectacular perils, and—unquestionably—more blood. I will not go so far as to say that we are "death-intoxicated"; but I think it is true that there must be a drop of death in the cup. . . .

Some newspapers stated recently (how accurately I do not know) that the press of requests to be allowed to witness Hickman's execution in Los Angeles was so great that large numbers would have to be refused. The day before the execution, the New York *Times* said categorically that only a hundred guests would be present. I am ignorant of the laws that govern these occasions; I had not even been aware that any but the necessary witnesses were admitted to scenes of execution. Yet, obviously, a large fraction of that hundred must have consisted of people who were there as a matter of interest or pleasure, not as a matter of inescapable duty. The state cannot possibly have required a hundred witnesses to Hickman's death. There is a play at present running in New York, I understand, which deals with a parallel to the Snyder case; and the audience, I believe, is permitted to witness, if not the electrocution itself, the instants so literally penultimate that people go away feeling as if they had endured to the last. Who goes willingly to such a play, I do not know—not I. Probably the persons who, if

they had been in California, would have been working any "pull" they had to see Hickman die. Death has lost its dignity among us by being too easily brought about in unexpected ways. All of us are likely to be shot at any time: the gangster's gun, the prohibition agent's pistol may get the "innocent bystander" at any moment. If we are to be thrilled by death, we must get it in a peculiarly shocking form; if we are to be thrilled by anything short of death, it must be the menace of death where death does not properly belong.

III

The stream of biographies of hard characters is probably part of the popular process of debunking history. The debunking works both ways: they whitewash as many people as they blacken. If Mr. Lytton Strachey does his best to cheapen Cardinal Manning and Florence Nightingale and General Gordon, other gentlemen have been busy publishing the virtues of Captain Kidd, John Brown, Lucrezia Borgia, and Heliogabalus. It is part of our "fact-facing" passion, no doubt, that the whitewashed villain should be as fashionable as the blackened hero. Anything to surprise. There is some quality in the truly great which will create legends in spite of everything. George Washington can stand any amount of debunking. In so far as this attitude is reaction against the stupid belief held, more or less loosely, by preceding generations, that all biography should be eulogy, it is healthy. The matter of historical writing need not detain us, though we may note the fact that both attackers and defenders are trying to make the public sit up; to create a thrill by denying familiar conceptions. We have also a lot of pseudo-biography and near-fiction dealing with the criminal classes; the life-histories, more or less touched up, of hoboes, gunmen, thieves, and murderers. "The villain as hero" is not new; it is a fairly ancient literary tradition. Our taste in villains, simply, has deteriorated. Their defiance of the community is apt at present to take the more sordid physical forms; there is no air about them of a Byronic romanticism.

Drama, straight fiction, poetry, criticism, are another matter. Yet we must admit that the unclean fact and the brutal manner are characteristic of all of them. The purchasers of books and theater tickets are largely drawn from the prosperous classes. Both books and theater tickets are too expensive for the poor man. It is the full-fed and the well-to-do who support the drama and buy novels at two dollars and fifty cents and biographies at five dollars. So we should expect to find the Broadway plays and the fashionable literature catering to the arena-going crowd; providing, through other media, the desired "knockout" thrill. And they do. Though the conditions of a country life may prevent one's being an assiduous playgoer, no one living within fifty miles of New York quite escapes Broadway. It is safe to say that I have not, for five years, seen a play (apart from revivals of classics) which did not base its appeal to interest on some exotic, or disreputable, or brutal ingredient or quality. The comedy of manners has died the death. When we want it—which is rarely—we revive something. If the Theatre Guild be taken as an index of cultured taste in the drama, it also bears witness. The Theatre Guild goes in largely for foreign playwrights, and must needs filter even Ben Jonson through German before presenting him. When it gives contemporary American drama, it gives—what? "Porgy" and "Strange Interlude," for example. The plays, not confessedly "thrillers," that pretend to deal, comedy-of-manners fashion, with contemporary life, dwell on adultery, perversion, and murder. Not because contemporary life is largely based on those facts, but because contemporary interest can hardly be awakened without reference to them. They are avoidable, apparently, only if "trick"

stuff is substituted. Only the unusual can stimulate the jaded; only the very unusual can shock the hard-boiled.

I have read recently—quite by accident—three novels by very different authors (two of them inconspicuous) which deal with the general uncleanness of the Sabbath. Black he-goats, it would seem, are displacing Chows. . . . There is a certain sameness in Sabbaths; and the perusal of one learned work on the subject will disincline one forever to fictional repetition of disgusting detail. But obviously there is a market for that detail, as there is a heavy market for novels dealing with sexual pathology. Though Kraft-Ebbing may not be popular, the authors who have munitioned themselves from his pages are popular. A book review was recently brought to my notice in which the reviewer, wishing to express vague disapproval of some historical character, called him "sadistic." (I also recall an article by one of our best-known dramatic critics, which dealt with "masochism" in Barrie's *The Little Minister!*) It was clear that "sadistic," in the mind of the reviewer, was a faintly opprobrious term of no special significance. There was no proof of sadism in the career of the character under discussion; nor did the reviewer really intend to impute it to him. He was merely searching for an adjective with a "kick" in it. He found it! If he had ever read *Justine*, he would have realized that "sadistic" can be correctly applied to comparatively few people. Whether that knowledge would have deterred him or not, I cannot say. As our more exciting plays and novels fail, more or less deliberately, to reflect reality, so, too, our critical vocabulary fails of accuracy. Critics, whether social or literary, are also out to thrill their audiences, and misapply words as authors distort their lenses.

The contemporary twists and turns of fiction are peculiarly interesting to a person who pursues the vicarious life. It cannot escape such an inquisitive reader that our fiction latterly, when it has tried to wrench itself away from the more sordid aspects of fornication, has found itself wandering clear into No-Man's-Land. I do not keep careful track of best-sellers as such; but any newspaper reader is aware that the most recent award of the Pulitzer Prize was a frank confession of the failure of American letters to deal with the realities of American life. The Pulitzer Prize is supposed to go to that novel "which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood." That the judges felt compelled to award it to a novel which does not pretend to deal with American life at all—or, indeed, with any life outside a fairy tale—shows the poverty of loyal American literature at the moment. So far as I know, no Pulitzer Prize novel since *The Age of Innocence* (the novel which won the award in 1923 I have not read) has complied with the terms of the award, if strictly interpreted. They have either been highly "special" in subject and appeal, or belittled American life, or exuded a miasmic sentimentality which is the negation of both realism and true idealism. The awarders of the prize have, no doubt, done their best; and their job is to declare a comparative value. The lack lies in the material offered. Our best talent at the moment, it would seem, is being devoted to the fanciful reconstruction either of past epochs or of exotic and unimportant types. If these authors deal with anything really typical, they drip sentimentality over it as a dog drips saliva over a bone. America as it is, is not being soberly considered or faithfully recorded. Here, too, the "knock-out" demand prevails. One need only mention in passing the increasing vogue of fiction dealing plainly with crime.

IV

Now there is, naturally, a reason for all this. It was pointed out earlier that material comfort, widely distributed,

gives a nation an opportunity either to purify or to drug itself. The American nation is apparently choosing the latter method of occupying its leisure. When one considers that the greater part of American wealth at the present day is parvenu wealth, one sees how natural this is. That the American civilization is increasingly materialistic, no one, I think, would deny; or that its standard of selection is the plutocratic standard. It grows truer, every lustrum, that nothing counts in America so much as money. If Roman luxury had suddenly been outspread to include the mob, the same thing, probably, would have taken place that has taken place here. Among the new-rich it apparently did take place. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of wealth. If you suddenly bestow it on the crowd that has been demanding "bread and circuses," that crowd will simply buy better bread and bigger circuses. The dream of the poor man is almost necessarily a materialistic dream. Governor Smith during his campaign gave us an ironic picture of the textile worker who earns less than eighteen dollars a week, going out to a chicken dinner, in his own automobile, wearing silk socks. Does anyone doubt that the first things that textile worker, suddenly enriched, would buy, are chicken dinners, automobiles, and silk socks? And after chicken dinners, automobiles, and the feel of silk—what? Only in the next generation, probably, will it be the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep him and his family alive will always give undue emphasis to bread. He will do more than merely acknowledge it a necessity; his definition of luxury will inevitably be a superfluity of bread. Our conception of comfort is nearly always the simple negation of whatever has caused us to suffer. With the quick turnover of American fortunes —"shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves"—the majority of the rich are always people unequipped for the proper evaluation of wealth. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn—and who, in most cases, have lost it. When wealth is worshipped for its untranslated self, as it is increasingly in our mammonistic civilization, they may never learn.

So that luxury and ignorance may perhaps be blamed for our hard-boiled attitude. We are smothered in material comfort, and do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. We are, by and large, the mob enriched. Inevitably we seek the thrills that can most easily be felt and assessed. These have always been physical and nervous thrills; and we are still at the physical-and-nervous-thrill stage. Thanks to our herding in towns, to the multiplied contacts *via* news-sheets, radio, telephone, motor car, which the rural citizen now enjoys, we have a superficial sophistication that we did not have, as a nation, twenty-five years ago. The first stage of sophistication is unshockableness. The truly sophisticated person may be shocked by a hundred things that the boor never heard of and would be incapable of appraising; but unquestionably the first step towards sophistication is the sloughing of the coarser and commoner prejudices and superstitions. With the sloughing process goes a certain naïve pride in release. The hard-boiled person is the one who is conscious of having abandoned many native prejudices and is at the stage of thinking that inability to be shocked is the whole story. The truly sophisticated man is perhaps not so very hard-boiled. As a community, we are hard-boiled. Enough said. The fact accounts for the kind of physical and nervous titillation we seek. We are jaded on the threshold of experience because our emancipation is, after all, mainly physical. Applied science has familiarized us with miracles of practical convenience, and, thanks to newspapers and news-reels, we are aware as never before of man's unremitting and terrific contest with nature—all the *faits divers* of the cosmos. Our imagina-

tions are pretty well cabined in the physical; therefore, they respond most easily to physical stimuli and, in art and literature, to physical implications—homicide and sex, for the most part.

The younger generation must bear its share of blame in the matter. No one is a more passionate partisan than I of the honesty, the charm, the wit, the intellectual sensitiveness of the aforesaid younger generation. I think them on the whole preferable to my own generation at the same age. Their chief vice is the vice of all youth in all times—ignorance. It is not to be expected that boys and girls, young men and women, should have the poise, the judgment, the sense of values of maturity. If they could—then this mundane adventure would indeed be ironic beyond endurance; for wherein is life worth living if the living of it teaches us nothing? It is not of youth's ignorance that we have a right to complain; rather, of youth's predominance. Never has youth been so articulate or so listened to; never has a generation rushed into creation and criticism so early, won a public so early, dictated so early, what older people shall see, read, think, and discuss. Now, youth—all youth, always—is at the stage where we have said the community at large now finds itself: proud of its emancipation and desirous of thrills. Every mature person knows that young things can endure what older people cannot. It is in youth that we can bear horrors; it is in youth that we can thoroughly enjoy the presentation of morbidness, murder, starvation, suicide, cruelty, and insanity. It is in our youth that we can read Russian literature. Not long ago a young man took me to a movie which included a scene of torture. As the painful preparations were made, I closed my eyes. After my eyes were shut, I heard him murmur, "This is getting good." The difference between us was not one of temperament but one of experience. The longer one has lived, the more one shrinks from the unnecessary contemplation of pain, because one knows all about the prevalence of pain. Reminders of pain are reminders of actuality. The most terrible fictitious events are, as one is only too acutely aware, counterparts of something that has happened a thousand times, and is probably happening even now, somewhere. To inexperienced youth nothing is a reminder; these horrors they cheerfully and with interest endure because to them they are unreal. Youth is tender-hearted, but the range of its pity is narrow like its experience. It sympathizes truly only with what it understands—which is little. I think the prevalence of violent thrills in our contemporary representations of life is partly due to the present importance of youth, both as artist and audience.

V

All these are tentative answers to the "why" of our hard-boiledness. The mob enriched, taking its natural course of seeking ever more violent physical and nervous stimuli; youth, forcing upon us excitements which only the young—and, among the mature, the insensitive—can endure; the fact that we live in an age of easy miracles, wherein our attention and praise are constantly being captured, not by some achievement of the spirit, but by some new process out of a laboratory. These are sufficient explanation, it would seem. Some critics would add to these the progressive paganizing of America, which certain acute observers have declared to be startlingly rapid. Whether America is paganizing itself at such a rate, I am not qualified to determine; though obviously most of our contemporary art could be accepted only by pagans. If someone asks: what of the millions who are said recently to have decided an election largely on religious and moral prejudice? one can only reply that, in the first place, those millions are Christians in a very special and dubious sense, and, in the second,

that most of them experience art chiefly through the movies, and novels that are almost indistinguishable from movies. They are not the perusers of Ernest Hemingway and Robinson Jeffers, or the spectators of "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Diamond Lil." By the same token, I do not know just how hard-boiled they are. In any case, they do not control our fiction, our art, our drama, our poetry, our history, our criticism—or our arenas. They are, perhaps, preponderant in the movie clientele; but such strange things are happening to the movies just now that it would be vain to deduce anything either from, or about, movie audiences.

The admission just made—that the mob does not control the artistic and critical output of the country—may seem to imply that one is wrong in considering the enriched mob to be responsible. It is, someone may well say, only the intellectuals, the aristocrats who can make either certain doctrines or certain pastimes fashionable. What of the people who, by breeding and training and an inherited culture, are counterparts of the patricians?

Well: what about the intellectual patricians (if there are any) who guide our taste? It can have escaped no one, I think, that in all the arts they are guiding us away from realism and away from beauty. They are certainly not keeping us out of the Coliseum, or trying to teach us a greater sensitiveness. They are hard-boiled, too. Some of them have followed Mr. Mencken in preferring "guts" and shock to proportion and sanity. Mr. Mencken certainly must take his share of blame for corrupting taste among us. Under cover of a few truths he has slipped in a lot of lies; in courageously and rightly denouncing hypocrisy, he has shoved under our noses a lot of second-rate stuff. He is right in demanding "guts"—Æschylus, Dante, Shakespeare have plenty of "guts"; but he cannot deny, I think, that he wants the guts all over the place. Whereas, in the actual organism, they are somewhat straitly confined. . . .

After the Silver Age in Roman letters, the chief characteristics of which, I understand, were cleverness and rhetorical insincerity, came, with Hadrian's advent, the "African Latinity." Rome, at that time, was very hard-boiled. This was "the period of affected archaisms and pedantic learning, combined at times with reckless love of innovation and experiment, resulting in the creation of a large number of new formations and in the adoption of much of the plebeian dialect." I offer nothing of my own knowledge: I merely quote classical authorities. Anyone will admit, I think, that every one of these recorded traits of the African Latinity is strikingly matched in our own contemporary verse and prose. I spoke earlier of certain "tenuities and caducities" in our literature that seemed to be declining towards an age of pure sham. Leaving the poetry to one side, any reader of contemporary prose (and our prose is better than our verse) will find, if he stops to examine what he reads, the affected archaisms and the pedantry, the reckless love of innovation and experiment, the new formations, the plebeian dialect, in our most popular pages. Each cited trait leaps to affix itself to some one of our most praised authors. Our hard-boiledness has turned us away from classic moderation and classic profundity. After all, the classic tradition is to deal with life truthfully, and we are not, at present, very keen about truth. We want, like all hard-boiled people, an escape from life, and are impatient of what have been tiresomely but accurately called "the eternal verities." Do books like *Lady into Fox*, *Lolly Willowes*, *The High Places*—I pull names at random out of my memory—*The Venetian Glass Nephew*, *Mr. Fortune's Maggot*, *Porgy*, *A Mirror for Witches*, *The Cabala*, *My Mortal Enemy*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *Orlando* attempt in any way to deal with life as it typically and eternally is;

to do more than make us forget, for an hour, all that experience has taught us? Their occasional wafts of truth are from far places—we seem at the moment to be growing less able to endure any truth that comes near to us. The immense recent vogue of mystery and detective stories is merely a frank avowal that, while we want a "kick," we do not want a "kick" that will start us thinking. It is our nerves, not our minds, that we offer as subjects for experiment.

One soon gets to the point, with any form of physical and nervous stimulus, to go beyond which is to break some law. Censors and legislators are always looking out to see that we do not drug ourselves too deeply. We have not the social freedom of the old patricians. Hence the spectacle of our purveyors of entertainment, who are trying to see just how much they can "get away with," blurring their audacities by a certain remoteness of subject. It is pretty generally conceded that you may be as indecent as you like if you saddle the indecency on distant years, or far countries, or a pathologic (and, therefore, irresponsible) condition. This remoteness of subject is bad for us, since it keeps us from being really critics of life; but it is the only device which permits certain thrills to be brought to us. Since the eighteenth century, the exotic has never been so fashionable as now. Exoticism, indeed, is always fashionable when the public consciousness is generally hard-boiled. Partly for the eternal hope of something new and, therefore, exciting, in it; partly because the hard-boiled person is always seeking escape from life as he knows it, which bores him. The penalties we pay for over-developing this taste are callousness to the common and universal (those eternal verities), preciosity, affectation, conscious vulgarity, violence. For by exoticism one does not mean simply *chinoiseries:* one means any deliberate departure from laws and standards that have been slowly evolved out of the racial experience since our civilization began. When nerves grow exacting, and imagination wears thin, the platitude is too often replaced by the mere paradox. Dullness is not conquered; it is only clothed in a different formula.

Nothing is easier and less helpful than to say of "hard-boiledness" that we should do well to get over it. No one in a hard-boiled generation gets over it except by acquiring a philosophy—I will not say a religion. As long as our chief national heroes are captains of industry, we shall not easily do that. More than ever—yes, in this heyday of organization—only the individual can emancipate himself, train himself, as a strictly individual job, to taste in solitude the secret, forgotten, eternal pleasures of the regulated mind, and taste held true. Then, when the barbarians rush in upon us, he can at least perish, not as a legitimate and pulpy prey, but as a quiet martyr to something they never heard of.

THE MOTHER OF A CHAMPION

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

SHE sat before a most inadequate mirror in the dressing room, an unsophisticated girl of twenty-one preparing to take her part in the great drama that was soon to begin outside. In the corner of the room sat her mother buried in a wicker armchair covered with faded cretonne, murmuring nothings—affectionate and anxious nothings; but nothings, nevertheless—to which her daughter paid no attention. The business of appearing before the public as a world-famous athlete is a serious business, not to be undertaken lightly or indiscreetly.

From the array of bottles, tubes, and glass jars with glass stoppers on the narrow table she took cold cream out of a square receptacle marked "Cleansing" and spread it carefully over her face. With the aid of a towel she rubbed it off with careful, adept movements. Then she took another kind of cream from another jar labeled "Tissue," massaging it in with practiced fingers. Next she seized a bottle bearing the magic word "Astringent" on a paper label, and dashed the pinkish fluid all over her countenance. Finally came the really important part of her make-up. For just a second she glanced bewilderingly over the regiment of bottles and jars which lined the table, and with a quick gesture selected one bearing the entrancing name, "Florentine Lemon Skin Food." The skin food made from the lemons of Florence she delicately smoothed in a thin layer about her cheeks and chin; next from a square box of "Florentine Flower Powder, Spanish Rachel Shade," she suffused her tortured face in flesh-colored chalk. A careful and scientific application of lipstick, a longish session with a pencil along the eyebrows; at last she was ready. No more, it is true, so unsophisticated-looking at close view. But after all, what of that?

Her mother, meanwhile, had been growing impatient.

"They're waiting for you out there, Florence . . . hadn't you better hurry? . . . Goodness sakes, you didn't use to take so much trouble with all these powders and things when you first started. . . . I remember back in twenty-two . . . "

"Oh, cut that Civil War stuff, mother. You make me tired with your everlasting . . ."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation. "Are you ready, Miss Farley? Your opponent's waiting for you."

"All ready," sang out the Champion in the tone which made the newspapers describe her as "Happy Florence Farley, the Girl with the Laughing Voice."

"Com*ming*, com*ming*. Come along, mother dear." And she emerged from the dressing room with her arm about her mother's waist. Inseparable, those two!

In the narrow hallway outside they were soon parted by the crowd that pressed and eddied about them. Schoolgirl autograph collectors demanded the champion's signature, not realizing that the champion never signed albums before a match. After a match, yes, before a match, never! More than one title had been lost through writer's cramp. It was just this attention to

detail which had brought Florence Farley to the position she now occupied.

Someone seized her arm; an invitation for the week-end was bellowed through the din and confusion.

"To Southampton? Oooohh, how lovely. I'd just adore to come. But really, I hardly know. You'll have to ask mother; you see she just won't let me go anywhere without her."

A burst of applause rippled through the crowd as she stepped outside the door of the clubhouse. The photographers hurried to their points of vantage, the officials came eagerly forward to greet her, the crowd indicated its approval. The Champion was going into action to defend her title.

II

Throughout Florence Farley's career her mother has consistently remained in the background; the general public who follow sports is as a rule unaware of her existence. But if any one person can be said to be responsible for the astounding success of Florence Farley in the world of amateur games, certainly Mrs. Farley should have most of the credit.

Plainville, New York, is an hour and six minutes from the Grand Central Station. It has two banks, three drug stores, a weekly newspaper, a country club, and a population of commuters who take the eight-one to town every morning and return by the five-ten every evening. They are met at the station by their wives, plump ladies dressed in unbecoming but fashionable hats who drive three-thousand-dollar sedans on which the husbands spend their lives trying to earn the monthly installments. When Jim Farley moved out to Plainville in order that six-year-old Florence could have a yard to run in and air to breathe, he was lucky to have enough money left, after paying the first installment on the purchase price and the interest six months in advance on the first and second mortgages, to be able to buy a second-hand Ford. If you knew Plainville you would realize that people who drive second-hand Fords are hardly likely to be adopted by the social leaders of the town.

Not that Jim Farley cared. But his wife cared very much indeed. It hurt her that Jim was in the cotton-goods business and prospering indifferently, while the husbands of the ladies who drove the three-thousand-dollar sedans were in radio or real estate or stocks and bonds or something that was prospering. It hurt most of all that she and Jim were never asked to join the Country Club. To be sure they had no money to join the Country Club, they did not desire to join the Country Club; yet the fact that they were unasked was difficult to swallow. In Plainville either you belonged to the Country Club or you did not. The Farleys did not.

Curiously enough it was Florence who was to solve this problem for her worried mother; it was Florence who was the first of the Farleys to establish herself at the Club. At the age of eleven this long-legged child was such a capable little sportswoman that she was continually being asked to go up on the hill to play with the Patterson children or the Davis girls, all older but by no means her equal. From taking on and defeating the Pattersons and the Davises, it was but a step to being asked to engage some older players. At last one sunny afternoon in midsummer Mrs. Farley was officially invited up to see Florence play with Mrs. Jenkins, a player at one time of national repute. Knowing nothing at all of games or sport, Mrs. Farley sat upon the porch of the clubhouse a silent and aloof figure, until the moment when her offspring came up the path to the steps, her face red but her manner triumphant, her pigtails damp with perspiration, but her bearing that of a conqueror. Behind her labored the clumsy Mrs. Jenkins, tired, panting, exhausted; Mrs. Jenkins who never knew Mrs. Farley when the latter's Ford was parked behind her new magnificent limousine each night for the

five-ten. That particular afternoon, however, she was unusually cordial.

"Give that child of yours time, Mrs. Farley, and she'll be a great player some day. I know what I'm telling you, too."

Mrs. Farley smiled serenely and put her arm around Florence's moist back. In her victorious daughter she was beginning to see an opening to the Country Club and to Plainville society.

III

The Farleys joined the Country Club the next spring. Their open Ford was even seen once or twice at the Saturday night dances, parked each evening near the gorgeous new limousine of Mrs. Jenkins'. More often than not, however, it was left at home, and they went in someone else's car. For as seasons merged into one another and Jim Farley's infant grew older and bolder, it became apparent to everyone with eyes to see that she was a player of real promise, a player who could defeat many of the men about the Club. At the end of several years Florence Farley was a name to conjure with in Plainville; if you could defeat the Farley child your ability needed no further discussion. You were immediately put down as a very useful player. In fact, so well known did Florence become about town that it was practically necessary, as Mrs. Farley explained to Jim one night, for them to have a new car, and a closed one at that. When Jim mumbled that he couldn't afford to while cotton was selling so low that it wasn't worth picking off the bushes, his wife reminded him that for Florence's sake they couldn't afford not to. This settled the argument.

It was fortunate that they did have that closed car when the Pattersons suggested that they all go over to Jamestown where Lucile Patterson and Florence could play in the junior tournament being held for the first time at the Jamestown Country Club. After much planning and consulting, the eight-mile trip across country was undertaken. Lucile was put out of the play by eleven o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Patterson remembered a luncheon engagement and hurried away shortly afterward, leaving her daughter to return with Mrs. Farley and Florence and the Cup at seven-ten. By the time they got home the news had spread all about Plainville; Jim Farley, who had to walk home from the station, heard it the moment he stepped off the train. Three people called out to him the good news as he walked up Pleasant Street; in fact, the whole town was aware of the feat of his child. He had supper waiting for them when they returned, tired but happy.

"A damned good performance for the kid," he said, as he kissed her with delight. "Good child."

Nor was Mrs. Farley any less pleased than her husband. But had they known that their troubles were starting, they might have been more sober in their happiness. Two weeks later Mr. George P. Clements, the president of the Club, called upon the Farleys one evening to extend his congratulations. In the course of the conversation he also exposed plans under way for adventures in more distant fields.

"We were thinking, that is, a number of us were thinking, of sending Florence down to compete in the National Junior Championships at Hot Springs next summer."

"Ooohh," interjaculated Florence impulsively. "Ooohh, mother, wouldn't that be wonderful?" To her Hot Springs was as far away as Russia. Or Fairyland. But she stopped short when she observed the distress upon her parent's usually placid countenance.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clements, but who could go down with her? Of course, the trip would be dandy, and I'd just love for her to go, but I couldn't think of letting her go that far with just a lot of girls."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Farley, certainly not. We intend to have you both go."

Then Mrs. Farley *was* shocked.

"Why, Mr. Clements! Both of us! It would last a week. That would cost, that would cost . . . why . . . a hundred dollars!"

The President of the Country Club was unmoved. Quietly he agreed that it would.

"Yes, yes, p'raps. But you see it's this way, Mrs. Farley. They's a number of us prominent men about town been watching your little girl now for some time. We've all of us noticed the progress she's made and we're anxious to encourage it. Wanna encourage sport among the youngsters. Fine thing, athletics. Teaches 'em to be, you know, manly, fair play, all that sort of thing. And then besides"—here he leaned slightly toward Jim Farley as though a mere woman could hardly understand the details of business—"And then, besides, it's mighty good properganda for the town, mighty good properganda to have a little girl like Florence get her name in the papers occasionally. Why, they's any number of folks never heard of Plainville until she won that title the other day over to Jamestown. I understand the week after that we got a lot of inquiries for the new real estate development back of Johnson's woods; hadn't had any prospects for that property for two years. Now Mr. Simmonds, the president of the Trust Company, you know he's influential in the Chamber of Commerce too, well, he thinks he, that is we, I mean they could find ways and means to get you and Florence down there to Hot Springs without it costing you or Mr. Farley one red cent. Not one cent. Do you see?" And he paused for a moment to allow the combined munificence of the Chamber of Commerce and the President of the Trust Company to take effect. It took effect immediately.

Mrs. Farley saw. She saw for the moment even more than Mr. Clements did. And the sight dazzled her somewhat. Mr. Clements, thinking that she was dazzled only by the prospect of a trip to Hot Springs, pressed home the argument.

"And a first-rate vacation, too, Mrs. Farley. Not but what I'm sure our little girl here wouldn't bring us back some more glory, heh, heh, heh . . ."

The little girl was not as sure as he was. But a trip to Hot Springs! . . They went next summer as planned.

It was at Hot Springs during the Junior Championships that they first met Duncan Fletcher, the Vice-President of the Eastern Association, and a power in the sport. Duncan Fletcher was a suave young mucker with a million dollars from his father, and clothes and manners from a New York tailor. His one ambition in school and college had been to become a champion; early in his career it became evident that he had neither the persistence nor the patience; accordingly he gave up this desire and decided that, if he could not be a champion, at least he could be the friend of champions. His eye was fixed ultimately upon the presidency of the National Association; little by little he had climbed up from being a mere delegate from his own club to being a sectional delegate, a councilman, then a director, and finally one of the two vice-presidents of the Eastern Association. His next step was a minor office in the National Association; he was a handshaker par excellence, knew everyone, made himself known to everyone; and under the circumstances it was not surprising that he happened to bump into Florence and her mother the morning after they arrived. What surprised them, and also flattered them slightly, was the fact that he knew all their history.

Ten minutes of conversation with Mrs. Farley convinced Duncan Fletcher that he was in luck. They had arrived in the rain the previous night without hotel accommodations, their reservations having been carelessly made in the name of Mrs. Hurley. Players were all accommodated ("special rate to players and their families at the Alhambra during the

tournament," page 8, circular of the championships) in the Annex. The Annex was directly over the kitchen; sleep was impossible there after five A.M. No one had spoken to them, practice was difficult to obtain, a cold west wind was blowing and, in short, Mrs. Farley was ready to return home. In fact, a time-table with trains marked was in her hand when Duncan Fletcher addressed them. During those next few moments of crisis the Vice-President of the Eastern Association was at his best; he displayed that marvellous executive ability which was to win him such a prominent place in the world of sport. A quarter of an hour later he had secured a suite for them in the main building at no extra cost, obtained tape and bound up Florence's blistered hand with care and skill, seen that they had a good table in the dining room, and installed a dozen roses in their sitting room. Naturally, mother and daughter were charmed by his attention and a flattery not too obtuse.

"Just the nicest man," as Mrs. Farley wrote home that night to Mr. Farley on the monogrammed paper of the hotel.

And so he was. Possibly, however, Duncan Fletcher's niceness would have been more to his credit had he not noticed Florence work out that morning from a vantage spot on the clubhouse porch. That was before he had tried to make himself useful, before he made inquiries at the desk about the little girl in the lemon-colored sweater and the insignificant woman sitting watching her in a rocking chair on the veranda. Mr. Fletcher was a gentleman with a distinct eye to the future.

The championships lasted six days, during which Duncan Fletcher was an ever-present help in time of trouble. On the last afternoon, the afternoon of the finals, when Florence returned to the clubhouse with her National Junior Championship, flushed, happy, triumphant, she was presented with a bouquet of roses tied in satin ribbon, more roses than she could carry. The runner-up, who was badly beaten, was also presented with an enormous bunch which she laid aside, remarking, "I'd have preferred a better score and fewer flowers."

Luckily the Vice-President of the Eastern Association did not hear this catty remark. He was at the moment telling Florence's mother that he knew from the start that the child had it in her. This was the exact truth. Nor was his delight in her victory in the least disingenuous, his enthusiasm one bit forced. Mr. Duncan Fletcher knew a good thing when he saw it.

IV

Some eight months later Plainville was honored by a visit from the Vice-President of the Eastern Association. This visit, which took place in the living room of the Farley home, was attended by Mr. Farley (reduced to silence and marvelling at his wife's wonderful ability to get things for Florence without paying for them), that good lady, and Florence herself, just a bit dazed at the prospect unfolding itself before her. Naturally Mr. Clements as the President of Florence's home club was also present, rubbing his hands in delight and importance. Ever since her picture had appeared in the Sunday Rotogravure Section as, "Suburban Miss Who Wins Title, Happy Florence Farley of Plainville, N. Y., at Hot Springs," Mr. Clements had had the Chamber of Commerce behind him to a man.

Mr. Fletcher, however, saw visions of the future in fresh woods and pastures new. He imagined himself, without too much effort, described as the "man who discovered Florence Farley." In fact, immediately after her victory in the Junior Championships Mr. Fletcher explained to all the newspaper men who came to his dinner—"just a small, informal affair, boys"—that he had found her in a little country town outside New York and, recognizing her ability at once with his keen tactical eye, had sent her down to Hot Springs on his own initiative. He has told this story so of-

ten now and it has been printed so much that he believes it himself. So does everyone else, including Mrs. Farley and Florence.

"Well, Mrs. Farley, of course you know best; but it seems to me that in a way you really owe it to Florence to give up this next summer to her and let her play in the National Championships. Frankly, I don't think I've ever seen such a promising youngster, not since Miss Benton at any rate. And next season, next season, you know, are the Olympics in Berlin. A great chance for her to have a trip abroad, and you too; it's a fine education. If she does well this summer I'm almost sure, in fact, I can almost guarantee that she will be sent over by the Association."

Mrs. Farley's mind was dancing, dancing, but her face was calm and undisturbed. "Well, I hardly know whether we could arrange to devote a whole summer to it, practicing and so forth. And then there's Florence's singing. She has made so much progress in the past six months I sort of hate to interrupt all that. And Mr. Farley's vacation, he likes to have us go to the camp with him; don't you, Jim?"

Mr. Farley gulped, swallowed hard as the eyes of the room were upon him, some almost resentfully it seemed, and nodded. He could not speak.

"Why, Jim Farley would be the proudest man in this whole county if his little girl was to win the national title, wouldn't you, Jim?" interposed Mr. Clements in an overpowering voice.

The truth was that, thanks to Mr. Clements' aid and assistance, Jim Farley was now a member of the Club car which always was attached to the eight-one and the five-ten. It was also true that since his introduction into this society he had lost about a hundred and fourteen dollars at bridge, most of it to Mr. Clements who held more than one bad debt, a subject on which Mr. Farley had neglected to inform his family. In a feeble voice he supported the arguments adduced by Mr. Fletcher for his daughter's career.

"As for the singing, she can study while she's abroad next summer at the Olympics. Certainly, study mornings, y'know. A few weeks under Lebaudy or Obendorfer is worth ten years from some hack over this side." Mr. Fletcher voiced his opinions about musical education with conviction. "Honestly, Mrs. Farley, if you don't take advantage of this opportunity you'll regret it all your life."

Mrs. Farley was impressed; but she was not a lady to take steps without being sure of things. Accordingly she remarked tentatively, "But so much money, Mr. Fletcher, all this time practicing, and then going way out there to Omaha for the National Championships—"

"Not a word about money," said Mr. Fletcher with the air of a person who is waving aside a subject slightly obscene. "Not a word. You see the Eastern Association has a special fund for just such purposes. We send you and Florence west about a month before the tournament begins, to get acclimated, and then on the way you'll stop off at one or two invitation affairs, select affairs in the bigger places. You'll meet some mighty nice people, Mrs. Farley, just the best kind of people in Chicago and St. Louis."

If Mrs. Farley had had any doubts from the start, which she had not, this last sentence would have definitely erased them. For some years she had been hoping in a vague way to be able to develop Florence's voice; but as she told Jim Farley that evening in bed, Florence was growing up, and it was a chance for her to meet some really well-bred people. He agreed, suggested that he take his vacation when they return, and remarked that business was none too good at the moment anyhow.

So Mrs. Farley and Florence went west. Of all their campaigns they still look on this as the happiest; for the little girl in pigtails found everything so

new and strange, found everyone so cordial and hospitable, found conditions for playing so perfect that she enjoyed herself enormously, more in fact than she was ever to enjoy herself in the future when the duties and responsibilities of being a champion were always with her. Her game also progressed; she suffered one or two defeats at the hands of local players in minor tournaments, just enough to make her work hard at strengthening her weak points. She practiced assiduously, asked advice from older players, and by the time the Championships rolled round was playing better than she had ever played in all her life.

Now her mother had a task to restrain that eager, impetuous child. Her duty it was to see that Florence played enough and not too much, that she ate the proper food, that she went to bed early and got up early, that she took every morning the exercises the doctor had prescribed for those recalcitrant muscles, in short, that she lived the life which would mean victory. Each day for weeks before the tournament Mrs. Farley walked over to the club with Florence, sat there when she was practicing, took her back to the hotel, first making sure that she was well wrapped up against a possible cold. And gradually, little though she knew about sports, Mrs. Farley began to note the improvement in her daughter's game. Little by little it was borne in upon her that this child of hers had the makings of a champion. Perhaps, after all, Florence had best give up the idea of a singing career. Was she not destined for greater things?

Meanwhile Mr. Duncan Fletcher had not neglected to keep the press informed of the progress of "My little protégée," as he used to call Florence on every possible occasion. But even the newspaper men were unprepared for her successes in that tournament. She went through the first three days with ease, defeated her opponents without difficulty, and on the next to last day put out a former national titleholder. Mrs. Wing, it was true, was no longer in the top class; she was still good enough to make trouble for most players. That afternoon lived long in Mrs. Farley's memory; the crowd deserting the other contestants to watch her picturesque child in pigtails, the murmurs and rumors and reports flying about the clubhouse, the whisper from someone behind her that Mrs. Wing had just been badly beaten by "that infant from New York." And the afternoon lived with her for another reason.

He caught her while she was waiting for Florence to dress after the match. Yes, she was Mrs. Farley. His card said he was Mr. Raymond K. Noble, Western Manager for the *Daily Mail* Syndicate. He had been ordered by his New York office to see Mrs. Farley because the manager in the main office saw in Florence a future national champion. Would she care to write for the *Daily Mail* Syndicate?

Mrs. Farley was shocked. Florence write? She couldn't spell c-a-t; composition was her weakest subject. And her writing was terrible, just simply terrible. Now if Mr. Noble had asked her to sing. . . . That gentleman smiled ever so slightly, and explained that his company was not interested in singers. He also explained that in most editorial offices there were trained reporters who did much of the actual writing and could send proofs to Florence "for correction." He also explained that he did not himself believe that Florence was well known enough to the sporting public to begin writing immediately; but that next year if she won the title it was possible that the *Daily Mail* might find room for her in its pages. With great delicacy he offered Mrs. Farley a check for five hundred dollars, and explained that to save her trouble personally he had drawn up a contract which she need merely sign as Florence's guardian. Mrs. Farley took the contract and looked at it a minute. Two years before she would have signed any-

thing on Florence's behalf for fifty dollars. As it was, she replied that she would be glad to take the contract back to her hotel, study it, and let him know her wishes in the matter. For in the background she had a vision of the astute Mr. Fletcher coming to her aid.

Inside of the hour Mr. Fletcher was actually reading the contract in her bedroom in the hotel. With a superb gesture he read it, tore it in two, and tossed it to the floor. Mrs. Farley was impressed as he intended, and thanked herself more than ever that she had been cautious. Could Florence write and still maintain her amateur standing? Oh, yes, yes indeed. But that contract? Never! Sign no contract which tied one up at a salary of only three thousand a year for five years. That was Mr. Fletcher's advice. He explained that the manager was correct in asserting that most athletic stars had help and assistance in their literary endeavors. He departed, assuring Mrs. Farley that other contracts would not be long in presenting themselves. Mrs. Farley was learning rapidly. When Florence the next afternoon went brilliantly down to defeat before the best woman player in the country, she learned more things.

Three gentlemen from other syndicates were waiting for her at her hotel when she returned, while Mr. Noble was there with yet another and a more generous contract. Mrs. Farley took them all, as well as the cards of their representatives, and retired to her room, saying nothing. On her table was a wire from her husband:

COMPANY IN FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES LOST JOB BETTER RETURN IMMEDIATELY JIM.

Mrs. Farley sat looking out the window while Florence dressed for her first dance, the championship ball at the clubhouse for which as a special favor she was to be allowed to wear her hair up. Carefully the mother spread those four contracts out on the table, carefully she studied them, a look in her eyes that the wives of the commuters in Plainville would never have recognized. Then she slowly took the receiver off the hook. From the bathroom Florence heard her mother's voice, vaguely realizing that it was not the voice of her mother at all.

"Central, 8900. . . . Mr. Townsend, please. . . . Mr. Townsend? This is Mrs. Farley; yes, Florence Farley's mother. Mr. Townsend, we expect to leave for home to-morrow at noon. I wonder if you could come round to the hotel for a few minutes before we leave and see me? At ten? That's fine. Ten o'clock. Good-by, Mr. Townsend."

V

Florence Farley's hair was up on her head when they went south for the National Championships that next summer; but her mother was still the person to be consulted whenever a decision was required.

"My pictures for your magazine? Oooohh, I don't know; you'll have to ask mother. A dance at the club next week? I'd just adore to go; but I'd better speak about it to mother first, she rarely lets me go out when I'm in training, you know. The contract for next season? Oooohh, Mr. Townsend, that's entirely up to mother." Where she played before the Championships, what homes they would or would not live at (for wherever the Farleys went now they were honored and welcome guests)—everything was for her mother to decide. Incidentally, it was Mrs. Farley's idea, when she read about the benefit concert to be given, that Florence should put on her best hat and interview the manager. Florence was surprised at the warmth of the reception she received. Mrs. Farley was not surprised.

It was her first appearance in public. Florence's voice was young, fresh, powerful, if unequal and untrained. But the songs she sang were wisely chosen; they were not beyond her range, and she had the natural self-possession of one who has

long appeared as a performer before crowds. Moreover, she was young, pretty, attractive. For weeks before the concert she was advertised and billboarded; the concert hall was jammed with an audience that came out of curiosity. Of ten newspapers which commented upon the concert the next morning, nine spoke of Miss Florence Farley, and all used the word "versatile" at least once.

Mrs. Farley had by this time acquired no small share of business acumen. It was necessary inasmuch as her husband possessed none whatsoever. Jim Farley was looking for his third job while his wife and daughter were visiting in Newport or Palm Beach, meeting titled Europeans and the stock-market nobility of the United States with poise and discrimination. This sort of thing was all very well; but Mrs. James Farley had her eye on a greater goal. When Florence went to college that fall she took singing lessons four days a week with the best instructor the neighboring city provided.

All this was a drain on the Farley family resources. Perhaps one should say upon the family's resources upon the female side. But the Dean was so helpful; having in some strange manner heard of Florence's athletic and artistic record, he succeeded in procuring for her a four-year scholarship devoted to "needy and deserving students of the Baptist faith." Mrs. Farley herself was a Methodist, but luckily she had no religious intolerance whatsoever. And it was nice to have Florence in a college where she could get singing lessons all winter; the way in which that girl neglected her voice culture in summer was really awful!

It was during her freshman year that the question of the Olympics arose. Mr. Fletcher, now the President of the National Association, telephoned Mrs. Farley that Florence was expected to sail with the rest of the team in June, a week before her final examinations. This meant losing the credit for her whole year's work. Even Mrs. Farley, who could hardly be said to be indifferent to the many advantages, educational and otherwise, promised by a trip to Europe, was aghast at the thought of a season in school gone for nothing. Accordingly she took the next train to consult the Dean. Once again she found him more than kind—such a nice man, a real nice man, as she told Jim on her return. Jim, who was now looking for his fifth job and was getting to be known as "Florence Farley's father," grunted when he heard that familiar phrase.

"H'm, why yes, Mrs. Farley," said the Dean in his private office, "yes, I think we can arrange that difficulty. Here in the University we have what are called travel credits, credits granted when a student wishes to spend time doing research work at the Sorbonne and Oxford or Cambridge. Now of course, this isn't exactly what Miss Farley is going over for; but I have no doubt in view of the favorable publicity that will accrue, and considering the help her name will be to our new Endowment Drive for the University, that it can be arranged satisfactorily."

And so it was. The day before they sailed Mrs. Farley interviewed Mr. Townsend. Plans had already been made for the Berlin correspondent of the *Mail* syndicate to "assist" Florence while she was in Europe; every day during the two-months' period a story was to be wired back to New York. For this work Mrs. Farley naturally felt that her daughter should have more than the original contract specified. Mr. Townsend, however, was not impressed with the argument that a trip to the Olympics had not been foreseen at the time the papers had been signed.

"Well, you know best," sighed Mrs. Farley. She had progressed a long, long way from the astonished mother who imagined that it would cost a hundred dollars to keep herself and Florence for a week at Hot Springs! At the back of her mind was Jim Farley, at that moment tramping the streets of the city for still another job; before her eyes was the

picture of the little white house on that back road in Plainville which needed a coat of paint, a new shingled roof, a decent furnace. . . . "Well, of course you must decide, Mr. Townsend. I was only thinking that the MacIntyre Syndicate has been anxious to secure Florence's services for some time, and as her contract with you expires this coming fall—"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Farley, just wait a minute, please. Now let's talk this over quietly. I didn't say your terms weren't reasonable; I think they are. It's the boss I have to convince, you know. We never paid such a big sum to anyone in sport before. Don't know what he'd say about it. I mean he likes Miss Farley's stuff, and all that, but—well, I'll tell you what to do. You're sailing on the *Luxuria* at midnight? Suite B, A deck. Fine. Now I tell you what. I'll come down to the boat by ten, at the latest, with his answer. And don't you do anything about next year until you hear from me. Understand? Those MacIntyre people—I'd hate to see Miss Farley tied up with a gang of pirates like that, honest I would."

The *Luxuria* sailed at midnight with the Farley family, or at least the female portion of it. The next morning the *Daily Mail* in a large half-page advertisement announced that Miss Florence Farley would write every day for the next two months "a complete, accurate, and lively description of the Olympics from the viewpoint of the competitor."

In Mr. Townsend's safe was a new contract running for another two years. It carried a figure in ink, written over a typewritten figure, and was for exactly three times as much as Miss Florence Farley had been receiving previously.

At the moment that the *Luxuria* was being warped out of her pier, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* was sitting in a small office in the Friedrichstrasse, waving a long telegram at his assistant.

"Gotta write all the stuff for this girl champion, Farley. What the hell do they think I am, besides all my regular work to shove this on me? I'll send 'em what I please, that's what I'll do, and if they don't like it they can fire me. Sick of this job; the more work you do the more they give you. Can you imagine that, Jake, writing stuff for a schoolgirl?"

VI

Neither Florence nor her mother to this day can tell you how they happened to meet Cynthia Gladesborough in Berlin, who introduced them, or where they were presented. Somebody at a tea, a dinner dance, somebody after or during the Games brought them together; the meeting proved mutually beneficial. Lady Gladesborough, who it appeared had no home, was at home quite as much in Berlin and Rome as in London. She had a bigger, a broader conception of sport and the function of sport than even Mrs. Farley; she could look ahead and visualize the future in a manner that was impossible for the little lady from Plainville, New York.

Cynthia, Lady Gladesborough, was the sort of woman it did not help to be seen with in public in London. Long before Mrs. Farley discovered this, the Englishwoman had proved her indispensability in many ways. Left without money after the War, with nothing but a title and her wits to keep her from starvation, the only remaining member of the Gladesborough family had done rather well by herself in the years since the Armistice. Did you wish to be presented at Court? See Cynthia Gladesborough. Did you wish a shooting place for August where you would be in and not out of society? Cynthia Gladesborough would procure it for you. Was it your wish to be distinguished during the London season? Anything could be managed provided you knew Cynthia Gladesborough . . . and had money.

Berlin was a field less fertile to her endeavors than London, which was perhaps the reason why she happened to fasten on Florence and her mother. For several

days she studied them, wondering how they could be made profitable, until she heard from the parent of the daughter's remarkable versatility. A singer? Just the thing. That next afternoon she was back with a proposition so delicately veiled, so gently insinuated, that one felt it would be cruel to refuse. In fact, she always made you feel you were doing her a favor. It appeared that Lady Mountaspen, the wife of the British Ambassador, had seen Florence at the Games and had been so struck with her charm. Would dear Mrs. Farley bring her daughter to a small dinner at the Embassy, and perhaps she could induce Florence to sing one or two of those topping negro spirituals afterward? Just one or two. Needless to say, dear Mrs. Farley would not refuse, would understand how the Ambassadress felt, and could accept this small check. For some pet charity, you know. Once the thing was done the second time was easier by far.

It was at the Embassy party that they met Mary Garden. The great singer listened with interest and attention to the fresh-faced girl who had that afternoon jumped from being a Champion to becoming a World's Champion, and said conventionally nice things to the mother afterward. From this the story spread that Florence had "studied under Mary Garden," as the billboards put it later on at home. What with the singing and writing, their stay in Berlin was not unprofitable, and on the whole enjoyable. But the best part of their trip was the visit to London, where they planned to spend a week, and actually remained, thanks to the indefatigable Cynthia Gladesborough, until just before college opened in the fall.

"Have you heard Florence Farley sing?" "Have you seen Florence Farley play yet?" These were the questions London society asked itself continually during their visit. She gave a few exhibitions, more than living up to her reputation as a World's Champion, mercilessly beating the English women pitted against her. Unlike those toughened, tanned, weather-beaten specimens of British womanhood who opposed her on the fields of sport, she was still an eager, happy, attractive schoolgirl, smiling, frowning, anxious, impetuous, joyous, and dismayed in turn. She was a girl, not a human machine. London, and particularly London society and that part of London society eager for lions, had almost forgotten that a female champion in sport could flatter the lust of the eye. In ten days Florence Farley had captured the city. Her name was in every newspaper, her picture in every magazine, her songs upon every lip.

She and her mother were fêted and entertained wherever they went. Her fees rose with her popularity. To dine with Florence Farley and her mother was an expensive undertaking; to be asked to dinner when they were present was indeed a testimony to your importance in the great world. Several weeks before they left, a concert manager called upon Mrs. Farley with suggestions for one afternoon appearance. He was sent packing by Cynthia Gladesborough, who returned later in the day with a manager willing to put Florence on for five matinees in succession.

THE ONLY CHANCE TO SEE AND HEAR THE VERSATILE WORLD'S CHAMPION.

HEAR FLORENCE FARLEY SING HER FAMOUS AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

The performance was adequately advertised, and before daybreak on the first afternoon a queue was waiting in a chilling drizzle for the doors to open ten hours later. Seats were obtainable only from Keith, Prowse and Co., at an amazing premium; hundreds were turned away at each matinee.

Meanwhile back in Plainville, Jim Farley was parking his new straight eight in the garage which had just been built under his careful supervision. He had ceased looking for a job.

VII

By the end of Florence's second year as Champion of the World, her relation-

ship to her mother had undergone a subtle change. The change was more real than apparent. Externally they were just the same "good pals" as ever. Outwardly Florence and her mother were inseparable; whatever they did, her mother's opinion was requested, wherever they went, her mother was consulted. At any rate in public. But in private, in their twin beds in the hotel room, in the privacy of their suite on A deck of the *Luxuria* (the one occupied by the Prince when he crossed in '22) an astonished world would have learned that the mother of Happy Florence Farley, the Girl with the Laughing Voice, simply did not count in the general scheme of things. Florence was her own manager now.

Nor could one deny that the champion was able to take care of herself in a broken field, either. The years of exacting discipline to master a sport in many ways as complicated as an art or a profession, the constant subjugation of herself to her work, the encounters with the keenest minds in championship matches, minds which had to be mastered and subdued before their possessors were worsted physically—all this had taught her many a stern lesson from which she did not fail to draw profit. Her relations with the press, with the officials of the Association upon whose favors so much depended, with her various business associates, were all nicely adjusted and attuned. She knew the men and policies as well as the politics of the National Association as her mother could never know or hope to know them; she kept a control of affairs that her mother could never keep and, using that lady as a shield, she ran her life upon the narrow ridge between amateurism and professionalism with a skill and hardihood that even her parent, who was frequently exasperated and always uneasy about her, was forced to admire.

Thus the telephone rang in their private suite. The secretary—Florence's first big dispute with her mother was over the secretary, it was also her first big victory—answered:

"Mr. Fletcher, Miss Farley."

"Oh—I'm too busy. Tell him to call later—no, give me the 'phone, I suppose I'd better talk now. . . . Hello, Duncan. What's that? Not to-day, my dear. I don't think I can. No, I'm all tied up to-day, Duncan. Well, let me see. Come up at one and take me to lunch. No, I'll meet you, meet you at the Ritz. Yes, at one. Good-by."

"Florence!" her mother expostulated. "How rude you're getting to be. Asking Mr. Fletcher to take you to lunch at the Ritz. And besides, he is such a prominent man in the Association, you'll get into trouble—"

"Well, if Dunc Fletcher wants to see me he'll have to buy me a meal, that's all. Besides, he isn't prominent any more. Or he won't be after next winter. Mr. Baker's going in. Yes, they're getting Fletcher out; he's much too old-fashioned for this crowd. They need some new blood, wake 'em up a little."

Her mother gasped at the news. Mr. Fletcher out of the Association? It was as if the President of the United States had suddenly died. As if the country had gone mad. Mr. Fletcher out. She could not foresee their future without his help and assistance, so closely had he been bound up in their lives for years past. Again the telephone tinkled.

"Mr. Baker," droned the secretary. "Oh, just a minute please, Mr. Baker." And she handed the instrument to Florence, who indeed had reached for it as his name was spoken.

The voice of the champion was as different when she answered from the casual tone she used with Mr. Fletcher as her game was different against different kinds of players. "Ooohh, Mr. Baker, it's so good of you to bother to call me up. . . . Yes, I want to see you, too. . . . There are just hundreds of things I must ask your advice about. . . . Baltimore? Well, I don't know about Baltimore; but perhaps you—that's one of the

things I'm anxious to discuss with you. . . . You don't? . . . Oh, he's a friend of yours. Of course, if he's a friend of yours that makes all the difference in the world. I'd love to play Baltimore. But when can I see you, Mr. Baker? To-day. . . . That'll be delightful. . . . Could you come up and have some tea with me here at five? Yes, at five. . . . Don't send up your name, just come up, 1486. At five. I'll be looking forward to seeing you. Good-by."

The doorbell jingled. On tiptoe the secretary left the room. She returned a minute later. "The young lady from the *Times-Despatch*, Miss Farley. That interview, you know. Mr. Smith arranged for it last week."

"A girl? But I thought—I imagined they were sending a man. I just hate girl reporters. Horrid things. Well, I suppose I'll have to see her. Take her into the parlor. And then get that interview out of the file and read it to me while I'm doing my hair."

Ten minutes later the girl reporter, notebook in hand, was getting from the lips of Miss Farley, the World's Champion, an interview which would please any managing editor.

"Yes, I take my sport, you know, just as a game. My music is the principal thing in my life. Of course, I believe a champion has a duty, a great duty to the public who support games. . . . A duty to play fair, to win or lose with a smile. Yes, that's the chief thing about sport, isn't it? A message to the girls of America? Tell them not to take any game too seriously. That's what I always say to my mumsy. Remember it's just a game, win or lose. Now music, that's a thing you can devote your life to, can't you? With me, my sport has always been secondary to my music, even when I was a teeny, weeny child. I remember Mary Garden—oh, yes, I know her very well; you see she gave me the benefit of her great knowledge when I was in Berlin two years ago—well, I remember Mary saying to me once that whatever one loves one should make the really big thing in one's life. And I really love my music. Sport—oh, I've played off and on since I was ten, I think. Yes, but I always play in moderation.

"Engaged? To Lindbergh? Oh, dear, no. I just adore him; don't you? But we're simply friends, that's all. He likes to come out to the house when he's tired after a trip and have me sing, you know—sing something simple to him. My new songs? Some new spirituals. Negro spirituals, you know. I just think they're dandy, don't you? This one is new, 'Corn Chowder In De Cabin,' and so is this, 'Scrubbin' On De Ol' Washboard.' I got those from the dearest old mammy when I was playing in the Southern Championships in Tallahassee this spring. Mother thinks they're the best. You see I always talk all my songs over with mumsy first. In fact I tell her everything—all my problems. She's the darlingest mother.

"The new President of the Association. Mr. Baker? Oooohh, are you sure? You heard . . . you did? I just adore Mr. Baker. But you mustn't put that in the paper, will you? Mr. Fletcher was a lovely man, too. But Mr. Baker is—well, he's more dignified, isn't he? I mean he's more conservative. In a way. Not that I don't get along with Mr. Fletcher, oh, perfectly. We're old friends, very old friends. But I admire conservative people, don't you? I like all the officials, though; we never have the slightest difficulty. The amateur rule? Oh, no, there's never any trouble. I lean backward to observe all the rules of the Association—set an example; a champion should. Don't you think? Yes. Is that all? So good of you to take the trouble to come way up here on a hot day like this. Don't forget my message to the American girls, will you? Play fair. Don't take games too seriously. Lose or win with a smile. That's the one great lesson sport teaches us. Thank you so much. Good-by. Good-by. . . .

"God, what a woman! Miss Jackson!

Miss Jackson! Get hold of Mr. Baker. How do I know where he is? Tell him to come round at four instead of five. And ask him to bring his car."

VIII

No girl ever won the championship of the United States eight times in succession. Miss Florence Farley was getting ready to do so, and what she set her mind upon doing she seldom failed in. At the moment she was seated in front of the same dressing table she had been seated before as a child with pigtails down her back when she went out for her first championship. Eight years later she was Champion of the World, devoting more attention to her countenance than she did when she appeared upon the concert stage, an event which happened with greater frequency as the years rolled by. The only difference in the room was that her mother, who had occupied the wicker arm chair in previous years, was no longer present. To-day it held precariously Miss Farley's secretary, notebook in hand. Upon the floor was a pile of opened letters.

From an array of bottles, tubes, and glass jars with glass stoppers on the narrow table, she took cold cream out of a square white receptacle marked "Cleansing," spreading it carefully over her face. This, by the way, is the cream you have seen advertised as assisting Miss Florence Farley, Champion of the World, to keep freckles off her face under the hottest sun.

"From Nelson's Stores," droned the secretary. "A concert, on the twenty-ninth, with two stars from the Metropolitan."

"Price?" said the Champion, briskly, between rubs.

"No mention."

"Write 'em and tell 'em our price. No, hold on . . . they've got lots of money. Write and ask their terms."

Meanwhile she took another kind of cream from another bottle marked "Tissue," then with the aid of a towel wiped them both off with careful, adept movements. This, by the way, is the cream you may have noticed advertised on the billboards as used by Florence Farley, the World's Champion, to preserve a perfect complexion.

"Gunmetal Soap, testimonial. Five hundred, name, thousand for picture, advertising display, and interview why Gunmetal benefits face pores."

The World's Champion was in the act of grabbing a bottle bearing the magic word "Astringent." A paper label pasted on the bottle bore the words, "As used by Florence Farley." She paused a moment, the container suspended in the air, and dictated a reply.

"Miss Farley directs me to say she would be happy to see you Tuesday at four-thirty at the Ritz to discuss the matter contained in yours of the whatever it is. Next."

"Indianapolis, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Los Angeles want you the same week next month. You have that held open for the Newport party with Mr. Duggan and his family . . ."

"Never mind that bird. What's the best of the three? Los Angeles? Yes, they know how to spend money out there. All right. Wire them to send reservations on the Sunset Limited from New Orleans the week before the tournament. And we go to New Orleans, tell them, on that fast train of the Pennsy. Next."

With a deft hand she touched the tops of the bottles and boxes on the table and picked out a square cardboard container bearing the entrancing name, "Farley Flower Powder, Spanish Rachel Shade." The white chalk suffused her tortured face. There was a knock at the door.

"Yes." Her voice had the timbre and the sweetness that had made her name famous to music lovers the world over, that had thrilled audiences (and managers) from San Diego to Albany.

"It's me, Florence."

The voice of the champion dulled perceptibly. "Oh. Come in."

Her mother entered. "I just wanted to know, dear . . . I just wondered where we were going next month. Your father telephoned this morning and thought maybe when you were through with the Championships we might all be able to spend a week at the old camp. You know we haven't been there for years."

"Can't, mumsy. Los Angeles." And she continued with earnestness and diligence the application of the lipstick.

"Across the continent in mid-July? Why, Florence! I thought it was all fixed up . . . I thought you were going to Newport with those Providence people."

"Uhuh. I had it down for Newport, but the Los Angeles crowd have the dough. They put up a proposition that's too good to refuse."

"Florence," said her mother, reprovingly but also a little timidly. "Florence, you oughtn't to talk that way. It's disgraceful."

"There you go again, mumsy. Cut the Civil War stuff, will you? I'm not in this for my health exclusively, understand? And what's more, I haven't got much more time left as champion, either."

A knock at the door. "Miss Farley. Are you ready? They're waiting outside."

"Com*ming*, com*ming*. All ready," sang out the Champion in the voice that made the newspapers call her Happy Florence Farley, the Girl with the Laughing Voice.

"Come along, mother, dear." And the Champion emerged from the dressing room with her arm about her mother's waist. Inseparable, those two!

LONELY THINGS

BY HELENE MAGARET

I HAVE a love for lonely things,
Prairies bereft of buffalo,
Hills that prospectors gouged for gold,
And abandoned long ago.
The loneliness of a night-owl's cry,
Or an ancient grave without a stone,
And holy to me are men grown proud
From walking alone.

IS AMERICA A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

BY CHARLES FISKE

I AM writing just as the presidential election is over. Whatever our position may have been during the campaign, we are now all pledging loyal support of the President soon to be inaugurated. Meanwhile the shouting and the tumult has died; the captains and the candidates have departed. There comes a time to think. And the most serious thinking should be done by those who profess and call themselves Christians. For now that the election is over we may speak out in the open without accusation of partisanship. Speaking thus publicly, it must be confessed that the bitterest and most uncharitable things said during the late campaign were said by church people—on both sides, in some measure, but for the most part by those who lay special claim to represent the true spirit of "Christian America." For myself, I must acknowledge the fact with shame. It humiliates me to remember what "Christian Americans" have said and believed about fellow-citizens of other faiths.

Naturally, it may be urged that those who argued in the highways, whispered in the byways, or shouted in the churches were driven to their course by serious conviction. They may have been narrow and intolerant, but our judgment of them must be tempered by remembrance that others were more tolerant largely because they had no such life-and-death beliefs; these failed to see any menace to Christianity, it may be said with some truth, because they were not working at Christianity very hard. Those who were most bigoted wanted to keep America Christian. And some who opposed them, though speaking their thoughts more privately, were equally intolerant and equally sure that they, too, were Christian Americans.

But is this a Christian land? Is the type of religion which the more urbane of us have looked upon with considerable pain really the religion of Christ? For that matter, my puzzled questionings as to the conduct of certain fellow-believers have led me farther. What is a Christian? Something finer and more winsome, of course, than these agitated folk suppose. But is not Christianity also something more courageous and adventurous, more virile, more daring, more splendidly self-forgetful and self-surrendered than modern America conceives it to be, or modern life would permit it to be? And, in this sense, is America's religion Christian?

Let me put aside the question of the sweet reasonableness, or the Christian charity, of those who are responsible for the ugly collection of printed propaganda and the still more ugly mass of anonymous scurrility which the late campaign poured into my possession. Let me push my questionings farther. Put aside for the time the type of professed Christian whom recent experience has brought into clear view. In asking whether this is really a Christian nation, I am not thinking, primarily, of that problem; nor am I thinking of church statistics, that is, of the increase or decrease in church membership, nor of the neglect of church worship or an improvement therein, nor of changes for the better or worse in methods of devotion, nor of the apparent loss of prestige of the

Christian churches, or the hope of renewal because of the new type of men who have been entering the ministry since the close of the War, nor of shifting moral codes, nor of cruder social standards. In fact, I have in mind something far more fundamental than any of these things. I am asking, What is our National Religion? Are Christianity and Modern Civilization really compatible? Are there now any real Christians? Does not our present difficulty arise out of the fact that many who believe themselves to be Christians are unconsciously putting various causes (for some of which they fight with all their might) in the place of true Christian discipleship—and that, largely because they have not had the intellectual courage and the moral earnestness to face the conflict between the religion they profess and the world they live in and, in consequence, have substituted the easy road of prejudice for the strait and narrow way of Christian conviction and practice?

II

Some time ago I delivered in several of our larger cities a series of addresses on the difficulties of faith. I labored over many problems: the problem of what we mean by a "personal" God; the practical difficulty of conceiving of a present personal God, now that we know so much about the vastness of the universe; the seeming relative insignificance of man on this little earth, so lost in a million worlds, living so short a time in the rush of millions of millions of years; the supposed conflicts between religion and science, now that geology and biology and psychology have opened many new lines of approach to the subject—or, rather, subjects, because the two, religion and science, treat of two different things and their laws operate in two different spheres; the problem of evil—sin, suffering, sorrow, death. A host of such problems!

When the course was concluding a friendly critic came to me with a suggestion. "You have not touched on the real obstacle to Christian faith," he protested. "It is this: that there are no longer any Christians." I thought I knew what he meant; he had in mind, perhaps, Chesterton's reply to the declaration made so often during the Great War that Christianity had been tried and found wanting. "No," he answered, "it has been found difficult and has not been tried."

"That is not the whole of the difficulty," said my friend. "I do not mean that it has not been tried; I mean that it *cannot* be tried in our modern civilization. I mean that, however beautiful Christ's teaching may be, it is wholly impossible to follow in a world like ours; it is unsuited to a modern community. The early Christians found it difficult, but not impossible, to obey Christ's precepts literally. Even Francis of Assisi inspired many to make the trial in his time. But the teaching cannot be followed to-day. Tolstoi tried it, and the orthodox excommunicated him. He tried, and brought tragic failure upon himself and sorrow and distress upon his wife and family. He tried, and even his admirers have often been moved to laughter. It would be difficult to decide whether he was a saint or a fool. When I say, therefore, that there are no longer any true Christians, I mean that the teachings of their Master are wholly unsuited to modern social, industrial, business, and financial life. In the literal sense, Christ has few followers.

"But it is worse than that. My charge is, that you know this is true, but that you haven't the courage to confess it; and in consequence those who profess to be Christ's disciples are guilty of gross hypocrisy in trying to persuade themselves and the rest of mankind that they actually do accept His way and believe in the life He demanded. The trouble is this, that down in the bottom of their hearts (or at any rate in the back of their heads) they know that His way of life is practically impossible; that He was an idealist whose ideals will not

work to-day, a dreamer whose dreams can never become actualities. They do not confess it. They do not even acknowledge to themselves the seriousness of the conflict. In consequence, they are hypocritically self-sophisticated. They are like reformers who agitate for some piece of moral legislation, get it on the statute books, and then blindly refuse to see that it doesn't work.

"It follows, therefore, that our whole religious life is unreal. We know that Christ's teaching would abolish property rights, change business methods, send to the scrap heap modern industry, enable the idle to live at the expense of the hard-working and the thrifty, make it incumbent upon all to suffer violence unresistingly, compel us to look askance at a police force, reduce to a negligible size our armies and navies, throw open our prisons, and cast most of our civilization into the discard. The so-called Christian believers of to-day know that Christianity will not work, yet they claim to accept it. The rest of us are too honest to profess what we do not believe. We are outside the Christian fellowship, doing the best we can in present conditions and circumstances, but making no professions because we will tell no lies. There is the real difficulty of faith to-day, the major problem for religiously-minded men to solve.

"I do not believe," he continued, "that the chief problem for us lies in a conflict between religion and science, though I have all respect for those who are endeavoring to correlate scientific truth and religious faith; and I know that the suddenly accelerated speed with which new ideas have become commonly accepted facts has eaten into the heart of faith. The chief problem is that of correlating Christianity and Western civilization and coming to close grips with the necessary readjustments which must be made in each if our faith is to be an honest faith and not a smooth, unthinking, uncourageous self-deception. We who make no professions are at least honest; pardon me if I say that you who make many are deceivers and deceived. We are at least bold in our charges and denials; you are afraid to think things through, come to brave decisions, and take the consequences."

III

It is a new objection to Christianity only in the boldness of its declaration. The difficulty has long been keenly felt. Picture for a moment the life of a modern American who attempted to follow Christ literally. Go with him through a single day.

He would start down to his office in the morning and on the way freely give his money to every whining beggar who came shuffling along at his side—only, of course, this would be his course for but one day; the next he would have nothing to give. Did not Christ say, "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away"?

His wife, if he were starting off a business trip, would (if she were like most wives) urge him to consider possible changes in the weather and take an extra suit of heavier clothing; she might be a keen-minded young person who realized that a good appearance was a *sine qua non* to business success, and so would urge the purchase of new haberdashery, and even revise the family budget while worrying over the purchase of more radiant attire. But he would wave her aside with the Master's words, "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." He would "go the limit" in obedience and start on his journey unprovided; for he should "carry neither purse nor scrip."

As he entered the office he might find a burglar rifling the safe, and would promptly call him back to tell him that he had overlooked five hundred dollars in bills in the upper right-hand compartment. The astounded thief might suspect him of inveigling him to return and

be caught and, drawing a pistol, would shoot him, believing him to be either too clever to trust or perhaps dangerously insane. Of course, the victim would "turn the other cheek" and invite another shot.

When the excitement was over he would forgive the offending brother and then pass to a consideration of the ways in which to remove temptation from the sinner. In consequence, since he should "take no thought for the morrow" (being a Fundamentalist, and not knowing that he was only bidden to "be not overanxious"), he would henceforth decline to open a savings account, or take out life insurance, or invest in land, stocks, or bonds of increasing value, or lay aside a dollar for his old age, or make any provision for an inheritance for his children.

If he found that he must work (did not St. Paul say that those who will not work shall not eat?) he might still have earned money undisposed of, or by chance he might inherit some from other less consistent Christians; and if in that case the will were contested, the gift denied, and his own right to his earnings challenged, he would call off any defense, refuse to contest the case, and again give away all that was left; for he would have read at his morning devotions the injunction, "If a man sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

On his return home he might find the man next door brutally beating a child, or a tramp assaulting his wife, and necessarily he would assume a calm and kindly attitude and go no farther than gentle remonstrance. In fact, it would be his duty to arouse the whole community to a like course of action, and to try to get the city to abolish the police force, do away with traffic officers, discharge the vice commission, tear down the court house, dismiss the judges, open the jails, padlock their doors, and then throw away the keys. Did not Christ say, "Resist not evil" and much else of the same purport?

Of course, it is all absurd. And, of course, there is a natural explanation. Christ's teaching is not to be taken with such bald literalness. He did not so act Himself, as could be shown in numerous instances. But, if not to be taken literally, how are we to explain the teaching without emptying it of all meaning? The answer is plain: By remembering that Jesus was a man of His own day, teaching in the fashion of His own time. His teaching is vivid, picturesque, aphoristic, paradoxical, proverbial. So the wise men of earth have always taught. We have such proverbs as "Look before you leap" and its opposite and contradictory, "Nothing venture, nothing have." We are told that "A penny saved is a penny earned" and then reminded of the complementary truth, "Penny wise, pound foolish." Nobody misunderstands the general meaning of such teaching. And nobody can be hopelessly at sea as to Christ's meaning. Had He set forth His teaching with numerous explanations and a careful statement of exceptions, He would have confused His thought instead of clarifying it. At any rate, nobody would have remembered very clearly for any space of time what He had said. In general, His meaning is clear: Be generous to the full limit of your ability. Be men of large heart and magnanimous spirit. Be ready in community service, gladly accepting public responsibilities. (The injunction, "If a man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," probably had reference to the public transport service.) Curb personal resentment; try to behave, in matters of injustice to yourself, as any fair-minded man, having nothing at stake, desiring to show a real sense of justice and right, would act in a matter which did not concern himself. Cultivate trust, serenity, and inward peace.

This means that the teachings of Christ are not cast in the form of precepts, but are the setting forth of principles. He requires brotherliness, kindliness, friendliness, unselfish service, forgetfulness of one's own rights and privileges, abounding generosity, affec-

tionate consideration, the consuming desire to be of real worth, unremitting sympathy, self-forgetful love. The recognition of this as the true interpretation does not make Christian living easier, but it does make it more practical —while at the same time it makes it more adventurous. It is never easy to catch a man's spirit; it is often far easier to follow him in slavish imitation. No external authority can give one a right disposition; it can only restrain outward action.

There are indications that the early Church gave some such interpretation of their Lord's teaching. This is evident from the fact that it was not regarded as inconsistent with genuine discipleship that men should live normal lives in a community which they had, as yet, no power to change. Although there was in Jerusalem an attempt at a communistic fellowship where all things were held in common, this was a purely voluntary association and quickly passed. Very soon those even who had known and lived with Christ acted on the principle that His teaching did not forbid men to work and receive rewards for their labor; there were employers and employed, masters and servants, citizens rendering obedience to the established order. Private right to property was not denied. Christian fellowship was to be manifested through a new spirit which changed all such relationships without abrogating them.

IV

All of which is elementary, and all of it is only leading up to my friend's real difficulty and the answer to my own question, "Is America Christian?" and "Is Christianity a possible way of life in the civilized world of to-day?" To ask the questions is easy; to find the answers is the most difficult task the modern religious man faces. It would be quite natural, I suppose, for one who read the above interpretation of Christ's teaching to dismiss it with a shrug of impatience as failing to show explicitly wherein Christianity is really different from general good-fellowship. There is plenty of good-fellowship in the land to-day. What is it, then, that makes one question whether the prevailing temper of our times is compatible with Christianity?

Suppose we get down at once to what the slang of my youth called "brass tacks"—I am not up on modern slang. Then our first question will be, "Can any nation be Christian which exalts high-power salesmanship?" If my friend who doubts the possibility of real Christian discipleship in this modern world looks hard at America, his doubts are surely multiplied. He looks at the American scene and discovers that we conceive of God as a sort of Magnified Rotarian. Religion seems to be degenerating into a Babbittist cult which cannot distinguish between what is done for God and what is accomplished for the glory of America and the furtherance of fairly decent business enterprise.

In spite of much pious talk, many of us seem almost hopelessly enamored of a religion that is little better than a sanctified commercialism. Sometimes hardly that. For we consider business as a game or struggle between self-interests; we believe in national honor, and glory in national pride; and although we endorse scientific philanthropy, our presidential candidates sweep into office on a promise of prosperity. I need not cite Scripture to show why one may question the Christlikeness of these various items in our national credo. And what is the average man's idea of a good Christian? An honest and public-spirited man who avoids immorality and bad behavior generally, and legislates against both, whose ideas lead him to carry a club for correction of sinners, who occasionally goes to his church on Sunday, and at any rate contributes to its support. He may be kind, charitable, and highly ethical, but it does seem rather absurd to call him a Christian, unless one is to take the comfortable position that Christ was dealing only with local, First Century

conditions when He spoke of treasures on earth.

Occasional incidents show that this description of American religion is not an exaggerated or distorted caricature. Religious conventions and similar gatherings are events from which I often ask to be delivered. One feature of such meetings, in particular, tries one's patience and wearies one's soul. If it is a large convention some Important Person is usually called upon to deliver a lay message. He may be a man in more or less high authority—a mayor, a governor, a United States senator, a member of the National Cabinet; he may be a presidential possibility, or even the President himself. I have read diligently the speeches such men deliver, and I have failed, usually, to find in them any conception of religion higher than the idea of it as a sort of protective tariff wall to defend and preserve Western culture and Western civilization by keeping out ideas that may be dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the nation. Religion—the American religion of these lay prophets—seems to be a combination of legalism and national pride; a belief in the glory of America as the home of business success and physical well-being, with which the forces of evil must not be allowed to tamper. I don't expect many of my readers to agree with me in this brief summary of the Christian theology of American public leaders; but it will take much argument to disabuse my own mind of such outrageous interpretations. I seem to see that, for many Americans of more than average intelligence, Christianity is little more than belief in the standard virtues of all prosperous civilizations, tempered by a fair amount of charity.

I do not find such Americans wrestling hard with questions of the application of Christ's principles—not as precepts, but as evaluations of conduct—to modern life. I do not find in them any anxious inquiry as to the compatibility of business and the spirit of Jesus Christ. I find, more often, that even though he is sometimes and in some ways a rather splendid character, the everyday American is, first and foremost, a business man whose chief interest is to do his level best for himself or the corporation with which he is connected. His self-interest may be enlightened by fairness to competitors, and even generosity (which, he remembers, often pays in the long run), but there can be little doubt that self-interest bulks large as the fuel which makes the present economic machine go.

V

What are we to do about it? Either we need a great Christian revival or we ought to face frankly the question whether our civilization is not fairly sound, so that the job of those who call themselves Christians will not be simply to try to temper it with as much charity as possible and frankly drop overboard some of the principles which are not adapted to this machine age. I sympathize with those who are disposed to regard the whole system as unsound. To try to reconcile the two systems of belief and conduct at all points, as some are doing, seems to me either cowardly or muddle-headed; at any rate, it does not satisfy me, though millions seem to like it because it persuades them that they are good Christians after all, and need not worry longer over casuistical questionings.

Not only, "Do we need a great Christian revival?" Must we not have it, to preserve civilization? It is this approach to the problem that may most interest the modern American. If the recent war taught us anything, it taught us that the failure to apply Christian principles to national and international life came near to putting to death our whole Western system of government, with all its economic and social organization. The failure to put Christ into all of life has ended in leaving Him out of most of life. Without a revival of Christian faith and living, leading to a deepening of Christian thought and practice,

our civilization may readily change to another. Many believe that it is already decaying. Decay is not evident at early stages.

The revival we need is something more than the old evangelism. It must attempt much more than the conversion of individuals. Evangelistic revivals in the past have failed to touch American life deeply or leave a lasting impression on the churches, just because they have been content to make this old-time individual appeal and have failed (perhaps through fear, perhaps through ignorance) to go down to the heart of things. Doctor Sunday, for example, never even skirted the edge of problems of industry or business life. He fulfilled perfectly the hard-headed business man's conception of the *raison d'être* of ecclesiastical organizations—the preservation of "the present order," washed but not regenerated.

The new revival must appeal to the intelligence. It may have the emotional note, but it must be a "teaching mission" on a large scale, conducted by men able to correlate new truth and old, and to translate into modern language, without hypocrisy or evasion, the faith of the ages. But it must do even more than that, if my diagnosis of the present trouble is correct. It must show men how they can honestly give Christian allegiance in these days with sincere purpose to carry the Christian atmosphere with them into daily life and to put the Christian spirit at work in modern business and industrial surroundings. It must show men who would be honest in their professions, or make none, how they can reconcile Christian belief and "necessary conduct." When once men face that question, they are well on the way to convert the paganized religion of America into something closer to the religion of Christ. They may not be able to do much, but they will be doing something, even though they have no set program, if consistently and persistently, on every possible occasion and in every possible relation, they bring to bear upon all of life Christ's principles of love and service. They can show themselves forgetful of rights and privileges, and anxious to serve, though at the most they may feel that they merely give evidence of the possession of the Christian spirit while groping half-blindly in the endeavor to find for it an outlet in special actions.

Here, indeed, while the letter need not kill, the spirit will surely give life. It has been finely said that "when the best men cease trying, the world sinks back like lead." A Christian is one who, at the least, has the courage to ask what the purpose of God is, even though for a time he may seem to make little progress towards its accomplishment. The true Christian is "the conscience of the community"—or, to put it better, the collective Christian membership is the community conscience. It should be a "permanently troubled conscience," anxiously seeking to see to it that religion does not become a soothing medicine for the soul, with Christianity the gospel of a past age. If Christianity and modern business are incompatible, then the professed Christian (though he may not be able, alone, to correct the conflict) knows where his choice will lie when a break comes. Meanwhile we must remember that a change of spirit in any social system comes, always, from the influence of individuals or small groups of individuals who have studied the causes of present evils and have the courage to act for their removal, as opportunity arises and practical reform becomes possible. Out of their seeming futile struggling come "mysterious changes in human thought and feeling and aspiration," which eventually bind masses of men together in a common purpose.

It is far easier to ask questions than to answer them; but it is not always easy to ask questions in such a way as to quicken the willingness to listen and the desire to answer. If this paper bristles with interrogation points, that is because the first step towards fuller faith and practice

is not a step, but a stopping. We must stop, look, and listen. We must be still at first long enough for the "troubled conscience" to sound its call. Our first task is to make people discontented, to make them think, to make them inquire whether all is well, and ask how, if all is not well, things can be mended.

VI

In seeking to make modern American life really Christian, we need to recognize with sympathetic consideration that the difficulty of applying to present conditions the principles of Christ, even as general principles, is greater to-day than ever before. This is due to the fact that we no longer face an avowed enemy in the open. We are not sent, as were the apostles, into a sick and weary world, hungering for new truth and grace, after long feeding on rotten husks. We are sent to convert to Christianity a people who believe that they are already Christians of average worth. Perhaps I may put it in another way, which seems almost a contradiction. The apostles went out into a world hungering, yet hostile; we must convert a world satisfied and on the whole friendly, although sometimes rather disdainfully indifferent. The situation in which the early Christians found themselves was in this respect easier than ours. They faced a world so hostile that everything seemed either white or black. They met flat opposition. To-day we live in a society far from hostile, where things are gray, rarely black and white. It is a society shot through with Christianity, a glimmer here and a glimmer there, not the full light, but everywhere *something* of light. For, when all is said to the contrary, it is undeniable that Christian ideas are slowly penetrating modern life. It is no easy thing to make them penetrate more deeply when most men feel that they are already generally accepted.

Moreover, the early Christians lived an extraordinarily individualistic life. They were independent, separate persons; they could suffer crucifixion themselves alone. To-day we have Christians in society, members of a complex system, entangled in all sorts of relationships; with a responsibility to improve the social and business organization, but often with no clean-cut choice between good and bad; with other people's rights to consider, often acting as stewards of the property of others and trustees of their interests; unable, therefore, to act with the freedom which they might be brave enough and true enough to use if they were standing for themselves alone; members of a modern community; parts of a system; having all sorts of complicated and interrelated associations. In this complicated situation a man ordinarily has the obligation to conserve the funds of other people. If he follows his conscience, he may not only pull down his own house, he may pull down somebody else's house and, of course, his right to do that may be questionable. He seldom has an opportunity to let himself be crucified. He cannot tread alone the road to Calvary.

Still more, the early Christians went out on their mission fresh from their Master's presence, with His teaching still new and thrilling, His purpose unchallenged and abiding, His return expected in the immediate future—perhaps still more important, cleaving their own way, making their own policies, unhindered by the massed mistakes and class-misunderstandings of predecessors. How different to-day! Many a manufacturer, for example, earnestly trying to act according to what he believes to be the will of Christ, finds his hands tied because of the accumulated sins of past employers. Many another, anxious to better conditions, must (because his fellow-employers will not unite in a like altruistic effort) make the choice between going out of business (and thereby throwing men out of employment and dissipating the capital of others) and patiently striving to do his best amid bad conditions. In other words, we are

to-day Christians in an un-Christian system, whose task is to change the system—a harder task than to change one's self.

The problem, therefore, is supremely difficult. It is the staggering job of the Christian Church to-day to formulate a casuistry for an industrial society and to apply that casuistry practically. We are at a terrible disadvantage, because through the Reformation we suffered a defeat that divided our forces, swept us off the field, and made us of no effect. We are creeping back, wounded and broken and feeble. We have the responsibility, however, and certainly, appalling as it is, the task is no less staggering than was the labor of converting the world of paganism which presented itself to St. Paul. Casuistry is a hateful word to the average Protestant, yet in matters of moral choice, such as meats offered to idols, St. Paul framed rules of casuistry. Casuistry is now the first necessity for the Christian, his own choices requiring high intelligence and an intense motivation. To engender the motivation and guide the intelligence in these choices is the duty of every Christian leader. It is our first responsibility. If we cannot do this in the face of a selfish world we are conquered. If once we can convince men of the seriousness of the problem, we shall be well on our way towards its solution—and this because the evils of the present system are not "the inevitable results of inexorable necessity," but are "the fruits of human blindness, wilfulness, avarice, and selfishness on the widest scale and over a long course of history." A change can come only through a change in men, a radical spiritual change in our social outlook, in the spirit of industrial life, a thorough conversion or change of heart in national, international, and interracial relations.

Bishop Gore, one of our earliest and also one of our sanest interpreters of the social gospel, points out this fact and at the same time declares that the fabric of conventional Christianity is weakening and that the day may be near at hand when the world shall have revolted from real Christianity, as well as from what is only conventional, and from its moral principles as well as its intellectual dogmas. It may soon be a world in which "the active profession of Christianity will again subject a man, if not to persecution, yet to much unpopularity and ridicule," a world in which we must look to "an holy remnant" out of whose roots "a branch may grow." The task, then, will be the production of a new system of Christian ethics—not an impossible attempt to reproduce the early type of Christianity; yet the framing of a code equally consistent with Christ's teaching.

VII

Three signs seem to point to a path of progress towards the new ethics. First, we have already a clearer recognition of the fact that self-interest, even when tempered with generosity and fair dealing, is not all that is needed for bringing reasonable success in business. A well-known Boston merchant has made some interesting statements bearing out this claim. He declares that, "you cannot make your own machine go very long, unless it is making its special social contribution; it will get its reward, its income, only as it makes this social contribution." This is especially true as industries grow older and competition becomes keener. It is still a question what the average business man means by "service" and what his real motive is in offering it. Is it in any real degree disinterested; or is it, if actually rendered, given for the sole purpose of increasing profits? Would the average business man consider it bad policy to undertake any service which might not be expected to add to profits? It seems to some of us who have been giving serious thought to the question, that there is a slowly growing sense of the real responsibility of business and a quickened understanding of the worth of service. An instance

of this may be found in the magazine advertising of a well-known insurance company, which I happen to know was planned as a matter of public education in health, quite apart from and with comparatively little thought of its publicity value for the company.

Second, there is an amazing progress in fellowship between employer and employee, showing how readily men's minds move together under the impulse of friendly intercourse. Out of this conference system between representatives of capital and labor has grown a real effort to resolve differences, in a spirit of unselfish (I might almost say Christian) co-operation. The men who used to talk about "smashing the economic machine" have found that with all its faults the present order is more than a machine; it is a social organism. A society grows, develops, changes; a machine must be broken and scrapped.

We have an instance of this new spirit of co-operation in the industrial program recently set forth in England, admitted by many of the Labor Party leaders to be far better than any plan which Labor had been able to formulate by itself; yet this program was drawn up through the initiative and at the expense of certain industrial leaders. While these "Melchett Conferences" may have originated in a desire to seize an opportunity arising out of the discouragement of the workers following the fiasco of the general strike of 1926, they developed into an effort to solve the nation's pressing industrial problems in a spirit of unselfish public service, and they have impelled the Labor Party itself to the sanest statement of principles it has ever set forth.

Third, while it is very difficult (and we must frankly admit it) for anyone inside the present industrial system to act consistently as a Christian, a very influential group are coming to feel that it is the business of the Christian, who is inside and cannot get out, to do all that he can to ease up the conflicts in the competitive system (and many are doing a great deal) and to have continually in his mind its possible development into a system which will lend itself better to the Christian ideal. Because there have been Christian leaders declaring this to be their aim, some old-fashioned, hard-headed American business men have often taken alarm; they have denounced as Socialists, or Bolshevists, or (being somewhat ignorant of economic nomenclature) even as Anarchists, kindly intentioned Christian leaders who may not be as rabidly radical as their conservative critics think. For the signs all point, not to the death of Christianity, but to the ultimate failure of capitalism, unless we have a moral force pressing and molding our present system into something better. It is encouraging that some trade associations are attacking such problems in the spirit of mutual helpfulness.

It is in the power of the Christian Church, through its members who occupy positions of influence, to make possible this steady development in idealism. It is in its power to call upon its members to study all those principles of Christ which must be applied in modern life, especially to industrial and social questions. It is my own conviction that despite their foolish aggressiveness, despite their violent and antagonistic reaction to conservatism, their sometimes visionary impracticality, their captivating capacity for provoking opposition when they might be winning support—it is my conviction that, if we are looking for real Christians, we are most likely to find them in this socially minded group, even though a few of them are Parlor Socialists who preach poverty and the undergoing of persecution while themselves living comfortably in safe places far removed from the social dynamite they plant elsewhere. The reason for this conviction is that men like these are really grappling with the vital thing in Christian life to-day. They see that the religion of an Incar-

nate Christ must be incarnated in all the activities of life. They are impatient of a religion which permits a man to do what he pleases in business or politics while displaying Christian virtues chiefly in the home and family circle. They believe that religion cannot be a compartment thing; it must penetrate every department of life if it is to be the religion of an Incarnate God who entered into all life. They stumble as they move towards their goal; they often make a wrong turn; the theoretical pronouncements of some of their ministerial supporters are frequently an annoyance to those who know much more about the difficulties of the situation, and are amazed or amused at the abysmal ignorance of the over-confident preachers; but, at the least, these socially minded folk know where the trouble lies, and they are doing something about it instead of hiding their heads, ostrichlike, in the sands of complacency.

The revival of Christianity, if it comes, must be a social revival. Until it does come, we cannot claim America for Christianity. Because the great mass of professing Christians have not thought this out, we may discount their professions, even though we question their intelligence rather than their sincerity, their courage and independence rather than their good intentions and essential honesty.

It is all to the good that men are thinking. There aren't many thinking folk in America, and one here and there has a real value and importance; just as there aren't any too numerous a company of downright, forthright, upright Christians; and those who try to be such—they, also, in their stumbling efforts, count for more than they know. If our National Religion is not the Christian Religion, there are men who give us hope that eventually the conflict between the Christian ideal and the present system may presage the birth of a new and better order.

THE SOWERS

BY WITTER BYNNER

(Variation on a theme of George Sterling's)

NOW horses' hooves are treading earth again
To start the wheat from darkness into day,
And along the heavy field go seven men
With hands on ploughs and eyes on furrowing clay.

Six of the men are old; but one, a boy,
Knows in his heart that more than fields are sown—
For spring is ploughing heaven with rows of joy
In the voice of one high bird, singing alone.

FLORENTINE DIANA

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

WOULDN'T it be dreadful, Mrs. Osgood was thinking, wouldn't it be dreadful if Henry Moray should turn up at Fiesole? With all of their friends in common ("all" in Mrs. Osgood's mind carried no obligation to exactness), it would be impossible not to ask him to stay. And one knew, if one knew anything at all, that asking Henry Moray to stay was an invitation to disaster. The only question was whether he was more dangerous in the house or out of it. It wasn't that one minded what such a savage said about one, except that he did get himself read by alarming numbers of people. And there was no safety anywhere nowadays, since people were reading exactly the same books from London to Kamchatka providing, of course, that they had taken care to get born into the classes which knew which books to read. Mrs. Osgood could hear with grim clarity the result of this encounter—a cumulative drawing-room whisper, rising irresistibly from Omaha, Antibes, and Pimlico, bursting at last into a shout which would be far beyond the bounds of Henry Moray's legitimate audience: "Henry Moray's new book is about Mrs. Osgood!" One would be pointed out in restaurants; one would be invited to houses as a sort of current curiosity, like the lady evangelist or the most recent film star; and the blessed gift of anonymity would be gone forever. Oh, it would be dreadful, dreadful! A little current of indignation, starting almost pleasurably somewhere in the interior regions of Mrs. Osgood's economy, came thrilling up into her face and caused her to apply powder, with sharp, fervent dabs, to her moistened skin.

"Dreadful!" she said aloud, less to relieve her feelings than for the historical purpose of stating, of getting "on the air" what she really thought about the matter.

His last book had been about Adela, poor dear Adela, who had borne it with superb fortitude. One could not sufficiently admire the strength with which Adela had faced the ordeal. She had simply engaged a secretary, had her face lifted, and moved to a larger house in Eaton Square. In a sense (the most vulgar sense, of course) it had done Adela good. From being only little Lady Rudward, up from the country, she had flowered into the full celebrity of a figure known wherever Henry Moray was known. People she had never met asked her to their houses and, with that kindliness which was dear Adela's ruling characteristic, she always went. Mrs. Osgood could well remember the courage with which Adela, overcoming her natural mortification at the obviousness of the invitation, had gone to a dinner at the Duchess of Wigan's only a month after Henry Moray's book had come out.

"I know she only wants me on account of that foul book," Adela had said gaily, "and they'll all talk about it, and me, behind my back, but I do think they're entitled to their fun after all, and I don't mind." To add an æsthetic element to

their fun, she had even gone so far as to get over a new dress from Chanel, in which she looked—thanks partly to the face lifting—as expensively simple as it was possible for dear Adela to be. For in spite of a certain decorative solidity, Adela's figure, Mrs. Osgood reflected (looking without distaste along the more plastic lines of her own) was a little too lavish for true chic. Not that chic in itself constituted any sort of claim to distinction, of course: Mrs. Osgood had chic of the most unmitigated order, but she could not conceal from herself the fact that Adela occupied a more interesting position in the universe. She had sometimes even wondered if Adela—who was certainly a little tougher in fiber—did not rather enjoy the access of attention which had been hers after Henry Moray published his detestable lampoon. Adela went everywhere, and everybody went to Adela's—two circumstances which Mrs. Osgood supposed might constitute a high degree of happiness to those who cared for that sort of thing. For herself she preferred the true friends, as few in number, though as interesting, as possible; she looked back with a certain nostalgia upon the days, only three or four years before, when she had seen a great deal of Adela in their own little circle, and had discussed books and pictures and music without that bewildering familiarity with their origins which Adela now possessed. It was no trick at all for Adela nowadays to give luncheon to two cabinet ministers, three beauties, two novelists, a duchess, and a contortionist all on the same day. A more envious person might have resented this sudden apotheosis, but Mrs. Osgood, who thanked God that she was above such considerations, retained all of her fondness for Adela. The point of her indignation was applied rather to Henry Moray, whom, fortunately, she did not know. If she had had the ill luck to meet him, like Adela, in the certain intimacy of a Mediterranean island, she too might have undergone the humiliation of his satire with its train of consequences. Nothing could be more repugnant than this thought to the sensibilities of a woman who had, bred in her bones from a long line of sturdy Iowa and New England ancestors, a distaste for all forms of vulgarity.

By a very odd coincidence, Mrs. Osgood had learned, only a day before she had herself decided to go to Fiesole, that Henry Moray was supposed to be there. She wondered—flicking irritably with her handkerchief at a fly on the train window—why on earth the man had chosen exactly the place in which, only twenty-four hours later, Mrs. Osgood was to take a house for the autumn.

"Stay away from Fiesole, my dear," Adela had said, with a look which Mrs. Osgood did not care to interpret. "That detestable Henry Moray has just gone there for the autumn; and I hear he's about to perpetrate another novel. If you were there he might victimize you as he victimized me, although of course I've forgiven the creature long since. I suppose he must live. Only *do* save yourself while there's time."

By one of those coincidences which so seriously interfere with our desire to believe in a rational universe, Mrs. Osgood perceived only an hour or two later that the place in all Europe where she wanted to go for the autumn was Fiesole. If she had been, like Adela, besieged with invitations for Scotland and the country, she might not have been so unhesitating in her choice. But it was apparent to her that no other town, village, island, peninsula, cape, district, or bailiwick presented quite the attractions of Fiesole for September and October. Of course it was tiresome to think of Henry Moray there (if indeed he did turn up), and of course one would have to ask him to stay; but perhaps he would not make her the butt of his next novel and, since life at best was a very precarious affair, she might as well take the risk. She had gone to an estate agent the next day, and by the persistence of her good fortune had been able to engage a place called the Villa Ippolita, which

belonged to a traveling Englishwoman. Already Mrs. Osgood, who had seen the most incontrovertible photographs, plans and specifications, heard herself talking intimately to Henry Moray on a low-walled terrace looking over Florence, with a Medicean villa lending her moral support somewhere in the background. Of course it would be dreadful if Moray . . .

Mrs. Osgood descended from the train at Florence, marshalled her maids and baggage, got into the car which had been sent on ahead of her, and drove up the hill like a returning sovereign. The household at the Villa Ippolita was a mechanism so perfectly adjusted that her arrival was absorbed with the minimum of disturbance, and in two days she was as much mistress of the place as if she had pre-existed there. The faded remnants of a Botticelli fresco, the condition of the grand staircase, the cook's passion for *pasta asciutta*, and the doubtful integrity of the drainage pipes detained her but a moment. In less than a week she had—pursuant to that stern New England tradition which made her, as she so often reflected, a slave to her duty—taken Henry Moray into her house as a guest.

All Florence, Moray considered, was divided into three parts: people he knew much too well, people he did not want to know, and people. Of the three he preferred the last, but found them almost inaccessible; for the fact was that Mr. Moray, in spite of the elegant little Italian phrases which it was his custom to spray over his books, spoke the language so haltingly, and with an accent so hyperborean, that no native was able to understand him. He thus found himself limited to the dismal intellectuals of the hills (crowded, as is well known, with culture), or to the still more dismal bridge-and-cocktail gentry of Florence. He solved his problem by taking a room in the little hotel at Fiesole, working at night and in the mornings, and spending his afternoons ambling meditatively over the hill towards San Martino a Mensola. Since the afternoon was the time consecrated to the pursuit of companionship, he missed all of the calls made upon him by friends or enemies, spent ten days in relative solitude, and made a little headway with his novel. This state of affairs might have continued indefinitely but for the advent of Mrs. Osgood.

Mrs. Osgood was an American lady who lived in the Villa Ippolita. She possessed one advantage over every other woman in the hills—Moray had neither seen her nor heard of her before. That she belonged to a species with which he had always been acquainted was obvious, and yet there was a transatlantic variation: when she was being most predictable she would suddenly become most mysterious. She wore Paris clothes in all weather—silk stockings over Jaeger hills—and her heart was quite definitely not of oak. She had preserved voice, figure, and looks, at an approximate fifty, better than any of the leather-skinned Englishwomen thereabouts; and Henry was prepared at the outset to forgive her much on the ground that she retained her membership in the female sex.

Mrs. Osgood first appeared one day for luncheon on the terrace of the Aurora, accompanied by a pretty girl, and touched Moray with a vague stare which she allowed to pass tranquilly out over the valley when he became conscious of it. On the second occasion her gaze became a little less cosmic, and on the third, encountering Henry on a mountain road in the rain, she took him into her motor car and to the Villa Ippolita for tea. Two days later Henry moved his bags and his typewriter to Mrs. Osgood's house, alleging to his outraged conscience that the novel could be written there as well as anywhere else; that Mrs. Osgood was at least not an intellectual; that Giulia was a very pretty girl, and that there was really not much sense in paying hotel bills.

There were three people in the house besides himself and Mrs. Osgood. One was Giulia, a faintly freckled little

Florentine with blue eyes and a turned-up nose, one of those charming and accomplished baroness-countess-princesses who supply companionship at an unmentioned figure for the Mrs. Osgoods of the hills. Giulia was demure, competent, and polylingual; she kept conversation going and attended to the cook's accounts. She regarded Henry Moray with a quiet amusement which threw him almost immediately into the peculiar state of irritation he had learned to recognize as the prelude to surrender.

There was also a Miss Liggett, an American gentlewoman (no other word could fit her so well), who adored Mrs. Osgood and called her "Marie." Henry suspected Mrs. Osgood of valuing Miss Liggett's friendship largely on that account; for the other guest, Mr. Cyrus L. Garvin from Paris, a quizzical old exile who had known Mrs. Osgood through several avatars, called his hostess "Mamie." The frequency with which this name came hurtling forth was regulated by the state of Mr. Garvin's digestion or temper, the quality of his coffee, or the news he read in the papers of the day before yesterday. When he said "Mamie" with greater violence than usual, hooking it vindictively to the beginning or the end of each sentence, it was reasonable to assume that the stock market in New York had been behaving badly, or that Mr. Garvin's breakfast had been completely inedible. On such occasions he was known to refer to Mrs. Osgood's husband as "poor George," to recall incidents when (as he maliciously put it) "we were both young," and to compare the heights of Fiesole unfavorably with the eminence which gives its name to Council Bluffs, Iowa. Mr. Garvin was so old a friend of Mrs. Osgood's that it had been impossible not to ask him to stay when he discovered himself in Florence, but much of her exertion turned upon the effort to keep him from talking to Henry Moray alone.

So much was apparent to Henry within the first few hours, and he had a preliminary stir of curiosity about Mrs. Osgood and her guests. But by the second day that mild interest had vanished in a much greater preoccupation, for he experienced a progressive inability to think of anything but Giulia. Mrs. Osgood appeared to him alternately as a kind and charming Lady Bountiful who had saved Giulia from the horrors of Florentine poverty, or as a plutocratic vulgarian who had no right to the services of such an angel. He did not confide these opinions to Giulia. Their intercourse was on a much more elevated plane. Standing with her by the wall of the terrace, looking into the mist of the valley, he would discourse with wit and acumen on the decline of Italian regional literature, the sonnets of Filicaja, the limitations of the diatonic scale, the significance of the division of light in modern painting, and the minuteness of the earth as compared to the worlds within the Milky Way. At moments Giulia would remark, "How interesting," and Henry (who under ordinary circumstances found this remark desiccatory to his eloquence) gathered new strength from the sound of her voice to go on. At times their hands would touch, quite by accident, as they walked, or she would sit on the wall and have to be helped down, or their elbows would encounter as they leaned over Florence; and a sudden quiver of agonizing intensity, like an internal blush, would sweep through him and leave him for a moment dumb.

How incomprehensible, he reflected, are the ways of love. Here am I, thirty-four years old and somewhat bedraggled by experience, having behaved swinishly on more than one occasion, reduced to this state of chaos by a creature whose comment on the perceptible universe is no more than "How interesting." And yet what do I say—what have I ever said, in all those hundreds of thousands of words—but that? What mysterious wisdom may not be ("unverbalized," as the behaviorist gibberish has it) behind her young masque? If one could ever get anywhere near it! But this sudden

overwhelming immobility when she is close at hand, this sentimental paralysis! Nobody ever called one shy before. It was the youth and freshness and (why not? there were such things!) purity that immobilized him; the long roundness of her cheek and the candor of her eyes, so much of accusation, of reproach, and of desire.

"My first husband used to say that I would end in a convent," Mrs. Osgood would chitter away, unaware that she was talking across an interplanetary space, chitter, chitter, chat. She made the most incomprehensible confidences. Even under normal conditions one's interest in her first husband would have been strictly limited by the good lady's narrative gift, which was negligible. But here she was, ladling out the most unappetizing quantities of autobiography with a generosity which expressed the last irony of misfortune. What would he not have given for a fragment of the memory of Giulia, so impenetrably concealed behind her monosyllables and her smile! To learn how she had come into this odd-job way of living, and who were her real friends, and what did she think about in the long nights when she had taken too much coffee to sleep—this was knowledge for which one would willingly have sacrificed Mrs. Osgood's first and all her subsequent husbands, real, potential, or imaginary. Yet Mrs. Osgood must have thought that one was interested in her remote affairs, for when politeness demanded a question, and the question came forth, "Is your first husband still living?" or "Have you known Mr. Garvin long?" the good woman would draw herself up in an access of dignity which almost suffocated her, and with an answer so evasive as to constitute a crushing rebuke to curiosity. These alternate states of indecent exposure and regal reserve might have been a puzzle of themselves, in the absence of Giulia, but in her presence it was flatly impossible to get them into focus.

Of Lady Rudward (a sore spot, Lady Rudward; under Giulia's eyes Henry could not but feel remorse for what he had done to Lady Rudward) Mrs. Osgood would say:

"Poor dear Adela! She's a darling underneath it all, of course—I'm devoted to her—but how funny she is with her *salon* and her celebrities and her career! We all laughed for weeks when your book came out—it was dear Adela to the life!"

Under Giulia's eyes Henry could only defend Lady Rudward.

"She's a nice woman," he would say, "and really intelligent. I'm heartily ashamed of having given such a cruel and vulgar caricature of her in that infernal book, and so grossly inaccurate it was and unjust. Of course it wasn't altogether Lady Rudward, and I made her much worse than she appeared even to me, even in my most superior and insufferable days. I am most awfully sorry," he would add miserably, aware of Giulia's eyes.

"I assure you it was Adela to the life," Mrs. Osgood would chitter on gaily, "and frightfully funny, too. That scene at the dance, when she gets the Foreign Secretary to promise to come to dinner to meet the new German conductor, and the German conductor to come to meet the Foreign Secretary, or perhaps it was the Prime Minister, and all the other people to come to meet them both—dear Adela! How like her! How often I've seen her do it!—I assure you it's perfect portraiture, and not caricature at all. The technic's successful to a degree—hers, I mean, not yours, although of course I mean yours, too—but at any rate her technic's so successful that I have half a mind to try it myself!"

This sort of statement, which was conceived as a humorous and daring sally, not to be believed for a moment, engendered in Mrs. Osgood one of those refined, coloratura laughs which gave her such a wide reputation for amiability. "Dear Marie!" Miss Liggett would sigh, and Mr. Garvin would emerge from contemplation long enough to take his

cigar from his mouth and audibly question whether Mamie and Lady Rudward had not had a great similarity of technic all along. On one occasion, when Lady Rudward kept surging up in the conversation like the cry of the Valkyries through the magic fire, Mr. Garvin achieved his masterpiece of applied irritation.

"What you need, Mamie," he pointed out, "is somebody to write a book about you, just as our young friend here did for little Lady Rudward. You don't care what it says so long as it gets read and you get talked about. That's all that happened to Lady Rudward, and look at her!"

In the annihilation of sound which followed this remark, Henry dared not look towards Giulia's eyes. They could think him capable of caricaturing anybody, then, and Giulia must think so too. A creature with ink in his veins, they thought him, devoid of honor or gratitude or love. Mrs. Osgood murmured faintly, "Cyrus, what an appalling thing to say!" and Miss Liggett let out several of those small, catlike noises which served to express her most violent emotions. To Henry there was only one voice in the room, and even if it had spoken it would probably only have said "How interesting," but he listened for it in torture. He did not even call himself a sentimental idiot. He did not dare think of what he had been and was before the candor of her eyes.

"It's very fortunate," Mrs. Osgood said to Miss Liggett, "that Adela knows Octerbrush."

And indeed it was. For Octerbrush, Mrs. Osgood felt, was the only person in England who could be of the slightest assistance to her in the present crisis. The more she contemplated the spectacle of her approaching humiliation, the more she realized that grave measures were required to avert it.

As she sat waiting in Octerbrush's office for the five minutes which his importance demanded, she asked herself why in Heaven's name she had been so rash as to ask Henry Moray to her house, or why, having asked him, she had given him such undammed rivers of confidence. It was perfectly clear that unless something could be done quickly she would be pilloried before all the world as the latest of Henry Moray's victims. For the novel—that novel which Mrs. Osgood had dreaded for a year, building up and tearing down and rebuilding its structure with more assiduity than its author himself could have displayed—was coming out. It had been announced in the reviews of the preceding Saturday. It was called *Florentine Diana*, and its scene was, according to the advertisements, "a Medicean villa at Fiesole." Mrs. Osgood had not been precisely astonished, but the realization of what this was going to mean had given her a week-end of continuous reflection. The fact that dear Adela knew Octerbrush, and was able to give dear Marie a card to him, constituted the one aspect of hope in the whole baleful affair. If she only hadn't told Henry Moray that her first husband had always called her "Diana"—if she only hadn't told Henry Moray anything at all, how placidly she might have seen his wretched book appear!

At a signal from the young woman who was charged with the custody of the heavenly gates, Mrs. Osgood rose and walked into the presence of Octerbrush. He was sitting massively in a great chair which looked as if it thought it was upholding a sixteenth-century cardinal. His pink jowls were parentheses for the broad and affable smile with which he thought fit to receive, as he put it himself, "any friend of Lady Rudward's."

"Dear Adela," Mrs. Osgood murmured vaguely, taking the chair he pulled round for her. She was remembering, most inopportunely, how difficult it had been to wrench this card of introduction from Adela. ("I don't want to be in the position of asking the smallest favor from the man," Adela had declared, thinking that it might be necessary to ask him to dine some day. "It

gives him such an appalling advantage.") But Mrs. Osgood had a way, inherited, she liked to think, from her stern New England forbears, of getting what she wanted. She had merely recalled to dear Adela, in the most delicate manner and as if entirely by accident, the length of time they had known each other and the numbers of things they, like all good friends, shared in common memory. As much from sheer sentimental attachment as from anxiety over what Marie might say if thwarted, dear Adela had supplied the card of introduction.

"Lord Octerbrush," said Mrs. Osgood softly, conscious, as she said it, that the name was really a very grateful one, and that these newspaper magnates had a fine literary taste in titles, "I have a most tremendous service to ask of you, if you will or can do it. I've ventured to come to you because I believe you're the only person in England with the degree or kind of power to help me." Then, remembering that her situation was actually far too desperate to be suggested by such poor words, she added tentatively, "to save me." The final tremor in her voice awakened in Lord Octerbrush's sharp little eyes a shimmer of genuine interest, and she went on, encouraged: "I'm afraid I shall have to tell you a rather long story. Can you endure it? Have you time?"

A slight cloud passed over the great man's face, but it hastened its departure as he glanced at Lady Rudward's card on the desk. Gently, almost affectionately, with a semi-clerical, semi-medical, wholly professional sympathy, he leaned towards her.

"You may take the whole morning, Mrs. Osgood," he said magnificently. ("My time," his tone said, "is like the rubies and emeralds of Bokhara, and my morning is like the pearls of Comorin, and my minutes are chrysoprase and jasper. But these treasures, dear lady, are yours. I have nothing to withhold from a friend of Lady Rudward's—and such a good-looking old gal, too." All this his tone said, and Mrs. Osgood heard it.)

"I went down to Fiesole last autumn," Mrs. Osgood began, forgetting that Moray had gone down to Fiesole first, "and who should turn up but Henry Moray. I cannot explain to this moment why I did such a wild thing: I asked him to stay in my house. He was there a month. And now he's written another of his detestable novels—a *roman à clef*—all very clever no doubt, and sure to be read by quantities of people—and it's about me!"

Lord Octerbrush, with his tongue and teeth, made that clucking sound which is used by old ladies in cottages to express pity.

"How dreadful!" he remarked, and waited for more.

"It will be worse than dreadful for me," Mrs. Osgood went on bravely. "It will be ruinous. I shall be quite unable to live in London for years. I am not a woman who can endure such things with calm. I should suffer horribly. I should have to go back to America, a country which," she sighed, "no longer enhances me, as Keyserling says, or perhaps it's Spengler. You remember what a fearful stir there was about poor dear Adela when she was victimized in precisely this fashion. She bore it admirably—with such gayety, such courage!—when the thing was really the most appalling caricature—no resemblance whatever to the Adela we know and love. London talked of her for months. She was pointed out in public places: the whole thing was unutterably wretched. My heart bled for her. I should never," she concluded, "be able to bear it."

Lord Octerbrush cleared his throat (not because of physical necessity, but because of the moral value attached to such noises) and asked, "Is the caricature in Moray's forthcoming book so—er—savage and personal as to come within any—er—legal provision?"

"No," said Mrs. Osgood. "You're familiar with his method. The character will be perfectly recognizable but in no sense libelous: apparently fiction

can't be libel. Oh, there's nothing to be done about it at all, in a legal sense, nothing whatever."

"Then perhaps something illegal will serve the turn equally well," said Lord Octerbrush jovially, with an artist's delight in his pretty wit.

"Extra-legal," said Mrs. Osgood. "That's the only thing—persuasion or pressure applied from, let us say, newspapers or publishers." Her agitation grew upon her so that she rose from her chair, walked to the window, looked out, and returned before she spoke again. "It was madness," she said, "sheer madness. I told him the most intimate things, the whole story of my two marriages, my whole life, the most ridiculous details—such a wealth of material! I told him how I used to allow my maids to call me 'my lady' when I first came to England, and how ill-natured people thereafter used to call me Lady Mrs. Osgood. Such details as that are the sort of thing he loves. And the very title of the book, *Florentine Diana*, will make me utterly ridiculous. I was rash enough to tell him that my first husband always called me Diana. I remember perfectly well the evening when I told him that. He looked into the fireplace with a certain rather poetic fixity—one can't deny that the creature has a poetic look—and murmured, 'Florentine Diana.' I remember thinking then that he was probably concocting some abominable way of dragging it into his new book. He had begun his novel fully a fortnight before he came to stay at the Villa Ippolita, but after he had been in the house three days he ostentatiously destroyed what plans or sketches he had made and announced that he had decided to do a totally different sort of thing. When I remember how I went on after that, revealing simply everything to him, I can't understand myself at all. I must have been reduced to idiocy for that month. But the man is so *easy* to talk to—you've seen him, great lanky creature with such trustful eyes—and he listens quite for hours, I assure you, scarcely speaking at all—so different from most writers! And I cannot describe to you how *insensibly* one was led into it. One was simply squeezed dry at the end, one had nothing whatever left to tell. Oh, his method is perfection, and I'm at his mercy unless—unless you can help me."

Lord Octerbrush looked thoughtful.

"If you were a different sort of woman, Mrs. Osgood," he said, "this would please you rather than cause you to suffer. But," he hurried on, observing the look of distaste which came over Mrs. Osgood's regular features, "you obviously aren't prepared to allow such—er—vulgar exploitation, if I may use the phrase, and we must see what can be done. Any friend of Lady Rudward's . . . How *is* Lady Rudward, by the way?"

"She is very well," said Mrs. Osgood. "But can't you—isn't it possible to *stop* this wretched book from appearing?"

Lord Octerbrush looked at her benevolently.

"It is almost impossible," he said, "to stop a book when it has been announced for publication. It is probably already entirely printed, almost certainly, I should say. The only way would be to purchase the entire first issue of the book, and then what is to prevent a second edition? And if the author's contract is broken, what is to prevent his taking it to another publisher? The position seems to me, dear lady, to be rather difficult. There are certain abuses of the liberty of speech, of writing, which cannot . . . You quite see, of course . . ."

Mrs. Osgood sighed again softly, sadly, and a little color came into her cheeks.

"How dreadful!" she said. "How perfectly dreadful! Do you believe there is really no way—no way at all in your power—to stop the thing? I would go to the publishers—I would go to Henry Moray himself if he weren't in Asia or Africa or America or somewhere. . . . But you think it is hopeless?"

"Quite hopeless," said Lord Octer-

brush, still benevolent and kindly, but glancing at the clock on the wall in a manner which recalled that his minutes were chrysoprase and jasper. "If Henry Moray were a nobody one might perhaps try, but one can't suppress a book of his. One can't even influence his publishers. They make, if I may use the phrase, a great deal of money out of him."

Mrs. Osgood moved nervously in her chair, began to put on her gloves, and seemed lost for a moment in some secret recess of thought. She was like a diver after treasure, and he waited to see what she would bring up.

"If it can't be stopped," she said at last, "then it can't be stopped. But I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I did what I could, at least, and of feeling that a few of my friends realize how bitterly cruel the whole thing is to me. Somehow, I think, something could be done to lessen its force, to deflect it. . . . I can't help thinking that you could if you wished—and you are so kind, as dear Adela has always said—that you could make the whole wretched business a boomerang which would come back upon Henry Moray and punish him thoroughly. Your newspapers are so powerful, so much read!"

Lord Octerbrush nodded slowly. He looked as if he were considering this subject—so essentially different, as he instantly perceived, from that which had preceded it—with professional judgment and deliberation.

"You are suggesting that the Octerbrush press should take up a position on the matter," he said. "Do I follow?"

"Oh, to do something, to do something!" said Mrs. Osgood rather wildly, although her fingers went on efficiently buttoning her gloves. "If you could simply show in your newspapers what a cruel and vulgar thing the caricature is, how awful it is to hold up to the ridicule of all London the most secret existence of a woman who has never harmed a living being, one would be so grateful, so profoundly grateful! In times like this to be defended is everything—providing one can't avoid being attacked at all; and you have such arms of defense! You could point out how perfectly recognizable the lampoon is, and how unjustifiable. It might lead into the general principle of this putting of real persons into novels, which is becoming so hatefully common, and in my own suffering I could at least feel that I was being of use to others."

Lord Octerbrush was a little puzzled.

"A polemic," he said. "A polemic. Things are rather dull just now. There has been nothing really interesting in that line since the great debate we carried on about Should Hostesses Expel Unwanted Guests? A polemic would undoubtedly be of considerable interest to our readers. Should Novelists Write About Real Characters? Is Fictional Satire Justifiable? The idea has its points. . . . But, my dear lady, it would magnify the extent of your own—er—notoriety, if I may use the phrase, one hundredfold. I do not quite see how it would be of benefit to you. Half of London would be writing in to the papers to state the case for or against Henry Moray, which is to say, for or against you; and the possibilities of the thing are simply enormous, from the point of view of—er—the inside pages of our newspapers. The Octerbrush press might keep interest alive in it for weeks. Quite possible. But what good would all that do you?"

Still more wildly, Mrs. Osgood rose and grasped her bag.

"Oh, anything," she said, "is better than doing nothing—than simply accepting the creature's lampoon. I shall send you an advance copy of the book. I am arranging with the publisher to have one, and I hope that on the day of its publication you will be able to leap to my defense, to punish Henry Moray, to save other women from the same dreadful experience . . . !"

Lord Octerbrush quivered with admiration as he took her to the door and assured her that "everything" would be done. What a clever old gal she was, he

said to himself. She had come in to get a novel suppressed and gone out with a promise that it would be given the widest and most valuable publicity. To save his life Lord Octerbrush could not have put his finger on the exact point in the conversation at which her real purpose had become apparent. He bowed to her with more than his usual exaggeration as she passed through the door. Should Novelists Tell? he was pondering; Is It Fair to Your Friends?

Mrs. Osgood rose at half past eight and opened her mail with deliberation. The little packet from the publisher she left to the last. She knew what it contained, and there was no advantage in precipitating her sufferings. She went through letters from America and bills and a few stray notes. She was in no hurry to see the absurd novel. It could wait. So far as she was concerned, it could wait forever. She emphasized her unconcern by reading over a note from dear Adela two or three times. Invitation to lunch. To-day. Another of dear Adela's afterthoughts—no doubt all her more distinguished guests had deserted her, so that space was left for less glittering friends. No matter: one always accepted dear Adela's invitations.

Wrapped in swansdown and warm with coffee, Mrs. Osgood stretched her feet to the fire and took up the publisher's package. As she opened it and saw disclosed, like a jewel on black velvet, the glowing words *Florentine Diana*, a little smile trembled across her lips.

"Dreadful little man," she told the fire.

She had no need to read the thing. She knew all he had said in it—all those details, that building up of her life of struggle, of aspiration, of occasional triumph, deformed by satire and disdain. . . . But she might as well read it so as to know *how* he had said these things. . . . It was with considerable admiration for her own courage that she opened the book at the first page and began.

By eleven o'clock she was reading very rapidly, with only the slightest twitch of an eyebrow now and then to betray the emotions Mr. Moray's work aroused in her. At twelve o'clock she rose, threw the book into the fire, pronounced a few words ("Cat!" was one, and "Sly little wretch!" were others), and went to dress for dear Adela's luncheon.

Miss Liggett, two or three other Miss Liggetts, and a Mr. Garvin or two. How like dear Adela to invite her to the most nondescript luncheon of the month! She ate grimly on, contributing her share of the conversation only when it was mercilessly exacted. It was towards the end that Adela threw the subject on the table like the boar's head at a banquet.

"I've heard the most appalling things about Henry Moray's new novel," said Adela. "Have you seen it, Marie darling?"

Mrs. Osgood faced the question with a cadenza of her cool, Donizetti laughter.

"I've just been reading it this morning," she said, not without a certain effort to avoid dear Adela's glance. "It's the most deliciously sweet and sentimental romance: rose gardens in moonlight, fair young maidens and guitars. Utterly unlike anything else Moray's ever done. I confess I had been frightened, for a moment or two: he began it while he was in my house, and I trembled to think of what he might have written about me. But it appears to be all about a sweet young Florentine girl—harmless creature named Giulia, who was helping me run the house, and who afterwards eloped with a music master and has already, I believe, had twins— Oh, the whole thing is most idyllic!"

Miss Liggett sighed a little mournfully. "Dear Marie," said she. Lady Rudward, not to be put off without a specific statement, finally succeeded in getting Mrs. Osgood's eye.

"Do you mean to say," she de-

manded, "that there isn't a single thing in it about you?"

"Not a single thing," said Mrs. Osgood in perfect serenity, "unless a reference to a shadowy sort of 'charming American lady' may be taken to mean me. Oh, I came out of it very well, my dears! You can imagine how infinitely relieved I have been to discover it."

Lady Rudward spoke no more of Henry Moray. It would not have been easy to make out the expression of her face. But there was a little access of warmth in her manner when she took Mrs. Osgood to the door.

"You must come to luncheon next Tuesday," she said, pressing dear Marie's hand. "Rather a nice party. Arthur Comegys is coming, the wretch. I must warn you against him, however: he's rather susceptible to your type, and if he chose to put you in one of those outrageous books of his . . ."

Wouldn't it be dreadful, Mrs. Osgood was thinking, as she drove home through the rain, wouldn't it be dreadful if Arthur Comegys . . .

APPARITION

BY S. FOSTER DAMON

I STIRRED once as the first cock crew.
My brain drowsed, but my heart awoke
To see her standing by my bed,
And never once she spoke.

Terrified at the miracle,
I waited. Her lips never stirred;
Yet her eyes spoke one syllable
Which reached me but half-heard.

She turned away, lest I should mark
The goblet of her pride and shame,
Which glowed deep crimson in the dark,
For it was filled with flame.

That was the cup I might not share,
The cup that she alone would know;
But by the shadows in the air,
I saw its fire was low.

Her face was gray with ancient pain,
The ache of everlasting ice.
Then the last flame went black—and then
The cock crew twice.

LADIES AND LAWLESSNESS

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

CAROLINE and I were late for the party. Her kindly intention of picking me up at my hotel at seven had been defeated by traffic delays and beauty-shop complications, and now, as she remarked rather excitedly, we must run for it. But as Caroline, in spite of her charming vanities, can keep her head and hold a job of which many male college graduates of her generation might be envious, this announcement scarcely sounded like a challenge to the municipal peace and order.

Her efficient little roadster was, as a matter of fact, running less than ten miles an hour faster than the legal speed when we approached the red light of a through-street intersection. Caroline, with a quick look to right and left to make sure no one was coming, started energetically across it. A police whistle shrilled out of the November dark, and the roadster stopped with brakes squealing a fortissimo accompaniment to Caroline's annoyed "Oh, damn!"

The traffic officer, seeing that he had to do with a non-resistant lady of the fur-coat stratum of society rather than an obstreperous malefactor, accomplished his business in a tone of superiority reasonably polite. What did Caroline suppose a stop light at a through-street intersection was for—to encourage speed tests?

"But, officer, I had a perfectly clear field ahead," argued Caroline with rattled haughtiness. "You know perfectly well I did. You saw me look both ways to see if anyone was coming before I started across; so what's the odds if I did break one of your technical traffic ordinances? Everybody does it anyway, and do I really look like a person who would risk a collision just because she was late for an important business appointment?"

"The judge'll have to answer that one for you in the morning, lady," the officer retorted severely. While he wrote out the arrest card Caroline fumed confidentially to me, "This through-street business, when there's no car around for miles and you use your common sense, is simply ridiculous. Why, there was no more chance of my getting in anybody's way or having a smash-up than there is of that policeman's catching the moon with his motorcycle. I wouldn't care if I'd been taking a chance; but when they pull up a careful driver for every little thing like this, I think it's an outrage."

"All right, tell the judge it's an outrage," said the officer, handing her the card and dismissing us.

"Thanks," said Caroline with the cold look of a victim of personal injustice, and we swept on.

When we reached the dinner party, not noticeably late, she was still complaining that society had wronged her and had insulted her intelligence. In my heavy masculine way, I had intimated that a minor traffic violation was not a terribly serious matter, and that there was no point in taking it as a personal affront from an unsympathetic civilization if one happened to be caught. But since she received my gentle admonition with intimations that I, her partner in crime, had turned against her, I decided to keep my deepest impression of her conduct secret. Ever so slightly she reminded

me of the first murderess in my reportorial experience who strode up and down her cell muttering to journalistic visitors and sundry that "killing that bum after the way he's been spongin' off of me all winter was the decentest thing I ever done in my life." Ladies, I had learned through a fairly extensive experience with their vagaries, are best let alone when suffering from their nobler motivations to lawlessness.

II

Naturally, I recognize that exceeding the speed limit and running past stop signals are not behavior-phenomena peculiar to a single sex. If ladies are sometimes lawless in traffic, so even oftener perhaps are gentlemen. But gentlemen, when caught, though they may talk back to the officer, are inclined to accept the law and their guilt as inevitable facts in a naturally inconsiderate universe. They may stand ready to fight or lie their way out of the difficulty when the occasion offers, or to bemoan their luck when the battle or the evidence goes against them; but their attitude is that of recognizing themselves as temporary members of the criminal class who have taken a chance and lost. Hence, their defenses are lamely delivered and, whatever berserk personalities may be indulged in during their private encounters with arresting officers, the public and judicial penalties are accepted without personal rancor.

It is just this difference between the male's shamefaced air of being caught in mischief and Caroline's indignant sense of outrage which measures—if I accurately gauge rebellious imponderables—the superior vitality of feminine lawlessness. In it is the difference between a guilty conscience and complete self-justification, moral and otherwise. The masculine attitude, for all its objectionable sides, is that of a sportsman who says, "Here's a law that's a nuisance so we'll see if we can break it and get away with it." The feminine reaction, on the other hand, is that of the superior person who complains, "Here's a law that there's no need for in the present emergency. It affronts my preferences and my intelligence; therefore, I am perfectly right in breaking it, and any attempt to enforce it against me is outrageous." In short, here is the difference between challenging the law respectfully to catch you if it can, and, with anarchic and one hundred per cent self-righteous disrespect, placing one's personality and one's personal emergencies above it.

But lest a single incident in the republic's daily grist of traffic offenses may not seem to warrant such extreme pronouncements, I turn for confirmation to a friendly newspaperman's file of ladies who have offended against the law by killing their husbands or lovers. Of these I select six who made no effort to deny their deeds, and who talked for publication or to the police before their lawyers reached them and began shaping their defenses along the lines of the male's fundamentally law-abiding duplicity.

Three of them conscientiously assured the world that their knowledge or suspicions of the man's infidelity furnished absolute moral sanctions for exterminating him—one adding, with possibly some stylistic assistance from the police reporter, that to kill a "lying rat" like that was "a service to society." One, with an air of assurance that such lapses should produce instant exoneration, asserted that in a quarrel over wild-party doings and family finances her "mind went blank" until the shooting was over.

Another seemed to feel that the emotional stress of having been in a rage and being "sorry afterward" justified the making of a personal exception in her case, and confidentially assured the visiting journalists that "they'll let me off when they hear how this happened." Only one seemed to have a clean-cut self-defense case against a husband who beat her and habitually threatened to kill her, and was in the act of menacing her with a bed slat when his domestic mannerisms

were permanently chastened. Yet even this seriously aggrieved lady presented her side not as a legal defense, but simply as a matter of righteous personal privilege.

In between Caroline and these extremes come certain less melodramatic but equally enlightening and possibly more typical transgressions. The law in my state, for instance, requires a year's residence in the commonwealth and six months in the county and certain definite allegations of cruelty, desertion, or infidelity before divorce may be sued for. Consequently, my lawyer friends frequently find themselves in this situation: A more or less charming woman client comes to their office asking them to represent her in a divorce suit, and her request is politely declined for the present, because neither her grounds nor her residence qualifications fit the law's requirements.

She sorrowfully accepts their advice to have patience, but a day or a week later the case bobs up in the hands of a rival firm of lawyers to whom everything that is necessary to qualify her as a divorce petitioner has been duly told and sworn to. Still later, perhaps, if the case happens to be contested, a conference between the two sets of legal advisers brings out the fact that the lady has undoubtedly perjured herself in the matter of her length of residence and probably in her allegations of cruelty.

A man under similar circumstances would either abandon his suit or suggest further explanations and perjuries more or less plausible. But the lady, when tactfully asked by her legal representatives what assistance she can give in extricating them from their embarrassment, replies as a rule (I quote her exactly in at least one instance), "Well, of course. Didn't that other lawyer tell me I had to have lived a year in the state and say my husband had really hit me? I've got to have a divorce from that loafer, and I've hired you to get it, so what's all this got to do with it?" In other words, far from recognizing the law as a rule that applies at least as often as you happen to be caught by it, the divorce-seeking lady contemptuously dismisses it as a loathsome and inconsequential obstacle to her personal convenience.

For the essence of feminine lawlessness is that, in addition to being personal, it is almost invariably moral. This peculiarity, incidentally, applies to fractures of the conventions of their men friends quite as much as it does to misdemeanors and felonies. Thus it was a woman party committeeman and a woman stump campaigner who in the recent political Sadowa wrote letters urging resistance to Rome-ridden and rum-ridden menaces in the Republic and made speeches urging the Methodists to use their sectarian strength in politics against the un-Volsteadian candidate, while their male co-partisans trembled at these defiances of the code which outlawed religious issues. The masculine strategists, in their law-abiding respect for the code, were all concerned that such contributions to the campaign should be made, if at all, privately and anonymously, and at least not by such traditionally unoffending and tolerant fellows as professional politicians. But the women, being also professional politicians, were solely interested in seeing their side and the virtuous causes which had associated themselves with the Republican party triumph. If man-made codes of discretion and forbearance stood in the way, it was too bad for the codes, but, seeing that moral and religious issues were fundamentally involved, there were no apologies. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the gentlemen who were so terrified by these breaches did not demand apologies. If they had they might have found Mrs. Willebrandt's and Mrs. Willie Gardiner's self-justifying clamor even more overwhelming than their appeals to sectarian loyalties.

This sense that law and convention are mere immoral interferences with sacred personal privilege extends even

to the taboos of the lawless lady's erring sisters. Women are seldom prosecuted for adultery or other sexual indiscretions unconnected with more serious crimes; and a society somewhat romantically dedicated to the theory of female innocence in sexual matters has placed the burden of defense in Mann Act and seduction cases exclusively on the male offender. Nevertheless, to prove that wrong has been done, it is usually necessary for the feminine party to the transgression to testify; and my memory both as a reporter and a lay observer of social scandal reveals few women who by their own account have stooped to folly for other than the noblest and most personally creditable motives. The gentlemen in such cases prove their respect for the law which has caught them by pleading alibis, entrapment, the bewitching effect of their momentary passions, or by frankly begging for mercy as miserable sinners. But the ladies invariably have given all for love, or pity—either for themselves because their husbands are unappreciative of their finer feelings, or for *him* because his wife is cold to him—or for the night life of great cities which, as any jury knows, is every right-minded poor girl's proper dream of social advancement.

I do not profess to separate sincerity from persuasive posturing in these exculpations. No male, perhaps, knows any woman's sense of realities well enough to tell when fooling herself ends and intriguing others begins. But I have seen no man in trouble with the laws or conventions regarding sex who did not, in one way or another, tremble and make himself ridiculous; and few women above the class of frankly commercial offenders who have not maneuvered to the best of their ability to put law and convention in their places as sordid interferences with the romantic idyll which, as every lawless lady knows, life in the feminine gender ought to be.

Doubtless, my feminist friends could cite exceptions, and I am of course aware that the younger generation violates the conventions, if not the laws of sexual conduct, in the name of pagan delight. But pagan delight among the post-war brood has become itself a form of moral justification. At the right pitch of self-persuasion it may put the law beneath one—where the lawless ladies want it—as successfully as a grand passion. However the fashions in ethics change, it remains woman's fashion to find her misdemeanors and her felonies more ethical than jurisprudence itself.

III

Like all sex differentiations, this one, I suppose, can be explained in terms of feminine history. The ladies have been so long taught to consider themselves our better angels that they find it difficult, if not impossible, to abandon the advantageous pose of moral superiority even when indulging in conduct suggesting quite the opposite. They have been encouraged by so many generations of poets and admirers to believe that romance is their special province, that anything which seriously hampers the full and rightful operation of their powers of allurement—like traffic ordinances which prevent their seasonable arrival at dinner parties, or laws against shooting unappreciative husbands, and taking pretty clothes from fashionable department stores without paying for them—seems to them an intolerable and unjust persecution. For even longer ages they lived in a state of legal and domestic subordination when the only possible way of securing for themselves any rights or privileges in the home or society was to treat the all-embracing legal supremacy of the paterfamilias as a man-made technicality of no morally binding consequence in individual emergencies. Thus, from the earliest ages, women learned through their very subjection to evade and trample down the law as something which men make in their moments of ridiculous pomposity down town.

Out of this background of experience

the lawless lady has created her peculiar, and peculiarly effective, technic of resistance. The law itself pays tribute to her habitual attitude of superior virtue by holding her guiltless in all sexual offenses except the obviously commercial. Her airs of injured and usually pathetic innocence—fruit of her conviction that she is entitled to romantic indulgence—get her off with cheerful frequency in mayhem and murder. Most of all, her habit of treating the more petty and personal restraints of an increasingly restrictive civilization as mere man-made follies of no more account than lodge rules or drinking rituals, leads the lawless lady to defy vested authority with zeal and conviction where her mate scarcely defies at all but merely dodges.

I do not, of course, intend to present a twentieth-century Adam's alibi that women invented the arts of corner-cutting, smuggling, and repudiating orders to stock brokers. It is simply that in these and a score of other typically modern breaches of law and convention the woman rebel's great assurance furnishes a more stimulating example to the congenitally obedient. Man, if let alone, I take it, would shun lawless conduct rather more frequently than his traditional reputation as a roisterer would suggest. His centuries of discipline in business, politics, and war have persuaded him that when he has declared the last of his dutiable goods, or scrupulously obeyed a no-smoking sign, or refused an invitation to a drink at a speakeasy, he is a rather nobler and more interesting fellow than the average. His defiances, such as they are, tend to be confined to highly special occasions and to be invested with the ritual naughtiness of college students sneaking a cow into the chapel belfry or of small boys smoking corn-silk cigarettes behind the barn. He may enjoy being a mischief-making oaf in his off hours, but his self-esteem is bound up with being a law-abiding citizen who breaks no police lines at public festivals.

Consequently, when he smuggles a bit of antique jewelry through the customs at the end of his Cuban vacation, you will seldom find him talking about it. But his wife meanwhile is telling a circle of admiring women friends how she returned to the land of her birth so swathed under her clothes with Spanish shawls and serapes that, though it was midwinter, she almost died of heat prostration. He advises her—or at least did once in my hearing—to moderate such confidences in the interests of discretion, and she replies, with a tone of injured innocence, "But, my dear, you know we'd paid tourist prices for these things already." Her conscience is as clear as her concealment was perfect. The lawless gentleman has been temporarily criminal and knows it. The lawless lady, on the other hand, has been shopping expensively and is not interested in adding to the extravagance by supporting such obvious inconveniences as government and the domestic textile-arts industry.

Or, to consider an even more universally violated statute, the feminine spirit in prohibition nullification remains distinctive even though most of the illicit purchasing and possibly more of the drinking is done by men. The male, for instance, is at some pains to justify his conscience for his breaches of the Eighteenth Amendment. He drinks, he declares, because Prohibition was "put over while he was away with the army," when his countrymen were in a condition of feverishly unsound judgment. He drinks because no preachers and long-haired professional reformers can tell him that he can't, or for any number of other reasons which reflect his belligerent independence. In fact, to hear him talk, one might think he did not care to drink at all but merely did so reluctantly in order to assert his status as an abused freeman. Nevertheless, once he has taken this resolve, the lawless gentleman delights to make of his part in the forbidden traffic a devilish and dangerous intrigue. His dealings with his boot-

legger are conducted, when possible, with a clandestine secrecy. When he telephones his order, it is for "a dozen American beauties," "a keg of rose-water," "another dipper of that carbolic acid." He might be a small boy again, plotting mischief with his playmates in a home-made cryptic alphabet.

The lawless lady takes no interest in these subterfuges. She wants liquor for her dinner parties and bridge luncheons because these are occasions in her life when her glamour as a charming person will be judged among other things by her serving, or failing to serve, appropriate refreshments. The law forbids her to serve them; therefore, the law is simply the low attempt of persons of no social standing to inconvenience her. Also, the law is totally ineffective, since it does not prevent her from serving what she pleases and rarely catches even her bootlegger, who gets paid for such risks. Therefore, unlike traffic offenses for which one sometimes *is* caught, it is not even worth moralizing about; and her husband, for all the elaborate argumentation and jocosity with which he garnishes his breaches of it, appears to her masculinely ridiculous.

Hence she makes no bones about telephoning him at his office and reminding him, "John, remember I've got twelve people coming out for dinner Saturday night, and we're down to our last quart." Or "You'll be home tonight in time to make some gin, won't you? The Smiths have just 'phoned that they'll be over for bridge." Horrified at the thought that the switchboard operator and half a dozen of his fellow executives may be listening in, he may later and privately scold the lawless lady for her honest realism. But nine times out of ten all that he gets for his pains is the answer that it is "all nonsense," that "everybody does it" and that, as nobody knows better than he does, "a dinner without cocktails is a flop."

And if by any chance, as happened fairly often in the early days of prohibition, he has set his disciplined soul for a literal course of law observance, his plight is even worse. "Tom, you know, is one of those conservative old dears," a charming and essentially conventional matron entering the restrained forties recently confessed to a circle of her intimates. "For a long time he insisted on believing that a law was a law even if it was a monstrosity. It was getting too embarrassing when every place we went we drank our share, so finally I settled him. I went around before one of our dinner parties to Bob Jackson's bootlegger and brought home a whole case of assorted necessities myself."

The challenging power of feminine lawlessness thus lies not so much in the bulk or seriousness of its transgressions as in the fact that, knowing no scruples, it shames male hesitancies and subterfuges into permanent hibernation. It would be ridiculous to assert that most men violate the laws because their women tempt them. But they break them with a less troubled conscience, a less humiliating fear of the consequences, and a less boyish delusion of their own devilishness because, by precept or example, the Lady Macbeths of their fireside have steeled them to it.

IV

It is hardly surprising that such total absence of scruple should extend into woman's new and even more promising field of incitement to lawlessness, that of law-making. At first sight it may seem incredible that law-making should have so vital a connection with law-breaking. But I believe it may be fairly suggested that woman's rapidly increasing influence in legislation, guided by her distinctive outlook and peculiar legislative experience, is giving it one.

For the lack of scruple which betrays itself in the woman citizen in her assurance of a personal prerogative to break any law which interferes with her convenience, betrays itself in the woman law-maker in a certainty of her moral mandate to secure the passage of any

law which has the look to her of being righteous and of good intent. With all their obvious deficiencies, male law-makers have learned certain practical lessons through their political experience. The more successful despots and the radical reformers, as well as the legislators of the liberal democracies, understand that to enact laws which are practically unenforceable because they go against the grain of custom and desire is to challenge the lawless spirit and to create the administrative difficulties and social havoc which widespread contempt for the law fosters.

These sane considerations, however, are precisely the ones which woman's long and highly specialized legislative experience has trained her to ignore. For her fundamental training as a law-maker was acquired in the nursery. While men were learning through civil wars and police duty what restraints could and could not be put over on adults, women for thousands of generations, as mothers or school teachers, were practicing their law-making talents on children. They were ruling and legislating effectively, no doubt, but for a class who, requiring despotic regulation in the most intimate details of their private lives, lacked at the same time the normal adult's sense of personal freedom as well as his fully developed capacities for evasion and resistance. Thus the suffrage movement turned woman loose in the grown-up law-making arena with a legislative point of view almost wholly fashioned by her experience in regulating the private morals of inferiors; and in regulating them, furthermore, with rules framed to meet trivial emergencies and not, in the vast majority of cases, applicable to herself.

Generally, such law-makers were capable of assuming that if federal daily apple or eight o'clock bedtime acts would promote the general welfare, they were entirely warranted, regardless of constitutional and judicial precedents, in using their new political power to place them on the nation's statute books. Generally, they were confident that enforcement problems would solve themselves as simply as in the schoolroom or home. In short, the idea that a sincere desire to improve society's private morals should be limited by constitutional precedents and the practicalities of enforcement was foreign to the average woman at her "emancipation"—as foreign to her as the idea that her personal desires and convenience might be interfered with by the laws already enacted. So from the moment when the "woman vote" became a potential danger to politicians, we find her the decisive agent in the passage of many laws, lawless themselves in the discord which they introduce into the constitutional structure, and provocative of worse lawlessness in their assumption that adult free citizens will submit to regulation and control like little children.

The politicians' fear of her vengeful purity-promoting complex is responsible for that admirable convenience to blackmailers and gold-diggers—the Mann Act. Her delight in gestures of independence is responsible for the charming perjuries and evasions and the occasional cruelties fostered by the Cable Act, which prevents the automatic naturalization of alien women who marry American citizens. In their virtuous effort to inflict school-yard morality on the adult population, the women of various Midwestern states a generation ago caused practically every tobacco shop in a thousand-mile area to equip itself with secret paneled compartments for the sale of bootlegged cigarettes. Yet to-day, in spite of the admitted failure of this noble experiment, an aggressive vanguard chiefly of feminine reformers is urging that its benefits be extended to the whole nation under an anti-tobacco constitutional amendment.

Women have credibly claimed also the chief responsibility for introducing into the constitution its first strictly legislative amendment. For liquor prohibition may justly be considered typically feminine in its assertion of the right to

break legal precedents in the interest of personal moral regulation, and a typically feminine product thus far in its failure to compel obedience among adults.

Nor, in spite of the growing distrust of the younger generation of women for programs of uncertain uplift, is the end yet in sight. The 12,000,000 strong female army of improvement would blithely commit us to various peace agreements, careless of the possibility that their effect, when war emerges, may be to embitter the carnage itself with accurate charges of sacred treaty violation and to plunge at least 11,500,000 of their numbers into raptures of belligerent patriotism. Their various federated bodies would commit us to federal control of child labor regardless of the probability that the federal authority will be flouted with the usual accompanying corruptions in regions not yet "educated up to it." They urge the federal supervision of education upon us, cheerfully unaware how easily such supervision may become an iron-clad bureaucratic control capable of suppressing unorthodox methods of instruction, including possibly evolution instruction, and all sanely realistic study of American history in our schools and colleges. In the midst of the demanding chorus, the recently defeated woman mayor of Seattle rejoices in the *Woman's Journal* that she has organized a corps of private volunteer informers on prohibition violators—itself a typically feminine violation of the code against tattling—happily ignoring the psychological fact that such measures tend to raise prohibition violation from the status of a private indulgence to that of dignified firing-line service in a holy war against talebearers.

And on the fringes—where were started most of the feminine law-making projects which provoke our present day lawlessness—new and more magnificent absurdities still blossom. A Southwestern lady zealot writes to her newspaper, after her triumphant November referendum on prohibition, urging that purchasers of illicit liquor be punished with the whipping post. And from the farthest front lines of the vanguard comes a recommendation to the open-minded *Dallas News* that laws be invoked to save the republic's morals from the contamination of too realistic lingerie advertisements in newspaper rotogravure sections.

V

But I have not, I trust, insinuated that all women are lawless. Everyone in the normal course of experience has known a numerous assortment of women who break no ordinance of town meeting or congress because, in the sheltered rectitude of their strictly homekeeping lives, no law offends them. Others still advocate no improvements, monstrous or otherwise, in the present body of jurisprudence for the excellent reason that their status in the kingdom of things as they are supremely contents them. It merely happens that in forty years of consistently pleasant research among the sex, I have yet to meet a woman who has refused to break an old law or advocate a new one when doing either suited her sense of present moral emergency or personal convenience.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that the lawless ladies, both kinds, have an increasing civic usefulness. By affording us increasingly ludicrous examples of the futility of excessive regulation in a confusingly complex society, the lawless law-makers put us virtuously on our mettle to defend our surviving liberties. The lawless law-breakers, not infrequently lodged under the same skins with the law-makers, meanwhile teach us how to preserve freedom with a gallantly individual insouciance more stimulating to practical free conduct than a whole library of liberal orations. Although men may dread the increasing shadow of feminine legal tyrannies, the lawless lady's untamable indiscipline still stands between him and his complete subjection.

PROSPECTS FOR PEACE

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

IT IS the fashion among observers of the hard-headed school to point out the increase in armaments, the perdurance of chauvinism, the substitution of new grievances for old, the fight over oil, the renewal of commercial rivalry at high tension, and the weakness of the League of Nations. Having drawn a realistic picture of international relations, they shake their hard heads and cry out, "Nothing has changed in this vale of folly; deaths, bankruptcies, and revolutions have left the world as it was in 1914."

Standing amid the debris of a thousand exploded delusions, can we truly say that nothing has occurred in Europe to awaken in us hopes for a long peace? That perhaps is the most important question which friends of the good life are asking in all the countries of the earth to-day. And in anticipation, it may as well be confessed at the outset, the answering thesis set forth below maintains the proposition that the best pledge of peace lies in the decline of feudal aristocracy and the towering rise of international capitalism.

II

By way of preface to a hopeful, if not an optimistic view of things, the highly competent French publicist, Alfred Fabre-Luce, opens his thought-provoking book, *Locarno sans Rêves*, with the query, "No change?" Then, without undue enthusiasm, he lists a few of the transformations which, he thinks, make our world different from that of August 1, 1914. The very idea of war itself has changed; once military men dreamed of quick and glorious battles crowned by speedy victory and followed by the collection of rich booty. Poincaré said in 1914, "France does not fear war." Can any statesman say that to-day? Owing to the close interrelation of world economics, the prospects of a swift conquest and a quick get-away with the loot have been dashed; the experience of 1914–18 seems to confirm this view. Moreover, technology has revolutionized warfare, making military combat only one phase and robbing it of drum and trumpet splendor. There have also been changes in the intellectual climate of belligerency; the powers can no longer hide their intrigues behind the quarrels of the Balkans or Morocco; diplomatic hypocrisies are so well known in Europe, at least, that beer-hall and café philosophers make ribald jokes about pin-striped trousers and spats. Old notions of sovereignty, the direction of economic tendencies, and possible combinations in the balance of power have been subjected to alterations.

Supplementing the case presented by M. Fabre-Luce, emphasis should be placed on other changes in the political and economic scene, especially the decimation of landed aristocracies and the growing predominance of international finance in national economy and world relations. At first thought, this may suggest war rather than peace. In fact it is not difficult to find illustrations for the thesis that capitalism must bear the blame for the last war. France furnished most of the cash for Russian preparations and tied Rumania to Paris

with chains of investment. The rivalry of British and German capitalists inflamed both countries. The Morocco affair was at bottom a capitalist brawl.

But on second thought, these conflicts appear to be conflicts of national not international capitalism, and over against such illustrations must be set other data equally pertinent. Feudal agriculture had a hand in the great quarrel—a momentous fact given its due emphasis in an article in a recent issue of the *Europäische Gespräche*. No one can read the secret documents now published without coming to the conclusion that the most reckless, heedless, irresponsible, and belligerent diplomats of July, 1914, were the counts, barons, and other dignitaries who spoke for Russia and Austria-Hungary. In Germany, caution was to be found in the civil branch of the government rather than in the military division where the traditions and spirit of the landed aristocracy were strongest. The hardest battles against war in Berlin were fought by capitalists like Ballin, not by landed proprietors from East Prussia. Although it is customary to think of France as the land of peasant freeholders, those acquainted with her agricultural history since the Revolution of 1789 are aware that the great estates of feudal days were not all dissolved; on the contrary, one portion was sold to new bourgeois and another went back to the original owners or their representatives at the time of the Bourbon restoration. Reliable estimates, such as those of J. H. Clapham, indicate that the lion's share passed into the possession of big landlords old and new, not into the hands of peasants. In 1911 the population of France was reported as 55.9 per cent rural; about the same time admittedly inadequate figures revealed 134,000 "large holdings." In short, despite the ruinous revolutions and the establishment of a republic, France had a large number of old landed families, powerful in politics, diplomacy, and the army, and as loyal to feudal traditions as the Prussian Junker.

III

At the head of the list of feudal powers, of course, stood Russia—overwhelmingly agricultural from the Baltic to the Pacific. Of the total population, estimated at about 160,000,000 in 1910, nearly seven-eighths, to be more precise, 138,000,000 in round numbers, were recorded as living in the country. In European Russia proper, exclusive of Poland, the state, the imperial families, and other governmental agencies owned, in the year 1905, 36 per cent of the land, peasants, 32.3 per cent, landlords, 23.7 per cent, and 8 per cent was classified as unfit for cultivation. About the same time it was officially reported that thirty thousand families owned as many acres as ten million peasant families.

In short, under the Tzar Russia was governed by a landed aristocracy, proud, warlike, and, even after stories of floggings and beatings are discounted, cruel and vindictive. This aristocracy dominated the army and monopolized the high offices of state. Restless, domineering, and bored with dull life on their primitive estates, Russian feudal lords, like their ancestors, welcomed relief in war. And on the government of their country must justly fall a large share of the responsibility for starting the World War; not without some reason is the chief burden placed on that huge aggregation of superstition and belligerency. At all events, Russia ordered the first general mobilization—an act of war—and made the conflict certain.

Next to Russia in the agricultural scale was the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On the eve of the War, Austria had about 18,000 landed estates above 250 acres—1733 above 2500 acres. Nearly one-third of the land in Hungary was embraced in approximately 4000 estates of more than 1400 acres. If the landed aristocracy of these countries was more cultivated than that of Russia, it was no less dominant and belligerent. Representatives of that class were supreme in society and high politics—state, army,

and church—and on their shoulders must rest a "war guilt" no less grave than that borne by the Russians. It will not be forgotten that Austria was the first power to begin war—on Serbia; and the levity with which Count Berchthold and his friends rushed into the fray was worthy of a fox-hunting squirearchy. Incidentally, it should be remarked that no small part of the hatred for Austria-Hungary in Bosnia, where the Archduke and his wife were shot, was due to the continuous favor shown by Vienna to the Moslem landlords of that province against the claims and agitations of a wretched and servile peasantry. Incidentally, also, it may be remarked that the tumultuous Balkan peninsula, which has furnished so many wars and pretexts for wars, is agricultural, not capitalist, from Brod to Constantinople.

Between two worlds, one dying and the other to be born amid the storm of war, stood Germany, dominated by Prussia, possessing about two-thirds of the entire population in 1910. At that time over one-fifth of the cultivated land of the Empire was in estates of more than 250 acres. In Bavaria and Baden such holdings occupied only two or three per cent of the area; but toward the north and east the proportion rose almost steadily, reaching in some regions more than fifty per cent of the total. Prussia had about twenty thousand landlords with 250 acres and more, and Prussia was the classical land of the Junker. "Whenever I sit among Prussian excellencies, the opposition between North and South Germany becomes strikingly clear. South German liberalism cannot cope with the Junker; they are too numerous, too powerful, and have the monarchy and the army on their side," wrote Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingfürst, in his journal, on December 15, 1898. In every Prussian province the commanding general and his family were at the head of social affairs; in that fixed class system every person had his place; it was a frozen order, and woe to all who neglected the code. At the apex was the King of Prussia, the German Emperor. Conscious and proud of the fact that it had advanced the eastern frontier and had stood for centuries as a barrier to the Slavic flood, the *Junkertum* of the eastern half of Prussia refused to surrender to civilians and frock-coated bourgeois. "To fight the spirit of modern liberalism, the Prussian Junker feels himself justified by his conscience and before God. His battle has become a duty with him—therefore, he is so dangerous," wrote Prince Philipp Eulenburg to his friend Holstein in 1897. Devotion to the traditions of war and awareness of its risks led the Prussian aristocracy to keep a firm hand on the army and insist upon preparations to the hilt.

As time passed and Germany became increasingly capitalistic, the Junker sank in the economic scale relatively, but were not conquered by the bourgeois. A number of reasons account for their ability to wield power out of proportion to their fiscal strength: the Prussian monarchy and bureaucracy; social dictatorship; fear of Russia on the east; the growth of socialism which frightened landlord and capitalist alike; and the Prussian class system of voting which gave those who paid two-thirds of the direct tax two-thirds of the representatives in the Prussian diet. And strange to say, the American protective tariff and the flood of American agricultural produce pouring into Germany after 1870 drove the Prussian landlord and the Prussian industrialist into each other's arms: protection for German manufacturers and protection for German farmers. Hence there is a certain truth in the half-humorous remark of a German scholar to the effect that the American Middle West and William McKinley are responsible for the World War. But the union of industrialist and Junker was not altogether happy, because the latter insisted on having a power in the state out of proportion to numerical and economic strength. Per-

haps more than anything else this insistence is responsible for the indecision and vacillation in German foreign policy from 1898 to 1914, for the fateful contest between civilian and military power at the end, and for the fateful outcome. In spite of all efforts to whitewash Germany and attach wings to William II and von Moltke, Germany must bear her share of the responsibility for the World War. The monarchist and aristocratic class in Germany rallied almost as one man to the support of Austria-Hungary. If near the end, when it was too late, the German government drew back in fright and cast about for ways to peace, the credit for that search magnificent is due to the civilian rather than to the military wing.

Now if through this statement there seems to run a critical note, loyalty to truth requires a confession that such a strain is without strict philosophical justification. The landed classes of Russia, Austria, Hungary, and Prussia were not composed of wicked people looking for whom they might devour. They arose in distant days out of perfectly natural circumstances and played their historical role, reacting to their environment as other human beings similarly conditioned would have reacted. They fought for their property and privileges as other classes have in other times and places. Their military spirit was a product of their profession, their profession a necessity of their day. The intellectual and political climate associated with them was appropriate to their ways of obtaining a living and to their ways of living. Perhaps, to know all is to forgive all. But whether just or not, the verdict of history is remorseless: the landed aristocracy was fated to go down before capitalism, sooner or later, in war or peace, in a storm of ballots or a hail of bullets. Wise are they who choose the happiest exit.

For good or evil, as anybody prefers, the landed aristocracies of central and eastern Europe have suffered more or less havoc as a result of the War and the revolutions in its train. In Russia, prominent war culprit at the bar of history, the feudal landlords have been utterly ruined, and it is difficult to imagine any kind of restoration that will put them back where they were in 1914. Although the landed proprietors of Hungary have recovered their dominion at Budapest, they are decidedly weakened by the loss of estates in the regions annexed to Rumania and Jugoslavia. The landed families of Austria are shattered by the loss of outlying provinces and sequestrations from Slovakia to Herzegovina. Like frightened ghosts from a dead past, they flit here and there, write memoirs, and compose apologies. Whether Austria stands alone or joins Germany, they cannot hope to make their stars shine again over the blue Danube as in August, 1914. In Prussia the Junker managed to hold fast to most of their land, but that is about all. The army was struck from their hands by alien powers. Political revolution deprived them of their special privileges in the Prussian state. In vain does Reventlow cry out against "international capitalism" and "the Jews," as the enemies of good old patriotism: the election returns are against him. Reaction may come, probably will come, but will it tear down factories, close banks, dismantle ships, and give to land its ancient predominance once more? When the sea yields up its dead and Henry VIII rules in England again.

IV

"Ah!" Junker, communist, socialist, and Christian pacifist will say, "for the feudal directors we have only substituted a far more belligerent class—capitalists armed with guns and gas and searching feverishly for markets, everywhere spreading little wars in their train, killing brown and black men with a light heart (by proxy)." Let us concede all that is valid in this argument. No greater delusion has ever plagued mankind than the theory promulgated by Cobden and

Spencer—that trade is pacific, that capitalism substitutes the peaceful exchange of commodities for the ruinous exchange of hostilities. Everybody knows that the rivalry of German, British, and French capitalism over markets and raw materials was a powerful, if not a preponderant, force in bringing to pass the World War. Not without warrant did a Prussian Junker recently say, in a tone of dry and resigned bitterness, "Two of my boys lie dead on the battlefields of a war fought to decide whether German or British cotton spinners are to sell loin cloths to Hereros and Senegambians." Did not French capitalism provide Russia the money which built her strategic railways, equipped her armies, suppressed her revolutions, and enabled her to plunge headlong into the World War? Did not British capitalism assist in the same belligerent enterprise? Ironic as it is, Austrian and German bankers helped to float the great Russian loans of 1905–6 which made St. Petersburg safe for autocracy and prepared for the drive on the Straits! It is just such incidents which cause pacifists to cry out, "Capitalism; there is the enemy!"

But the capitalist system itself is in process of transformation. The process had begun long before 1914, and the great cataclysm accelerated it. In the early days of capitalism the master of each concern extended his operations by means of profits and savings, supplemented occasionally by loans from local bankers. With the formation of national trusts and cartels, this localism in finance broke down; great enterprises called for great financing.

In time, therefore, sovereignty in industry passed from operators and from stockholders' meetings to directors of great capital accumulations. Now, while industries are national, protected by national tariffs and promoted by national bayonets, capital is international; it rests upon a universal standard which is gold and, unless controlled for nationalist purposes by politicians, is indifferent to boundaries and flags; it flows where interest rates are high, considering security. Moreover, international capitalism, to protect itself, must form unions among competitors in different countries; German and French steel and chemical financiers shook hands across the Rhine almost before the thunder of the guns had died away. International capitalism was well under way in 1914; the War seems to have assured its ultimate supremacy over national capitalism, just as the supremacy of finance over industry was assured by an inevitable economic evolution from competitive to associated enterprise.

All the governments of Europe, except that of Russia, now owe their stability to international finance. If nothing else, debts and reparation claims tie them together in a single economic brotherhood. It is owing to loans floated in England and America and neutral countries enriched by the War that the German government is able to pay its reparation bills, finance enterprises, and recover its power at the council table. From loans effected under the League of Nations, both Austria and Hungary secured funds for their rehabilitation. Albania is held upright by Italian finance, and Italian finance is supported in New York. Poland was saved from a crash in 1927 by the big American loan and her finances are under American supervision; how far the dictatorship of Pilsudski extends is a matter of humorous comment on the Berlin bourse. On the New York Stock Exchange the following European countries are listed as bonded debtors: Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Irish Free State, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Poland, and Jugoslavia. To this calendar must be added states such as Bavaria, cities such as Bordeaux and Budapest, and semi-public concerns such as the German Central Agricultural Bank. Hard-headed American capitalists help to finance the Socialist city of Vienna in the extension of its municipal ownership

program. Of course the advertisements of the bonds in the financial columns of the New York papers do not tell investors that they must depend on the faith of red officials; but Socialist papers in the Austrian capital rejoice in the partial emancipation they enjoy from local bankers. Perhaps American travelers and singers carrying dollars abroad can meet the interest and the amortization installments!

In its minute filiations, the plexure of international finance is simply appalling; only one who spends days over the financial columns of the European papers can form even an outline image of its ramifications. Take for example the issue of the *Vossische Zeitung* for August 29, 1928, just one flying leaf from the blinding shower in the Valhalla of International Finance. Tucked away in a corner is a note on the talking machine and record industry. Attention is called to the relations between the Lindstroem-Columbia, Polyphone-Brunswick enterprises. German interests in the British Columbia Company have been widened by the acquisition of two smaller German concerns, among the oldest in the field. The Homophone Company and the Nigrolit-Werke Company have gone over into the hands of the English concern. Furthermore, the English group, under the leadership of the Duophone Company, have acquired the Vox-Schallplatten- und Sprechmaschinen A.-G. of Berlin. A third great group of world-wide operations, the American Victor Talking Machine Company, has won participation in the German Electrola Company. On the other hand, the German talking machine interests look abroad also; their business has experienced an extraordinary advance since 1919. They have acquired a major control in the Nipponophone Company organized in Japan and have extended their operations by buying into other national enterprises. These transactions have, among other purposes, the design of escaping nationalistic protective duties imposed for maintenance of "infant industries." What becomes then of patriotic tariffs to uphold national rights and honors? Where are the people who solemnly resolved in the great days to hear no German, English, French, or Italian music respectively, according to flags and drums? What will the masters of these industries and the investors (if they have any voice) say about a rupture of peaceful relations for the purpose of re-consecrating our virility in the trenches or winning a piece of Basutoland or a volcanic peak in the Pacific? If such is the state of the talking-machine industry, the reader may imagine for himself the condition of affairs in other enterprises more heavily capitalized and better known to investors.

Besides the interweaving of ties among international investors in the same industries, there is going on a complicated interweaving of industries themselves through investment trusts, American, British, and Continental, which widely diversify their investments as against the securities they issue. From day to day, British and Continental papers tell of new enterprises in this field of network creation. Take a single example—also from the *Vossische Zeitung*. Not long ago the Frankfort-Berlin banking house of Lazard, Speyer, Ellissen, and Company announced that, in connection with Dutch, Swiss, New York, and Chicago bankers, it had formed a new investment trust to finance commercial and industrial undertakings, to acquire, underwrite, hold and sell securities in such concerns. At the same time, it was stated that the preferred shares with a bonus of common stock would be emitted in Holland and that a considerable participation had already been secured in Germany, England, America, and Switzerland.

Perhaps a still better example is afforded by the Financial Trust for Transport and Industrial Undertakings centered in Brussels and announced in October of 1928. This concern, widely international in character, is to operate

in public utility, manufacturing, and distributing fields. The American end is represented by the collaboration of the Electric Bond and Share Company, the International General Electric Company, and other financial corporations of great strength. Among the countries included in its range are the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Spain. The cities represented by one or more banking houses are Brussels, Zurich, Madrid, New York, Berlin, Barcelona, Paris, London, Amsterdam, Milan, Bilbao, Budapest, and Hamburg; and the branches of the banking houses participating in the incorporation spread like a railway network from the far Danube Valley across Europe to the borders of the Pacific. Stocks are to be issued and sold on the market of international capitalism. One might well ask how Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Wilbur, who propose to protect the American dollar wherever it is invested and endangered, will be able to dissect the said dollar from this complex and direct the navy and the marines immediately upon its locus. On the other hand, how will the company in question discover the right government to be chosen to do the protecting? Indeed the dollar, franc, mark, pound, lira, pengö, belga, krone, guilder, peseta, and zloty patriots of many countries will be perplexed in chosing their side of the next war for participation and propaganda. It is hard to imagine the alignment they can make in harmony with their interests and the form of the myth which will be necessary for the populace that is to fight and pay for the rescue.

If attention is directed from industries and banking houses to the economy of individual nations, the criss-crossing of international investments is equally striking. Recently the Minister of Industry and Commerce in Poland lifted the curtain on a part of that country—the sections formerly belonging to Russia and Austria—by publishing a report on alien holdings. Of 850 chartered stock companies, at least 183, representing all important industries, were either controlled by foreign capital or were financed in part from abroad. Among the countries thus participating in Polish enterprises were France (with the heaviest investments), Austria, Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden, England, Germany, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and the United States. At the same time Polish economy was being subjected to the influence of the huge government loan floated in America the year previous, a part of which was to be devoted to things more substantial than gunpowder. In the sugar industry, English capital was particularly active; in oil and coal, French capital enjoyed preëminence; in certain iron industries, American interests were steadly advancing; in textiles, especially of the Lodz district, Italian capital, operating through the Milan Banca Commerciale, held a respectable position. "We gladly recognize," writes a competent German specialist, "that Poland will orient herself to the West, will draw a sharp line against the half-Asiatic East, feels herself completely European, and presents the claim to be measured by European standards."

It is not only governments and industries that stand on international foundations. Even currency systems, such as they are, rest not alone on national gold reserves. The services of the House of Morgan in saving and stabilizing the French franc are so well known as to call for no comment. In the rehabilitation of the German mark, bonds sold in England, France, Holland, the United States, and every other capitalistic country played a determining role. Poland's zloty was kept from almost total loss, at least temporarily, by the huge American financing. Italy's lira is buoyed up by foreign loans, the United States participating. In August, 1928, J. P. Morgan and Company announced that "in association with banks and trust companies in New York and other parts of the country they have arranged

a private credit for the Bank of Spain in connection with the latter's plans for regulating Spanish exchange." The peseta of the land from which Columbus sailed is to be saved by gold from the land he discovered. Again, to recall history almost ancient, an American banking group, headed by Morgan, helped Belgium to put her currency on a solid basis in 1926. Indeed it would be difficult to discover a single recent rehabilitation, outside of Russia, which has not had the assistance of international bankers, public and private, including the Federal Reserve system of the United States. When England returned to the gold standard in 1925, an American group advanced a huge credit and the Federal Reserve Bank in New York made millions available to the Bank of England, to ease the strain. What America and England could do to the mark, the franc, the lira, or the dinar on the morning after a new outbreak of war is terrible to contemplate. The Japanese yen would not be worth even thirty cents if the American silk market were closed for a month.

Another significant feature of this international finance structure is the re-insurance or cross-investment practice now followed by various nationals—a feature that can be traced in an article by Dr. Gerhart Luetkens, formerly of the German consulate in New York, in a recent issue of *Die Gesellschaft*. Capitalists do not like to put all their eggs in the same basket and they feel more secure when strong governments stand behind investors. As Dr. Luetkens shows, a very large proportion of the foreign bonds floated in the United States are quickly transferred to Europe and re-sold. All German dollar issues brought out in America are freely circulated in Germany. Why? For what reason do Germans pay commissions to American bankers and then buy their own bonds back at a premium? It is not far to seek. The United States government has a reputation for solidity; it is known to support its investors with vigor and understanding; it would probably insist on placing the debt services of American loans ahead of reparation payments if a crisis should arise. Hence German capitalists feel more secure with German dollar bonds in their strong boxes than with domestic issues. Even the directors of a social revolution in the Fatherland would be more careful about repudiating American paper than sponging domestic obligations. All through the network of international finance run the threads of re-insurance investing.

Conceding that the closer internationalization of capitalism is an indisputable change which is not just more of the same thing, does it make for war or peace? No one can answer this question categorically, of course, but one thing seems clear: international bankers can stop war, and enlightened self-interest appears to recommend peace to them as the safest policy in the long run. Europe cannot fight long without American credit; it saved the Allies in 1917, and saved Germany later. The almost dead certainty that the United States, with respect to substantial things, will throw her sword into the scales if hostilities open again, gives pause to the boldest of war-makers.

No doubt capitalists, on the whole, make money out of wars—lending money and selling munitions to belligerents. At the same time they also make money out of industry and commerce; and it appears from the advertisements of current issues that an increasing emphasis is laid on the financing of productive enterprises—utilities, railways, agriculture, and manufacturing. Again and again we are informed by the bankers that loans are earmarked for specific undertakings which, unlike armaments, will increase not diminish the wealth of the beneficiary and hence the security of the investor. For example, between January 1, 1914, and January 1, 1928, more than $700,000,000 of American money went into foreign utilities alone—an essential feature of European state socialism, Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, Poland,

Spain, and Great Britain being among the heavy European borrowers for this purpose. Will any banker in his right mind prefer to unload on his customers bonds issued to finance national sentiments of hatred and revenge rather than securities representing the increase of national wealth? Mad things are done in this world, but is mankind mad all the time? Perhaps the best evidence that international finance makes for peace is the rage of nationalists and communists alike against its operations and continual growth.

To this line of argument doubting Thomas may well reply that we had international capitalism before 1914 and that optimists were then demonstrating by mathematics how ruinous war would be to all parties involved in its iron process. Except for the old story about the two pigs and socialism, there was no yarn more familiar than the "wise crack" that, in case of a war between England and the United States, each belligerent would destroy the property of the other within its borders, thus wrecking its opponent. Yet, in spite of all such pious hopes war came and international finance did not prevent it. And bankers made more money than ever by floating loans and skimming the cream from war profits—what was lost on the bananas was recouped on the peanuts. By inflation Germany repudiated nearly all of her internal debt, but German banks still flourish. France did likewise, within more respectable limits; to-day France is looking for safe places to invest her surplus savings. Inflation in Italy also sponged a large part of the domestic debt; Italy has millions to risk in dubious undertakings in Albania. So the cautious may conclude that international finance may work for war or peace—play both ends against the middle, coming out of every conflict with bigger and better profits. Still it is not wholly chimerical to conclude that international finance, a bit more enlightened by the experience of the past twenty years, is perhaps the best hope for peace now on the horizon. The Pan-European movement gathers momentum from the drive of the economic machine, in fact can make no headway otherwise, and it will inevitably broaden its sweep as it spreads to the borders of its own underlying reality.

V

More closely related to this conclusion than may appear at first thought is another suggestion: Bolshevism has put a new face on the potentiality of war, for international capitalism at all events. Itself a war phenomenon—the frightful outcome of the cruelty and desperation of mass slaughter—a volcanic upthrust of undermen who suffer in the slime and blood of the trenches while directors sleep in soft beds at night and sit by warm fires by day—the full release of death agony—Bolshevism waits around the corner for gentlemen who lightheartedly put the torch to modern civilization.[1] True enough, as a practical working scheme, it now declines in influence, but as in physics or chemistry the same conditions produce the same results, so in political science a repetition of identical desperation will revive the psychology of Bolshevism. Terrible as are its manifestations, for comfortable people at least, it is not much worse than the medicine which war serves out at the front where thousands are torn and burned to death every hour. Bolshevism has not disappeared; the flaming example of 1917 still illuminates the eastern sky.

By an ocular illustration, Bolshevism revealed the possibilities of minority action. First, it showed that a small but determined body of soldiers and workingmen, armed with rifles and machine guns, could overturn the engines of state and all its fine pageantry. Second, it proved that conscription, though more "democratic" than volunteerism, draws disaffection into the army and that despite iron discipline the virus

[1] Kiderlen-Wächter and Grey were dimly aware of this peril before 1914 but they did not visualize its terrible realities.

of revolt spreads with desperation and defeat—which must come to one side or the other or both in every great conflict. Third, it established the fact that resolute strikes by a few thousand workmen in strategic industries can cripple hopelessly the whole war machine, thus vesting in the hands of persons likely to be affected by discontent a power over the state greater than that of soft-handed bankers. Fourth, it demonstrated that the wall of fire separating belligerents can be penetrated by revolutionary propaganda capable of making explosions transcending all ethical calculations. After November, 1917, the governments of France, England, Italy, and America were profoundly disturbed by "the labor situation," which grew worse rather than better with the dragging months of war. Even in the United States, where labor leaders are also bankers, gentlemen who "had taken no sass from walking delegates" gave a thought to personnel work, until the armed conflict was over.

Deep graven in the pages of history are the deeds of the Russian revolutionaries; researches of the adding-machine school cannot erase them. No less certain is the fact that Bolshevik leaders and philosophers (who may be prophets or madmen) confidently believe that another war is being prepared this moment and confidently expect that it will complete the cycle begun in 1917 by bringing about a proletarian revolution in all the other countries. "A war of the imperialists against the Soviet Union is not only probable, but inevitable," writes Trotsky (*The Real Situation in Russia*, pp. 140–171). . . . "It is perfectly clear now that imperial England . . . is preparing a war against the Soviet Union, having a 'moral mandate' from the bourgeoisie of several other countries. . . . If the years 1923–25 were years of recognition of the Soviet Union by a series of bourgeois states, the period beginning now will be a period of rupture. . . . We must get ready for war immediately, not folding our hands for a single instant. . . . Socialist revolutions will develop without new wars. But new wars will inevitably lead to socialist revolutions."

Although Trotsky is in exile, his Bolshevik foes in the government have not reduced the army; neither have they ceased to count on the potentialities of war. Indeed, a large school of Bolshevik thinkers, including representatives from the Trotsky and the Stalin wings, frankly declare that another world war leading to general revolution is far more likely than the success of a communist experiment in Russia. Even discounting such prophecies, it is possible that a single rifle shot may lead to a prolonged struggle, ending in the dislocation of the whole structure of international capitalism. That is why extreme nationalists in Germany can agree with extreme communists in calling international capitalism their enemy and in striving to produce a crisis for that Leviathan, each hoping to wrest the bombs from the other on the morning after, when the contest begins on the ruins. Bolshevism is a new force in the war and peace game—of dreadful potentiality.

VI

Finally, among the new things, there is the League of Nations. The gods on our intellectual Olympus will begin to laugh—and not without cause. "Is not the League a coalition of capitalist powers holding down the vanquished and dividing the spoils?" it is asked in one quarter. "Has not the League avoided every great issue or failed to meet it?" runs the inquiry in another. Let every indictment of the League be conceded. But there it stands, whatever it is, a novel structure in international relations. Sessions of the Assembly are automatically held annually; in this congress the small nations with nothing to hope from conquest can vent their grievances against the great powers in front of a sounding board that sends voices to the uttermost parts of the

earth. Public opinion may be a phantom, but when masses must be mobilized for any enterprise their ideas cannot be entirely ignored. Sessions of the Council are held more frequently and must be held once a year. In that somewhat rarefied atmosphere, representatives of the great powers must meet face to face. Before this body must come, either officially or informally, all questions raising the specter of war.

If we assume that the pledges of the powers in the League Covenant and the Locarno treaties are lies (and in view of what went on before 1914 they may be), still the existence of the League makes more liable to exposure, and hence more difficult, such subterfuges, evasions, and double-dealing as those which eventuated in the World War. As M. Fabre-Luce suggests, it is hard to believe that any power could now with impunity use a mere incident like a frontier collision or an individual attentat to cover profound ambitions and produce a world war, without giving a thought to the potentialities inherent in the League and the public opinion which supports it. Of course, as he says also, the belligerent governments of the world may develop a new technic of propaganda adapted to the League requirements, but the process will not be so easy as it was before 1914.

The League stands as an institution; it is committed to conciliation as a policy; its members incur possible penalties if they ignore its stipulations. If the powers distrust it, they are, nevertheless, compelled to work with it. If they pursue their interests as of old, they are aware that they must conduct their diplomacy in the rhetoric of the League which is not so belligerent as the language of national prestige; and they recognize the fact, even the German government notwithstanding the Silesian partition business, that they might be worse off without it and less secure. The League is world-wide in its reach. The nations outside its membership are really within its influence and must co-operate with it directly or indirectly. Even the United States is a member in spite of its myth of isolation. As an economic power, seen or unseen, present at every council table, as a signatory of the Kellogg peace treaty (assuming ratification), and as a master stake-holder in every play, the United States is in the League and it matters little whether or not its adhesion is indicated by parchment and seals. True, formal abstention makes negotiations more tedious and oblique, but it merely delays American answers and decisions. If the League is a joke, it is a joke hated by all frantic nationalists who love wars and by all those Bolsheviks who hope to conquer mankind in the next world war.

M. Jules Cambon is wrong when he says: "*Rien de profond n'est changé depuis la guerre.*"

SUCCESS; AND HOW IT COMES

A STORY

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

WHEN I retired, after being very ill for six months, from business, the trade gave me a grand banquet at the Wald-Astoria, and everybody was there—the judge, the Congressman, and members of my lodge with their families. While the coffee was getting cold on the table the rabbi got up and made a long speech praising me as if I was already dead. Such nice things he said about me! I didn't know myself what a fine fellow I was. Then other people got up and said things to my face that weren't true, and I knew the speakers knew they weren't true. It's bad enough to hear bad lies about you told to your face, but good lies are even worse. Shame is worse than anger. You can call a man to court for spreading bad lies but you can do nothing to who praises you.

And the more I listened to the speeches, the more I believed they talked about somebody else. I turned around to look at my wife and at my daughter and my friends, expecting they should get red in the face for shame. But they like it and look at me as if they have seen for the first time. Samuelson, my partner, gets up and says I was an angel. And I think of how many times I have not been an angel!

Who can be an angel in business and make money? You got to watch everybody's mistake and make money out of it. For that is business. So I tell myself, "Samuelson, when you retire from business, you expect me to tell that you was an angel! But I won't." Samuelson and Lhevine angels! Angels in business. If we had been angels there would have been no banquet and no speeches and we would have been in a pauper's home long ago.

You know how it is! When a man has been sick for a little while, away from business, he has done a little plain thinking. You know how it is! Everything is different. You ask yourself, "What is it all about?" Maybe you will die to-morrow! So you want to know what kind of mistakes you made, and should know how to act if you don't die. Of course, most people forget all about it when they get well again. I didn't. And I know I had made plenty of mistakes. Now I have enough money, so I retire to live quietly.

When everybody has said everything, Friedman, the Grand Master of my lodge, called upon me to speak, and to tell the younger members of my lodge the secret of my success. But I could not say a word. So they applauded and applauded. For this is how it is. When you make a nice speech they applaud because you are a capable man and because you have made a nice speech; but when you can't say a word they applaud because you are so modest, so simple, like a real great man.

The wife pulled at my coat. Samuelson had delivered a speech. Friedman had spoken. In short, everybody. Why shouldn't I deliver an even greater speech! She was ashamed of me. When everybody was silent again, and the wife pulled and pulled at my coat, I said like this:

"The Talmud says, 'Nothing in the world is worse than a nagging wife.'"

Everybody applauds, laughs, and looks at my wife. I took one look at her myself and I knew what I will get when I come home. So I said, "I am not speaking of my wife but of somebody else's." And so everybody laughs again. They were ready to laugh at everything just then.

"The Grand Master," I said, "has asked me to tell the story, the secret, of my success to the young people. The old people, he thinks, know already the secret. Proof—here they are all successful. The story of my success I can't tell, and the secret of it I don't know; because it's a great secret to myself. But I know the secret of success of another man, and it is of his wife that I spoke when I said, 'The Talmud says, "Nothing in the world is worse than a nagging wife."'

"But the Talmud knew nothing about business, and especially about business in this country. And so the Talmud has made mistakes and didn't know how a nagging wife can help a man in business. I wouldn't mention names, but I will tell the story of a certain manufacturer of jewelry, novelties, who is a well-known man in this community, whom everybody here knows. I wouldn't tell his name; for I don't like to mention people's names when they are not present. But he is a respected man, rated A-one in Bradstreet, and his note of a hundred thousand dollars is as good as gold.

"This man, Raphaelson, let's call him, who is now the firm called Raphaelson & Company, had a nagging wife. He had brought her with him from Russia. When he got married to her twenty-five years ago, people had already told him that her mother was a nagging wife. She was not beautiful and not very young. But her *nadan*, her dowry, was enough to buy two tickets to America. And other girls, young and beautiful, who did not have nagging mothers, did not have so much *nadan*, and he wanted to go to America absolutely. So he married Rifka—Rebecca now—and the day after the wedding they took their four bundles and the feather bed, and sailed.

"Pretty soon they came to New York and he got for himself a pushcart with suspenders and notions and buttons on Hester Street right under the windows from where he lived. There were a hundred pushcarts in that street; most of us have started that way, and I don't have to tell you what it is. The stench from the garbage, the flies, the sun, the rain, the wind, and the noise, and the policeman—you know what a pushcart life is. And Raphaelson was that kind of a man who didn't like cold. That kind of a man he was, he didn't like cold. Nu, could you say anything to him?—He didn't like cold. But when winter has to come it didn't ask him whether it should come or not.

"Business wasn't bad and expenses were small, and anyhow it was better to be outside of the house, even in the cold, than inside with Rifka, his wife, who nagged for everything. He couldn't do a thing she should say, 'All right.' When he bought a new lot of merchandise, she would drive him back to the jobber's to give it back. When he didn't buy she cried he was no business man.

"And when she began to say that a thing was wrong, she mixed up everything that he had done since he was two years old. And so he stayed outside till midnight every night, and people thought that he was a hard worker, that he just loved to stay outside in the cold wind and the snow. The wholesaler gave him a chance, and the jobber gave him a chance, such a hard worker, and the business becomes better from day to day. And nobody knows that Raphaelson would have been satisfied not to do so much business and go home a little like the other people who had nice wives waiting for them with hot glasses of tea and warm slippers, and a nice word.

"After two years Raphaelson saved up

two thousand dollars his wife don't know anything about. He was so mad that she nagged him so much he wouldn't give her the pleasure to tell her that he got some money saved up! Anyhow, why should he?

"After a little while there was a big real-estate boom in the Bronx, and people that had a little money bought lots and sold them, and bought lots again and sold them again. People just got crazy buying and selling. So Raphaelson listens to what people speak on Saturday at the synagogue and the next Saturday he goes out to the Bronx with a friend of his, a man from his own town, and buys for himself eight lots for two thousand dollars cash. And the wife don't know nothing about it. He comes home from the lawyer, and she thinks he has been in the synagogue and why was he so late and it is terrible. He says nothing, for he is a little sorry that he has given away the money; and maybe he will lose it all . . . who knows?

"It got to be very cold, and so Raphaelson begins to think if he gets a little profit from the property he will buy for himself a candy-store. And he loves to think about that so much, he sits outside later than ever. It keeps him warm. He even laughs when the wife nags. So it makes her more angry. Why does he laugh?

"A candy-store was the best thing on earth, he thinks. You could keep warm in the winter, and in the summer it was shady inside. When there are no customers you could sit down quietly and read the newspaper and see what's going on in the world, and not sit outside where the wind tears the paper from the hands and the fingers freeze, and the eyes become so full of tears you cannot see the letters. There was a candy-store across the street which was for sale for three thousand dollars. Raphaelson watched it and counted the customers going in, and figured and figured the profits when he will have the store.

"But it's winter yet. And nobody buys lots. So slowly, slowly, Raphaelson talks to his wife and tells her that when business will be good and he will make a little money, he will buy a candy-store.

"May be the wife herself had thought about a candy-store! For a pushcart was no business; and soon there will be a child. But when Chaim had said candy-store she jumped up in the air. No candy-store! 'A candy-store you want!' She would not have a candy-store if it was given to her for nothing.

"'A candy-store! No candy-store as long as I am alive!'

"And so the whole winter it was a great party in Raphaelson's home. The minute he came home the wife began to talk about candy-store. If he wasn't satisfied with the food she said how could it be good when he wanted a candy-store? If the tea was cold she said how could it be warm if he wanted a candy-store? And if business wasn't so good she said it was so because his head was not at the pushcart no more; that it was in the air instead of being six feet underground.

"When spring came and it got a little warmer, it was busy again in real estate. And the boom in the Bronx is great. People buy, sell, buy, sell. One day the president of the congregation, who had made lots of money in real estate, called Raphaelson to his home for tea. After the Sabbath was over, when the first star had come out, he said to Raphaelson:

"'How about your lots in the Bronx?' And just like that, without much words, he says, 'I know what you paid for the parcels. I give you a thousand dollars' profit, which makes three thousand dollars right away, cash money.'

"Raphaelson gets almost crazy. A thousand dollars' profit! And the first words he wants to say is, 'Show me the cash,' but he has been already two years in this country, and is no longer such a greenhorn. And so he says, 'Four thousand dollars. Not a penny less.'

"When he heard his own voice saying the words, he almost dropped dead. How could he have said four thousand dollars when the other said three!

"Three thousand, two hundred. Three thousand, three hundred. Three thousand, five hundred, the other offers. Raphaelson trembles, but he says four thousand or nothing. And so he goes home covered with cold sweat, but he won't sell for less. He sits at the push-cart but he sees himself the owner of a candy-store. May be he can buy the candy-store for two thousand, five hundred; may be two thousand. He got courage now. He will bargain. He will have yet money in the bank and everything! What a clever business man he was!

"But he watches the door and hopes that may be the president is going to come to his home. And may be he won't come! May be the whole thing was only to make fun of him. For why should they give him three thousand, five hundred dollars for lots in the Bronx? If the lots were so good why had the president not bought them before, when he has bought them? So he thought.

"To make a long story short, the president came. Rifka calls her husband, and he sits down with the president at the same table in the front room, and Raphaelson stretches out his legs like he was a great man already; and he talks to the president of the congregation like they were both presidents and he was not a pushcart peddler and the other a great business man.

"'Well, nu,' the president says. 'So four thousand is four thousand, and let's shake hands on that. Here is a hundred dollars on account. And on Monday we go to the lawyer to settle the business and you get the money. Raphaelson,' he says, 'you will go far in America. Yes, you will go far.'

"Rifka, Mrs. Raphaelson, stood at the door. She didn't mix in when two men talked. But when she heard lots in the Bronx, a hundred dollars account, four thousand dollars, she takes off the apron and springs in, 'What is it? I, too, want to know. I am his wife, am I not?'

"'You don't know, my good woman? Why, your husband is a clever business man in America. He pays two thousand dollars for lots in the Bronx last fall, and I give him four thousand for them to-day. I give him a hundred dollars on account, and on Monday we go to the lawyer to settle the business.'

"'Two thousand dollars he has invested and I didn't know nothing about it?' she says. And she starts up. So the president gives him the hundred dollars, takes no receipt for the money, for a word is a word, and runs out. He doesn't want to see no trouble between husband and wife.

"And when Raphaelson had explained how he had saved the two thousand dollars to make her a surprise, she doesn't believe a word he says. She cries and cries because he had saved money and she didn't know. That she had also saved up a few dollars, that he didn't know and she didn't tell him.

"'What are you going to do with the four thousand dollars?' she asks, wiping her tears.

"'The candy-store! I'll buy the candy-store across the street where three hundred customers go in every day.'

"Nu, nu; such a thing was in that house! A hundred cossacks could not have made more noise. The fire engines could not have made more noise. He said he would do nothing else but buy a candy-store, and she swears that she would sooner die than have a candy-store. Such a Saturday night it was in that house! And such a Sunday it was in that house! Raphaelson feels he got already four thousand dollars, so he says to his wife, 'I am the boss. It is my money! I will do what I want.'

"So you should have seen the plates fly! Whatever came under her hands she threw at his head. And such a Sunday that was! She came out to the pushcart to quarrel with him, customers or no customers.

"On Monday Raphaelson dresses up and goes to the lawyer to settle the business. So the lawyer says, 'You got to have the wife's signature to the deed.' When the lawyer says they got to have

the wife's signature, Chaim Raphaelson felt so bad they had to bring him a glass of water.

"But he goes home and tries to talk to his wife nice and tries to explain. But absolutely he wants a candy-store! And she absolutely does not want it! The lawyer comes to see her, the president of the congregation comes to talk to her. No, no, no! She won't sign the papers. So that is how it was in America. Husbands couldn't buy no candy-stores if the wives don't want to. Long live Columbus!

"And Raphaelson, you should see him! He dies for anger. But what the Talmud says is right, 'Nothing is worse than a nagging wife.'

"She swears by her mother and by her father she wouldn't sign. First, because he hadn't told her of the two thousand dollars he had invested, and second, because he wants a candy-store. And so the lawyer and the president go away, and leave husband and wife alone that he should convince her.

"But such a woman she was! Convince her! Convince her if you can! It passes a day, and it passes two. And they quarrel in the house; and she comes and quarrels with him near the pushcart even when customers are there; and her voice is heard louder than the cries of the express drivers and the fire engines and the whistles from the boats on the East River.

"And so Raphaelson thinks and thinks; and one day he goes to the bank, and takes out one hundred and sixty-five dollars that he still had and she didn't know, and disappears in the world, leaving lots, pushcart, wife, and house.

"Then you should have seen Mrs. Raphaelson! She cried to everybody that she had been the best wife to him. She looked for him right. She looked for him left. But no Raphaelson! So she advertised in the papers, 'Chaim, come back! I will let you have a candy-store and everything you want.' But no Raphaelson!

"So everybody took pity on her and thinks Raphaelson was a bad man. A man that leaves his wife alone just when she has got to give birth to a child was a bad man. But no Raphaelson! The wife stays at the pushcart, and soon she gives birth to two children all at once. And people think, how will she live? When winter comes and it is cold outside, she, too, looks across the street to the candy-store. And so with the little bit of money she had saved that Raphaelson didn't know, and selling the merchandise he had left, and with a little bit of credit, she bought the candy-store for two thousand dollars. And it was a good buy. Three hundred customers a day and the mothers from the street telling the children when they gave them a cent, buy from Mrs. Raphaelson whose husband had run away! The man who had a candy-store two doors away went bankrupt because Raphaelson had run away from his wife!

"The children got to be a year old. The children got to be two years old. The children got to be three years old. And no Raphaelson! And such fine children they were!

"She publishes the picture of the two children in the papers. 'Chaim Raphaelson,' she writes, 'come back to your wife and children and the candy-store, which is prospering every day.' But no Raphaelson! Like the earth had swallowed him up. And it passes another year and another year and another year; and it is already seven years that Raphaelson has gone away. And no sign from him.

"And so people begin to say may be he died. For what sort of a father wouldn't come home to his wife and children for seven years? And a lawyer says may be he can fix it. A husband who doesn't come home in seven years is may be dead, says the law. She is a young woman yet, and has only two children, and she can get married yet. She has a good business which brings in a hundred dollars a week. She says, 'No.' And when she says no, it means no. She knows now that Chaim was right when

he spoke about a candy-store; so she doesn't want to believe that he was dead. If he was dead, she cries, then she has killed him. So she tells her children about the wonderful father they got, but who was lost and will come back. And the tears she has in her eyes every day!

"It is now eight years since he left. One morning, when it was very cold outside, Mrs. Raphaelson opens the door to a man who was knocking. It was Chaim. But what a Chaim! The mustache shaven, and he looked like someone had just taken him out from the grave. She gives one loud shriek and runs to him with the arms open to kiss him.

"'Chaim, Chaim, my Chaim!' she cries.

"But Chaim holds her away with the hands like this, from far, and says:

"'Wait a minute. Will you sign the papers?'

"'I will sign,' she cries. 'I will sign a thousand papers.'

"'And a candy-store I get afterwards,' he says, as he lets her come nearer, and people collect at the door.

"'You already got one,' she cries.

"But he wouldn't hear it. 'Will I get a candy-store for me alone?'

"'Sure!' she cries. 'Two candy-stores.'

"And then only he kisses her, and looks at the children. Two nice babies. Twins. And she tells them, 'Look, this is your papa. The papa that was lost and came back!'

"In five minutes the whole street knew that Raphaelson has come back. And such a joy it was on Hester Street! People came in to buy cigarettes just to have a look at him. They took in more money that day than in a week. And already people began to make up stories as to why he has been away. And the door opened and closed and opened and closed.

"'Hello, Raphaelson!'

"'Sholom, Raphaelson!'

"People he had left with beards are shaven, and people he had left with black hair are gray and bent. 'Hello, Raphaelson!'

"Late in the night they sit down, Chaim and his wife, alone, and he says to her:

"'You started it because you didn't want to sign the papers at the lawyer.'

"And she says, 'You started it because you bought the lots and I didn't know.'

"He says she started it, she says he started it, so they started to quarrel again; and as he got already the habit of going away, he took his hat and was going away already again. She yells. The children get up and begin to cry, and it is peace again.

"Early in the morning in comes the president of the congregation. He is no longer president of that congregation. He lives uptown already and he has cut his beard and his mustache and looks a little like an actor. And he talks English only. Ah, but such English like Raphaelson talks already, he doesn't!

"The minute Rifka sees him and recognizes him, she says, 'Mr. President, I sign!'

"So the president says, 'My car is outside. Let's go to the lawyer right away.'

"'Wait a minute,' says Raphaelson, 'wait a minute; how much?'

"'Five thousand dollars,' says the president, 'like before.'

"Raphaelson looks at Rifka; she is dressed already ready to go. 'What's the hurry, Rifka? He didn't buy it yet,' he says. 'Wait a minute. Come to-morrow, Mr. President. I am busy now. I just came from the West, you know. Come to-morrow. I must go first and see the property for which I paid such taxes every year. Such taxes, and every year more, like it was gold and not dirt in the lots,' he says. 'Five thousand dollars, eh? like before, eh? You are very good, thank you!'

"When the president goes away, the wife says, 'Chaim, you fool, he has forgotten it was only four thousand! To-morrow he will remember may be.'

"'You begin again!' Raphaelson tells her.

"So he dresses himself up and goes to the Bronx. And what does he see? All around his eight lots, houses! stores! The streets are paved! Children! It is lively! Everywhere apartment houses and stores. And his lots in the middle! The only empty lots in that street, and people building everywhere. Houses with elevators and marble doors!

"Eight years in the Bronx was like five hundred years in Russia. Children who get what to eat grow up and get married. His lots were full of baby carriages in the sun, like it was a park.

"To make a long story short, Raphaelson got fifty thousand dollars for those lots a week after he had come home.

"When the wife has signed the deed and the certified check was deposited in the bank Mrs. Raphaelson looks at her husband and says with a smile:

"'Well, Chaim, who started it? I started it!'

"Raphaelson, who only yesterday was ready to leave the house when she had said he had started it, says with great pride, 'I started! Who went away from home—you or I, eh? I started it!'

"You see, the Talmud says that nothing is worse in the world than a nagging wife. If Rifka had not been a nagging wife, they would have sold the lots for four thousand dollars. And there would never have been a firm like Raphaelson & Company, novelties and jewelry, to-day.

"So when you ask me, what is the secret of my success, I say I don't know. For if you ask Raphaelson, does he know what is the secret of his success? He thinks that he was a smart business man!

"I know another man who had a great success in business because he made a mistake and said 'No,' when he wanted to say 'Yes.' But that story I will tell when Samuelson retires and you give him a banquet."

And then I said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and sat down. There wasn't so much applause. The photographer forgot to shoot the picture. The reporters who had come to write down my speech for the papers chewed their pencils and my wife looked at me quickly from the side and said, so that nobody and everybody could hear:

"Such a speech you delivered, full with advice, nu, nu! And you expected to have it in the papers. If a nagging wife can make a man be a business success, I'll make you be Rockefeller—yet!"

THESE ULTRAVIOLET RAYS

BY E. E. FREE

NO ONE knows when doctors first began to trust the sun. Herodotus found the sun bath already ancient custom. In the hillside health temple of the Greek island of Cos twenty-four centuries ago—the combined French Lick, Mayo clinic, and Monte Carlo of its time—the father of Hippocrates, properly the Grandfather of Medicine since his son was to be its sire, taught the uses of sunlight to his more famous offspring.

Even that was not the beginning. Ten centuries earlier the fanatic sun-worship of that tragic genius, the Pharaoh Iknaton, first of all the world to believe that men might find a god content to let them think, must have been based on sure knowledge that sunlight gave men health. All his pathetic life Iknaton was ill. His adored sunlight, if it might not cure completely the gland disorder of his birth, perhaps kept him alive and active long enough to leave his mark on history perhaps graven more deeply than that of any other.

Modern devotees of sun cures are really but one step beyond Hippocrates of Cos; they have slave suns who do as they are bid. Stronger suns, too; for many of the modern lamps emitting the supposed health-giving rays possess the somewhat doubtful advantage of being many times more powerful than is even summer sunlight at noon. The sun-ray worshippers of 1928 need not journey to open hillside temples or build solaria in which to lure the sun. Thanks to the artificial sun-ray lamps, the modern devotee can snap his god on or off with a switch; can toast his back in solar godliness while he takes his morning shave.

The invention of these artificial-sun-lamps—articles that threaten soon to be household furniture as common as vacuum cleaners — sprang from relatively modern discoveries about ultraviolet rays. To Hippocrates or Iknaton sunlight seemed, doubtless, to be one simple thing, an effluvium poured out by the unreachable godhead in the sky. A few observant Roman naturalists noticed the curious fringes of color sometimes produced by triangular bits of glass. In some incomprehensible fashion the glass was supposed to create these colors in the light rays that traversed it. It remained for Sir Isaac Newton, in an investigation still hailed by physicists as one of the world's great models of scientific research, to prove that white light is a masquerade; that it consists, in reality, of all the separate colors of what we now call the spectrum.

A lifetime later Sir William Herschel, a German-English music teacher whose curiosity and homemade telescope made him, quite unexpectedly, the world's greatest astronomer, let this same insatiable curiosity lead him, again quite unexpectedly, to the next great discovery about light. Trying his thermometer one day in the different colors of the spectrum of sunlight to see which of them would prove to be the hottest, Herschel happened to think of giving the thermometer a chance when placed outside the colored strip altogether, beyond the end where the red color ceased. To his delighted surprise, the thermometer got hotter than ever,

proving that invisible, heat-producing rays exist in sunlight beyond the least refrangible visible ones of red. That was man's first clear discovery of any invisible ray. It was made in 1800.

Others were soon discovered at the other end of the spectrum, where the last of the visible rays were a thin but vivid violet. In 1801 a German chemist named Johann Wilhelm Ritter was testing the power of these extreme violet rays to blacken freshly precipitated silver chloride, the reaction destined to constitute, years later, the basis of photography. Mindful of Herschel's experiment, Ritter put a little of his silver chloride in the lightless region beyond the violet. The silver blackened even more rapidly than under visible light. That was the discovery of the ultraviolet rays, so called because they fall in the spectrum just beyond the violet. Herschel's rays were named the infra-red because they fall outside the opposite, red-colored end.

In 1872 John Tyndall took a short vacation from the Royal Institution in London, came to New York City and delivered at Cooper Union what proved to be the most famous scientific lectures ever given anywhere. A famous New York engineer told me not long ago how vividly he remembered Tyndall's remarkable experiments, how promptly they replaced his boyhood ambition to be a soldier with the determination to copy Tyndall instead of General Sherman and to be a scientist too.

Among Tyndall's apparatus was a lamp producing invisible ultraviolet rays, and solutions of quinine bark or of horse-chestnut shells which took on, under this invisible illumination, the beautiful bluish luminosities which still constitute the easiest tests for the rays. Printed in book form, Tyndall's lectures went through three large editions in a decade. Every teacher of physics in the world repeated the experiments before his classes. Since then all educated people have known that invisible ultraviolet rays exist.

II

At first no one thought of connecting these physical discoveries with the ancient knowledge of sun cures. That bit of inspiration is to be credited, it seems, to the greatest of modern heliotherapists, the sane and kindly physician, Dr. Auguste Rollier, still the presiding genius of the sun-cure clinic at Leysin, Switzerland, which he founded twenty-five years ago.

Even before the Leysin clinic was under way, Doctor Rollier had noticed that the clear mountain air of the Alps apparently made sun baths more effective than they were in the lowlands—a fact perhaps well known to that elder Hippocrates whose temple-sanatorium straggled sunnily along the highest hills of Cos. Rollier could imagine only one sufficient reason for this advantage of mountain climates. It might be, he thought, that the invisible ultraviolet rays of sunlight were the things effective, at least partially, in the cures. It was already known that these rays were apt to be filtered out and lost in the thicker, murkier air of lower levels.

Even partial proof of this conjecture lagged for nearly twenty years. In 1919 Dr. Kurt Huldschinsky of Vienna suggested that rickets, the familiar bone-softening disease that used to sprinkle northern cities with bow-legged babies, could be cured by ultraviolet rays. Taken up by one of the ablest medical experimenters of America, Dr. Alfred F. Hess of New York City, the idea was promptly justified. In the beginning physicians were skeptical; Doctor Hess sometimes tells how older professional colleagues would pat him kindly on the back, gently chide his too-youthful enthusiasm, and dismiss his revolutionary idea as being hopelessly and completely wrong. It was even accused—this was two years after the end of the War—of being pro-German. If rickety babies were to be cured at all, the medical pundits insisted, it would be by the time-honored lime water and cod

liver oil; not by any newfangled, invisible rays.

Nevertheless, Doctor Hess and Doctor Huldschinsky and their presently numerous followers have proved their case. The ultraviolet rays do cure rickets. Furthermore, it is enough to apply these rays to the proper kinds of food, to be eaten later by the rickety child. What happens then—investigations of Doctor Hess, of Dr. Adolf Windaus of Goettingen and of others leave no room to doubt—is that the invisible ultraviolet rays have power to produce, either in suitable food materials or in the living skin of the baby, an activated chemical which turns out to be one of the mysterious vitamines discovered several years earlier in some kinds of natural foods. This ray-created vitamine is really what stimulates the baby's bones to harden properly and thus cures the rickets. This explains, incidentally, the cures frequently obtained, before rays or vitamines were dreamed of, by the old-fashioned remedy of cod liver oil. That familiar household medicament, whose taste still casts shadows over many a childhood memory, contains, when suitably prepared, precisely this same vitamine which ultraviolet rays produce in suitable foods or in the human skin. This indubitable cure of rickets by ultraviolet rays is the chief reason why every well-equipped baby hospital now possesses at least one ultraviolet lamp.

Back in 1901 Peter Cooper Hewitt, experimenting in his secluded laboratory in the tower of the Madison Square Garden, discovered that when electricity passed through the vapor of quicksilver in a glass tube it caused a brilliant light. These lamps suffered, however, from a serious difficulty. When the lamp was forced to full brilliance its glass tube got hot and melted. To avoid this Doctor Hewitt made a more heat-resistant tube of quartz, the common mineral known as rock crystal.

There was an unexpected sequel. Assistants working near the new quartz lamp woke up in the middle of the following night with pains in their eyes. The next morning every one of them had a violent case of sunburn. They were the first victims of "Klieg eyes," now a familiar malady of motion picture actors who have looked too long at arc lamps when they are bright. Invisible ultraviolet rays, to which Doctor Hewitt's new quartz tube was transparent, whereas the glass tubes had been opaque, escaped from the glowing mercury inside the lamps and bit the innocent bystanders, precisely as a powerful ultraviolet lamp in a modern hospital may bite its attendants or its patients if care is lacking. Thus Cooper Hewitt discovered that his electric quicksilver lamps were the most powerful known sources of ultraviolet rays.

Less powerful than these, but still providing stronger ultraviolet rays than average sunlight, are the lamps in which electric arcs play between two rods of carbon, like the old-fashioned arc lamps once used on city streets. Sometimes these carbon arcs for ultraviolet use contain electrodes chemically impregnated with cerium or iron or other elements, designed to make the arc emit still more of the ultraviolet rays or to make its rays resemble, as closely as may be possible, the natural rays of the sun. There is now no doubt that rays from either the quicksilver lamp or the carbon-arc will cure rickets if properly and sufficiently used. There is equally no doubt that these lamps may do serious, even fatal, harm if used improperly; the precise line between danger and benefit depending both on the lamp and on the patient.

Fortunately, many of the alleged sun lamps and ray lamps of dozens of kinds and titles now being hurried out on the American market will damage nothing but the purchaser's pocketbook. This is especially true of the cheapest ones. These do not emit any ultraviolet rays at all; or at best their rays are not far enough beyond the visible end of the spectrum to have the powerful bodily effects of the totally invisible, more

refrangible rays which cure rickets. To make a real ultraviolet lamp, like the quicksilver ones or the best of the carbon-arcs, needs money and manufacturing skill. These devices can never be really cheap.

The numerous cheap lamps, for example, consisting of tungsten filaments in glass bulbs, like overgrown electric lamps of ordinary type, are fortunately unable to emit more than the smallest and safest traces of the ultraviolet rays. For one thing, the hot tungsten filament does not generate the ultraviolet rays except infinitesimally. For another, the glass bulbs will not allow these rays to get out. What the lamps do emit is heat and, however beneficial or useless this heat may be for the kind of cure attempted, it will not burn anybody without his knowing it; something which real ultraviolet lamps delight to do, as does the sun himself if you expose your winter-paled skin too long the first summer's day that you visit the beach.

There is sure to be use for these real ultraviolet lamps in homes as well as in hospitals. The necessary caution is to let this future develop slowly and safely. Nitroglycerine, tamed in dynamite, has proved a useful tool, but if it were new in the world and purchasable by quarts at every drug store it would scarcely be the part of wisdom for everybody to take a pailful home for the children to play with. Ultraviolet rays are not so dangerous as nitroglycerine, but for an occasional patient, already weakened by febrile disease or for some reason especially susceptible, too much of the rays may be almost as fatal. There is ample justification for the medical opinion, officially expressed by a committee of the American Medical Association, that no ultraviolet appliance should be used by anybody until a competent physician has been consulted.

To buy an alleged ultraviolet lamp for less than ten dollars is probably safe enough physiologically, for in testing scores of such lamps one laboratory in New York has found none able to emit enough real ultraviolet rays to damage a mouse. And if anybody can afford to pay more than ten dollars for an ultraviolet lamp he can well afford another ten in order to ask his physician first whether he really needs one and how he ought to use it.

Not many families are apt to need household ultraviolet lamps to cure rickets. Even now, rickets is a rare disease. It will become rarer as prosperity increases and food improves; for it is one of the "deficiency diseases" due to lack of necessary minerals or vitamines in the food. When physicians approve the household use of ultraviolet rays—eventually the sun god of every American bathroom—that will be because of other benefits these rays are believed to have on health.

III

When Hippocrates' father stretched out his rows of portly Athenian business men on the porticoes at Cos he probably had no thought of rickets. Indeed, the Greek habits of loose clothing and frequent nakedness probably made them suffer less from that particular disorder than almost any other people. The object of Greek sun-therapy was the cure of other disease; like the truly marvelous cures of bone tuberculosis worked by Doctor Rollier, the similar benefits in cases of pulmonary tuberculosis observed repeatedly by Dr. Edward R. Baldwin, Dr. Edgar Mayer, and others at Saranac Lake, the analogous successes of Doctor Kellogg at Battle Creek and Doctor LoGrasso and others at Perrysburg; finally (to shorten a list that might run on interminably) the relief of painful and crippling arthritis now being accomplished by Dr. Bernard Wyatt and his associates in the new Desert Sanatorium at Tucson.

Just why these cures take place nobody knows. A simple theory like that of the vitamine for rickets is lacking. It is true that ultraviolet rays are powerful germicides when germs are

freely exposed to them; that is the reason for the use of quartz-tube quicksilver lamps to sterilize the water in swimming pools or to decrease the numbers of living germs in drinking water or in milk. Exposure of the human body to the rays seems also to increase slightly the normal germ-killing power of the blood but this cannot be because rays kill bodily germs directly, unless in ulcers on the very surface of the skin. It is reasonably certain, indeed, that ultraviolet rays penetrate human skin only to a tiny fraction of an inch. Living germs would be safe and sheltered below, just as are the body's living cells.

Many possible interpretations might be offered for these facts and for the hundreds of others which lie, still unexplained, on the tables of the somewhat bewildered experts. It may be years before some genius at imaginative synthesis brings all of them together into a new generalization about the physical or chemical effects of ultraviolet rays on life. In the meantime an interesting suggestion seems to be gaining ground. This is that ultraviolet rays heal by beginning to kill.

A severe sunburn is all anyone needs to convince him that ultraviolet rays can kill living cells. It is these invisible rays in sunlight that cause nearly all of the sunburn. This burn can be prevented, for example, by a thin layer of skin cream containing that same horse-chestnut chemical which Professor Tyndall used, or containing any other substance which will absorb the ultraviolet rays almost completely while allowing the visible light to pass. Without some such protection, either sunlight or the more powerful rays from a quicksilver lamp will actually kill the living cells of the skin much as though they were burnt with a hot iron.

In the skin this means reddening and blisters and finally the slow growth of new skin beneath. In the whole body it means nervousness and perhaps fever and other symptoms of poisoning, mild or severe, depending upon the depth of the skin injury and the area of skin destroyed. The most dangerous feature of burns due to ordinary heat is not, physicians say, the mere loss of skin but is the poisoning of the whole system by waste products set free, like toxic fumes from a fire, from the skin cells that die. Everything indicates that precisely the same kind of poisoning by skin death explains the symptoms of severe sunburn or of injuries by too powerful ultraviolet rays.

Perhaps this explains the benefits also. The first action of a poison is not infrequently a bodily stimulation—an effective alarm, so to speak, rousing the germ-fighting police to defend the body, the street cleaning department to get rid of the offending materials, the bodily fire department to fight the conflagration from which the poisoning comes. Certainly something like this is true of drug poisons, like strychnine; for the effect of small doses is usually a quickening of many bodily activities. Something similar is true, too, of the bodily effects of germs; for no sooner have the first squirts of germ poison been set free from an infection into the blood than the heart begins to beat faster; the temperature of the blood begins to rise; the glands, Dr. C. E. de M. Sajous believes, begin to work more actively at their controlling and protective jobs. Everything begins to move precisely as we should expect were a competent policing and waste-removing officer beginning to get into action.

Suppose that a human being is vaguely ill—not victim of any well-defined disease but merely feeling generally below par. Suppose that you poison him slightly with mild sunburn by ultraviolet rays. What more natural than that the mild poisoning will wake up his sluggish departments of waste disposal and bodily defense? That theory is probably the best that can now be formulated of why ultraviolet rays are often found helpful in so many varied diseases: to prevent habitual colds, for

example, or to rescue scalps from threatened baldness, or to save Doctor Rollier's pathetic child patients whose bones are destroyed with germs of tuberculosis.

This theory might explain, also, why it is that too much ultraviolet sunburn is so dangerous, and why the dose of the rays that one person finds safe and beneficial may prove injurious to another. Such thin-edged balances between benefit and damage would depend, it is clear, upon two variables: the rapidity with which each patient's skin cells are killed by the rays and the efficiency of his bodily system for waste removal, probably chiefly the blood and the kidneys. But all these speculations about the why and how of ultraviolet actions are not really very useful until the experimenters shall have had time to provide another substantial installment of indubitable facts.

IV

A few practical questions are less conveniently postponed. What is to be believed, for example, about the propaganda for thinner and fewer clothes; about the hatless habit; about darkly sunburnt arms and shoulders and sheer-stockinged legs promised for next season by prophets of feminine fashions? Is the habit of unclothed sun bathing which persistently makes headway in Europe despite convulsions of the mores to be deemed scientifically respectable or the reverse?

On the whole the answer of science must be that anything which relieves the human skin from its role of a shameful secret is worth helping. Like cocktails to the unaccustomed, sun baths are best begun not too many at a time. Except for this, they have few dangers; for the strongest possible natural sunlight is still too weak to do real harm to well-tanned human hides. Only those few individuals who are abnormally sensitive need seriously beware; the pink-skinned, for example, who never tan but merely burn repeatedly, or those curious individuals, usually women, who fall victim in brightly lighted countries to what is called the "desert madness," fleeing insanely from noonday sunlight to hide in cellars or wherever else it is dark. Compared with corsets or street-sweeping skirts or choker collars—to mention only three among recent memorable monstrosities—the cult of the sunburnt shoulder is veritable worship of health. It is probable that the mere increase of sunlight, as much or more than air or exercise, explains the benefits of golf. It would be better still, everything in modern physiology indicates, if most of the world's work could be done out of doors and much of it, at least in summer, out of clothes.

Unfortunately, that is a council of impracticable perfection. Authors, for example, cannot write comfortably among the insects in the garden, however alluring the scheme may sound when still untried. A wind-swept, rain-sprinkled counting house would be unsafe for paper money and sadly gummy for the stamps. Houses must continue, one imagines, a necessary armor for our homes. To fit them with ray-transparent windows is an expedient not to be wholly recommended. One type of glasslike material is capable, it is true, of admitting all of the ultraviolet rays in sunshine or skyshine that strive to enter. This material is fused, clear quartz. Unfortunately, its cost is still prohibitive: hundreds of dollars for a window two or three feet square.

Among twenty or thirty other window glasses offered or recommended as allowing all of the sunlight to pass, one kind admits about eight-tenths of the ultraviolet rays. Others admit as little as three per cent. The average of the glasses chiefly advertised is about twenty-five per cent, at least after a few weeks' exposure. Most of these glasses undergo, by the action of sunlight itself, internal chemical changes like that which gives to ordinary glass lying for years in sunlight its beautiful faint purple tint that every desert traveler has remarked.

These changes decrease the transparency for ultraviolet rays.

On top of all this, the benefits of windows to admit the rays apply chiefly to people who have time to sit always directly inside them, in the full rays of the entering sun. A percentage of the ultraviolet rays in sunshine is scattered and reflected, it is true, by the clouds, dust and gas atoms in the air, so that daylight from any quarter of the sky contains more of these rays than might be imagined. Even windows which face the north sky and into which direct sunlight never penetrates do admit a modicum of these skyshine rays. Up to the present, tests made of the average intensity of this skyshine ultraviolet have been too few to permit definite pronouncements; but there is no reason to doubt the common-sense conclusion that radiation thus received through windows not facing the sun is never more than a small percentage of that which enters in direct solar beams.

Dr. Janet H. Clark of Johns Hopkins University made tests not long ago in which a chemical indicator of ultraviolet-ray intensity was exposed inside an ordinary room in places where school pupils or office stenographers might reasonably be expected to have their desks. To admit all rays conceivably available, the windows were taken out altogether. The results showed that rays received by a person working all day in such an average room would be exceeded in quantity by two minutes of outdoor sunlight at noon. Instead of depending on any kind of ray-transparent window, a better plan would be to spend a few minutes in the outdoor sun. If a whole wall or a part of a roof can be glazed with panes transparent to the rays, as has been done in some sanitaria and in one or two nurseries for sickly children, the benefits may be greater; especially if panes of clear quartz become cheaper, as there is good hope that they soon will.

Worst of all obstacles against ultraviolet rays for city dwellers is the smoke —a virtually impenetrable pall to these rays and one which robs the street levels of such cities as New York and Chicago, measurements show, of more than three-fourths of the rays which otherwise they would receive.

Just how much daily dosage of ultraviolet rays the average person needs to keep healthy physiologists do not yet know. Probably it varies with the individual. Anyway, it will harm no one to sit on the front porch in the sunlight whenever possible, as no doubt Hippocrates did between office hours at Cos. It will do no harm to let an arm or leg peep out occasionally, as the clothes of Hippocrates' day made unusually convenient. Perhaps it does good, too, that masculine moderns have escaped from hair and whiskers, a precaution which Hippocrates, if portraiture is trustworthy, regarded with conspicuous neglect.

If that is not enough; if your physician finds signs of ultraviolet starvation, there are still the remedies of the beach and half a bathing suit in summer, of the outdoor sun bath when that is practicable, of the carefully used ultraviolet lamp indoors. The sun god is a potentate unusually complacent. If you cannot visit him *au naturel* he will send a deputy to live with you at home.

WHY HOLD BACK THE CHILDREN?

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

IT WAS Bernard Shaw, I think, who first suggested that human beings did not live long enough—though unlike myself he offered no practical solution to the difficulty. Some disaster—probably the medical profession—appears to have overtaken the race, so that from the state of well-adjusted Methuselahs, satisfied at the age of some odd hundreds to shuffle off these mortal coils, we have shrivelled to shabby inhibited butterflies, doomed to three-score years and ten at best, and so frustrated and confined by the narrow space of our existence and so hag-ridden by the fear of death, that we don't know how to live at all.

There seems to be a good deal to be said for the idea. At least, anyone can see that we don't know how to live. And considering the time allowed us to find out, we can hardly be blamed for giving the problem up as hopeless and ourselves to a wild dervish dance of futilities. Taking three-score years and ten as a very handsome average, we have to subtract, as things go, twenty years of preparation for this world and ten of preparation for the next. Of the forty years left to us to investigate our bewildering surroundings, our amazing fellow-creatures, and our still more amazing selves, at least thirty are given over to what we call, oddly enough, "making a living." It is true that we do what we can, in our spare time, to live. But naturally it is not a success. We make ourselves vague promises regarding the day when we shall really start in seriously. But as a matter of fact the day never comes. Or if it does come, it comes too late. The world is too vast a proposition to be looked over in a few months or even years. It is a life's study, at least, and we haven't got even half a life to give to it. We are driven, therefore, to ignore it altogether and to whirl round earnestly in our own little individual orbit until such time as death throws in the inevitable monkey-wrench. As a further consequence, the majority of us enter the grave very much as we left our mother's womb, without the faintest notion of what it has all been about. And our description of our late residence, if anybody on the other side asked us for it, would be as misleading and prejudiced and unfair as our description to our friends of the foreign countries we had visited in our earthly vacations.

There would be less to lament if we ourselves were satisfied with the situation. But we are not. Some of us are so unhappy about it that we take to drink or commit suicide. We are like hungry seekers after knowledge set down in a magnificent library with half an hour to get what we can out of it and who in sheer despair take up the newspaper or go to sleep. We are aware of a fabulous wealth of interest about us. But the clock hands are whirling on their axis and the grim-faced taxi-driver assures that he will not wait a minute longer. Of what use to pull the books out of their shelves? Better to pretend that they are not worth reading.

A very few of us are born with a sort of burglarous instinct for breaking into the library early. These are naturally rather disreputable people who run away from

home in infancy to keep on running until they tumble into a pauper's grave. Compared to the serious citizens who go backwards and forwards from their homes to their business, growing richer and more important with every lost year of life, they are as the substance to the shadow. They are the real Men of the World. But they are few and far between and so contrary to the accepted notion of good citizens that they are regarded with wonder or disapproval. The fact that when the pauper's grave closes over them it closes over men who have really seen and experienced the world they lived in and who are, therefore, satisfied either to rest or to move on to a bigger adventure does not occur to the superior people who pay the poor taxes. None the less, the latter are not at ease about themselves. When grand old Trader Horn comes along they are filled with an obscure envy and dissatisfaction. If only they had had more time—time to combine life with making a living. They comfort themselves sadly, "Well, one can't do everything."

Thus it seems that the brevity of our existence is its real tragedy. With two or three hundred years ahead of us we could afford to live. Our present activities and distresses would appear in their full insignificance, and we could give ourselves over to a thorough clear-visioned survey of humanity and our universe. The mere losing of a fortune or a job, the possession of a disagreeable wife or an unfaithful husband would be mere trifles by the wayside, because nothing would last long enough to matter anyway. No human being could endure the same occupation or the same country or the same face at breakfast for three hundred years without losing his reason. So that our whole conception of permanence, importance, and morality would have to be thoroughly revised and brought up to date. We should cease fussing about trifles. We should have time to give attention to important matters. And in the end, having thoroughly digested this world, we should really deserve the R.I.P. which at present derides our unsatisfied dead.

II

Not that there is much hope of attaining this desirable longevity. For one thing, the doctors seem all against it and, for another, most people will tell you sincerely that they don't want it, which, for reasons already indicated, is quite understandable. For they are visualizing life in its present terms. They are thinking of their relations, their friends, their beloved country and the dear old homestead, and they know that two hundred years or so of these blessings would be more than could be endured. But if they had started life with time to spare they would never have made these things into important and distressing permanencies. The American husband, for instance, would look forward cheerfully from his villa in Brooklyn to the time when he would settle in Turkey as a pasha with a harem. This would make the villa and his family seem quite pleasant. Or the New York taxi-driver would visualize himself as chief of the Hottentots and, in view of this future release from the trammels of civilization, become an amiable and harmless citizen. In fact most of us, with time and opportunity to be all the people we potentially are, would become amiable and harmless and very much more intelligent. For one thing, we should become tolerant for the reason that we could not afford prejudices. To give another example, it would be unwise for ex-Mayor Thompson to be unkind about King George because it might easily happen that by the time ex-Mayor Thompson was a well-grown lad say of two hundred years his migrations and transformations would land him temporally in the House of Lords. Mayor Thompson will deny this, but even he, if he had any imagination, might quail before the thought of three centuries of unmitigated Chicago.

It is certain, in fact, that we should

change our politics and our religions, together with our nationalities and families, at least once every fifty years. Even as it is most of us manage to squeeze in at least one re-shuffle; and the popularity of the practice has engendered a general increase of good-fellowing, so that opposing politicians, Catholics and Christian Scientists, ex-wives and husbands can dine together in the utmost friendliness. Few of us are able to believe anything for more than twenty years anyhow; and an extension of time would enable us to display our full versatility and a consequent toleration in matters of religion, nationality, and morals. Given a longer chance, even the Prohibitionist would cease from troubling. A drunkard could not remain a drunkard for three hundred years, and the Prohibitionist could not possibly keep on reforming him.

However, we are up against the difficulty that the longer chance is not likely to be vouchsafed us, and we confront the question—is there anything we can do about it? Can we by hook or crook prolong our experience of this world so that we can afford to take an intelligent interest in it?

III

It is quite in accord with tradition that women should have been the first to tackle the problem. In spite of the home-shackles that have been imposed upon them and the weight of masculine ideas of what a woman should be, they have always been restless and inquisitive. I make bold to suggest that Eve ate the apple because it was the only way to get herself and the unenterprising Adam out of Paradise, and she was already heartily tired of the place. Home to the average woman, whether she admits it or not, is a place to escape from. Business cannot wholly absorb her. Her patriotism does not quench her eagerness to get out of her own country as often as she can manage it—and she adapts herself to foreign conditions with amiability and alacrity. Divorce increases with her powers, and freedom to express herself reveals the fact that one home, one town, one country, and one husband is a conception of life that bores her to extinction. She thirsts for variety of experience and a first-hand knowledge of the world she lives in. It follows as a natural consequence that she has at last, as a result of flat and vigorous rebellion, extended her life by anything up to fifty years.

This is a demonstrable fact. When I was born forty-two years ago the ordinary prospect of a woman's life was about ten years. For twenty years she was kept in the nursery; for ten years—if she had luck—she lived in a fraction of the world as a more or less functioning adult—after which she settled down on the shelf or anywhere else where there was room for her, to a prolonged course of senile decay. What the average woman experienced outside the beatitudes of maternity and dishwashing could have been overlooked in a cocked hat. Mercifully for me, the revolution started at the psychological moment. By the time I was twenty bloomers had appeared and short skirts were on the horizon. Bonnets were out of date or most incongruously accompanied by cigarettes and hard swearing. Real old ladies were almost extinct. Now they are quite extinct. The modern woman lives until she dies. She knows nothing about age except that she realizes dimly that for a great part of her life she was very, very young—perhaps too young and for too long.

We must leave on one side the sad fact that her male companion has entirely ignored her discovery of the lost years and what can be done with them. He still persists in settling down and becoming bald and fat and forty. He still has no time, consequently, to be anything but what he was born, and he carries with him to his grave the ideas that were presented to him by his godmother and godfather at the font. He is a slow creature at best and he allows

himself no time to change. One can only hope that sooner or later he will notice the new discovery and make use of it. Meantime the vital business of the discoverers is to look for improvements. Active life has been extended into what was once old age. Cannot it be extended in the other direction into the waste years of childhood?

IV

Now a great deal has been said and written about modern youth. The consensus of opinion seems to be that whatever else it is, it is modern. This is where I am compelled to differ. Present-day young men and women seem to me hopelessly behind the times, and modern children as outdated as crinolines. The mere fact that children are more studied, more fussed over or less fussed over according to the methods applied to their lucklessness, and that young men and women are now at liberty to indulge in drink and necking parties does not make them a whit less old-fashioned. The outstanding characteristic of our ancestors was that they wasted at least twenty years in a make-believe world preparing themselves for a make-believe life. And to my mind their descendants are doing neither more nor less. The Montessori child, the this-system or the other-system child, the cocktail-drinking young woman in her snappy roadster careering home in the early hours from the pink-lighted roadhouse is being prepared for just as blind and idiotic a middle-age as any Victorian. None of these systems or ways of youth has any relation to real life, and all one can wish for their victims is that they will stay in ignorance of what they are missing in this world until they are safely out of it. But in fact they don't—or at least not quite. They are sufficiently aware of the potential wonders in themselves and in the world about them to be obscurely but dangerously exasperated. They want to live vitally; and they know that the most significant years have been already wasted in futilities and that there is no time left for anything but routine existence alleviated by bursts of misdirected energy. They may be Londoners, Parisians, or New Yorkers. But they can never be men and women of the world. The world is too big and they have started too late.

V

To support my own theory of life, I must produce witnesses. And it happens that my chief witness is myself.

When I was eight years my father presented me with a bicycle. And when I had learned to ride it—I took most of my preliminary canters in Regent Street, free-wheeling gaily in and out of the horse-busses and profane hansom-cab drivers—he put money in my purse and told me to go and have a look at the surrounding country. At the age of ten, except that I could read fluently and write after a fashion, I was quite uneducated. On the other hand, there was not a town or village or lane within fifty miles of London that I did not know as I knew my own street. There were few inns and public-houses where I had not been at one time or another an honored, if unusual, guest. At the age of eleven I set out with my bicycle, my bundle, a fraternal blessing reinforced by a five-pound note, and came by devious ways to the University Arms, Cambridge, and there ordered my room and my dinner with the sang-froid of the seasoned traveler that I was. I forgot what reception my precocity received. I was so convinced of the usualness of my proceedings that astonishment would have surprised me, and I have no doubt that my masterly and composed manner induced respectful reticence. I remember that I stayed a week, spending my days exploring the country round and my evenings at the local theater and a traveling circus. I made many friends in the course of my wanderings—mostly of a low-class male persuasion—and it was my special pride to "take on" the

sturdiest cyclist and beat him on the steepest hills—a challenge that often ended amiably with bread and cheese shared at the nearest pub. I admit to an occasional accident, due to rash trick riding, and a few consequent cuts and bruises. But as I thereby learned not to cry from pain and not to be afraid, the experience came in useful. As to my fellow-creatures, not the scurviest tramp among them treated me other than with decent good-fellowship.

In the course of our travels my chance friends told me of their lives and stories of adventure and hints as to the best roads and the best inns where one could get ham and eggs and a cup of coffee, all hot and fresh, for sixpence. From them I learned the meaning of hunger and bad times and many of the complications of human relationships. Those childhood days, set though they were in the midst of much grim distress, remain in my mind as the best, the freest, and in some ways the most real of all my life.

When I was twelve my father, who evidently thought it was time for me to spread my wings a little, gave me a hundred pounds and a round-trip ticket to Norway. Until quite recently I possessed my diary of that adventure. The spelling was atrocious, the observations shrewd and vivid and expressed with a simplicity and force of which subsequent education, alas, deprived me. I chose to stop off at Trondhjem and return by a later boat. As usual, I had made friends with my fellow-travelers and, more especially, with a youth who, misled by my precocity and encouraged by my apparently unprotected state, had had to be firmly snubbed. My knowledge of life, however, gave me a cool and complete control over the situation, and he became as a consequence an excellent playfellow. Indeed, touched by his respectful attitude, I wandered down from my hotel at midnight to say good-by to him and to such of the crew and passengers as had become my favorites, and subsequently lost my way home. Since I could not speak Norwegian and had forgotten the name of my hotel, I spent the night exploring the docks and streets of Trondhjem and only with the dawn and by good luck stumbled upon my headquarters. It was the only time I can remember feeling faintly disconcerted.

In the intervals between my travels I read and wrote. I produced several newspapers and wrote uncounted short stories—of one of these T. P. O'Connor in the Sunday paper that he then edited spoke very highly, though he recommended a course of spelling as a preliminary to a great career. (It gave me a peculiar pleasure that he should have reviewed, also favorably, my last novel, written some thirty odd years later.) I read everything I could lay hands on—Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, Du Maurier, Oscar Wilde, Dante, and all the vulgar comics of the day. I devoured cheap candy and *The Heavenly Twins*—a scandalous novel long since forgotten and unknown to my contemporaries—and thus made acquaintance with what was then euphemistically termed "The Wages of Sin." I patronized the British Museum and wrote a text book (unpublished) on the Ptolemies. I visited the theaters, coming home at midnight across an open park and letting myself in with my own latch-key. I saw Ellen Terry, Irving, Coquelin, and Bernhardt in their prime. I saw W. G. Grace send the ball over the Pavilion at Lords—a privilege which will mean nothing to Americans but which fills right-minded Englishmen with awe and envy and, I am glad to say, incredulity. I learned of injustice and corruption in high places through the "*affaire Dreyfus*" and became a passionate and articulate defender of that unfortunate gentleman. I witnessed, with the Diamond Jubilee, the passing of an era to which I had consciously and intelligently belonged.

I need hardly say that my father was unusual and his own career even more so. My home life amplified my personal experiences. Eventually however I was

sent to school and wasted several years acquiring so-called knowledge which, like most educated people, I promptly and efficiently forgot. Nevertheless, it was a useful experience. It revealed to me, for one thing, that there were a number of very queer people in the world and that I must be prepared to put up with them. Also that, from their point of view, I was rather queer myself. My teachers considered me slow and backward. I considered them borderland cases and my fellow-pupils as beneath contempt. Thanks to a greater initiative and better physical development, I could beat them at all their games, and their form of intelligence seemed to me puerile. They might know the name of every river in England, but they couldn't cross the street without their nurse. They might be able to add and subtract but they had no idea of the value or significance of money. They had never stood outside a pub in the pouring rain, with sixpence in their pockets, debating the relative sustaining value of two poached eggs or a ham sandwich. They might know the dates of the Kings of England backwards but they knew nothing about men and women and their capacities for good and evil. They knew nothing of sex or bankruptcy or divorce or crime or politics or poverty and nothing vital and real about art or literature. The real world was completely closed to them and, in all probability, would remain closed. For by the time they reached their own artificially prescribed maturity the power to see and think clearly and honestly would be lost to them together with a third of their active life.

I resumed my own career. I worked, I wrote. I pitched my tent in Belgium and in Germany and traveled wherever I could get to on the strength of my earnings. By the time I was twenty I was self-supporting and, except for the friendship of my fellow-creatures, self-sufficient. Most of the problems of life had been actual to me for ten years at least, so that I was not easily daunted or taken off my balance. My long acquaintance with the facts of sex, presented to me when I was detached enough to take them coolly and as a matter of course, gave me a peaceful adolescence. I knew the worth and the unimportance of money. I could start for Timbuktu without concern. I knew my own weak spots enough at least to be on guard against them. I had satiated my appetite for cheap candy in all of its forms and had begun to discriminate. I made the mistakes inherent to my temperament, but few of inexperience. I had, in fact, traveled a long way in twenty years. I had arrived where my contemporaries might arrive, with luck, when they were forty.

It is difficult to evaluate the benefits of those early days. I have, at any rate, long interesting memories that give me a rather special appreciation of the changes that have been brought about in my own lifetime. I have been saved, I hope, from much second-hand thinking, not because of any unusual intelligence, but simply because it is almost impossible to think at second-hand when you have lived first-hand the greater part of your life. I have no class-consciousness whatever and relatively little race-consciousness. I believe the English to be the salt of the earth emotionally and instinctively, but my experience in childhood, when most prejudices are fixed, prevents me from making an ass of myself on the subject. Through the War I persisted in maintaining my conviction that the Germans were not all machiavellian devils and the Belgians not all martyred saints, and can thumb-nose my ardent friends who are now thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Experience has set me on guard against clichés and made me, I hope, immune to bunk. I don't believe that America is the home of the fair and the free and the brave—exclusively, or that Britons rule the waves—exclusively. I treat advertisements as a form of comic literature. And I don't even nurse the secret

conviction that I am the greatest writer of the century.

I hesitate to hold myself up as a complete model of perfection. But I do claim that I have been alive for thirty-five years out of forty-two and that I have reaped advantages which could be reaped by any average human being if he were given the chance. At any rate I flatter myself that when I come to die and move on to another sphere I shall be able to give my new fellow-travelers a fair account of the place I came from.

VI

When I look at the modern girl or boy of ten I am baffled by the thought that at that age and size I was a full-fledged self-sufficient human being. They seem to me, in spite of all advance, still pathetically and most unnecessarily childish. They are probably as intelligent as they will ever be, and far more able to accept facts calmly and without hurt than at the period of adolescence. Yet they are held back and coddled mentally and physically as though they were half-witted cripples. Their so-called sophistication, which is most often a form of bumptiousness resulting from too much indulgence and too little real experience, is as little related to honest intelligent sophistication as the ignorance of their Victorian predecessors. They are not only unfit for freedom but, except for the few fighters and rebels, incapable of becoming free. In later life they continue an unreal existence as children with cocktail parties and late nights, and imagine that they are living. They carry their false values about with them until they die. They become the incredibly bigoted, stupid and sentimental and brutal herd that clutter up all our social systems and stand blockishly in the way of every vital human endeavor. Yet potentially they were fellow-citizens of a great world.

Maturity is an artificial conception. I was called upon to be mature at ten and became mature. Later I developed mentally and physically but in the main I was then what I am now. I was as capable of reason and common sense as my circumstances required of me. I could have been entrusted with a revolver or a motor car with just as much security as any present-day youth of twenty. For in all essentials I was adult. And in my opinion all normal children of ten are potentially adult and should be given the corresponding privileges and responsibilities. To begin real life at fifteen or twenty is too late. It is out of proportion to the average length of life.

In answer to this contention there will arise the usual wail concerning the beautiful innocence and happiness of childhood that must be protected at all costs. But the idea that innocence is beautiful is in itself old-fashioned. Innocence is more often and more justly termed idiocy. And a so-called happy childhood is too dearly bought at the cost of a stunted and frustrated middle-age. It will be argued too that children handled as I was and as I advocate would run grave risks. Obviously this depends largely on custom. If all ten-year-old children were treated as adults they would run no more risk than they do now at fifteen or eighteen, or whenever it is decided that they have become reasonable. But even as things stand the risks are not appreciably greater than are normal anyway. Something might happen. But in any case something might happen, and one day must happen. The world is a dangerous if fascinating place, and to play perpetually for safety is as ridiculous as dodging lightning in a thunder storm. Much better enjoy the spectacle, since sooner or later we must be struck down.

We have, in fact, only one real concern in life, and that is to live—live dangerously since we must, but at any rate all the time that fate allows us. And to deprive a human being of years of living seems to me the greatest crime that can be committed against him.

BEANS FOR TWO

A STORY

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

WHEN Big Joe Gallagher came in the front door of "The Diamond" his hat was down over his eyes. He strode over to the counter, lifted the drop leaf, and went into the back room.

"Get one of the girls to watch the desk and come back here, Cork," he called to the one-legged man as he slammed the door.

Cork ran his finger down the list and then sauntered over to the stairway.

"Mayme," he shouted. "Come on down."

"What's the matter?" said Mayme.

"Never mind about that. Come on down and take the desk. Joe says so."

Cork went into the back room then but did not close the door tight. It was early. But someone might come in.

"What's bitin' you, Joe?" he said.

"That low-life is out looking for Eddie."

Cork shot a quick glance at Gallagher. 'The Big Boy?" he asked.

Gallagher nodded his head. "Wanted me to go along. Some unlucky bastard's goin' to burn, but not me. I got out and come back here."

He raised a flask to his lips and drank before going on. He drew the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Hell'll be poppin' to-night, all right, and you know the Big Boy's not goin' over the road for it himself. He'll send somebody."

"Eddie squealed then?"

Joe nodded. "Gave 'em cancelled checks with Big Boy's name on the back. I'll say he squealed."

"The goddam fool. What'd he think?"

"Well, there's others'd like to put a dent in the Big Boy."

Cork and Gallagher looked at each other. Neither of them made any attempt to conceal his agitation.

"Who's with the Big Boy?" said Cork.

"The Kid and Eight-Ball. They were in Big Boy's car and they wanted me to come with them."

"I didn't think that nigger Eight-Ball had guts enough."

"I wouldn't be mixed up in it."

The screen of the outer door slammed, interrupting them, and Cork hobbled out to the desk. The newcomer saw Mayme who was already descending the stair. He went over to talk to her.

Cork said, "If you're busy, Mayme, you'd better get Stella to come down. Somebody's got to watch this desk."

Mayme was busy talking to the newcomer. She said to him, "What's your name?"

He laughed and did not tell her.

"For the love o' God, Mayme, will you send Stella down. I'm busy."

"You look it." Mayme turned to the other man. "Come on, Johnny." She took his arm and ascended the stair with him.

"I got to see Joe," Cork continued. "Tell Stella to get down here." Waiting for Stella, he called to Joe over his shoulder.

Joe came to the door. "What do you want?"

"I'd get out of there."

"Why?"

"I'd get out of there," Cork reiterated. "I'd stay in sight if I was you."

Joe was perspiring. He leaned against the doorway.

"I guess you're right, Cork. Better stay out of back rooms a while."

"I'd get with somebody that knows you—somebody they'll believe in court."

"I'll get Charley to come down. We can play some stud."

"I'd lay off of Charley. Get somebody you ain't with much. Get somebody everybody knows."

"Guess I'll get out of here too. Out on the street."

"I would."

"What time is it, Cork?"

"Half past ten. No, twenty-five minutes of."

Joe started to say something more, but did not. In a jam, say if they were called into court, Cork would remember all right about the time—about him asking him the time at twenty-five minutes of eleven.

He went out into the street. There was no one in sight. Down toward the river he could see a patch of light on the sidewalk. The light came from the window of Spike's lunchroom. He decided to go to Spike's.

As he started he heard someone coming toward him across the street in the darkness. He peered sharply and recognized Earl Cullen. Cullen was the cop on the beat by the bridge, up by Eddie's place.

"Hello, Earl," Joe said.

"Hello, Joe."

"Where you goin'?"

"Down to Spike's. Come on along."

"Guess I will."

A few steps farther and they stepped into the bright light. They slapped at the twenty-four-hour bugs that kept bumping against their faces. The windows of Spike's place were covered with the insects, clinging to the glass so close to one another that their wings made a constant whisper beating together. They crunched unpleasantly beneath the feet of the men. In the doorway they were not so bad. The breeze from the electric fan kept them away.

"There ought to be some way of getting rid of these damn bugs," said Joe.

"I'll say. Wherever they see a light there's about a million of them."

"I seen 'em over across the river the other night. They was so thick on a window down on Front Street you couldn't see in."

"You shouldn't be lookin' in other people's windows." The cop laughed. "That's how Spike lost his eye. Somebody stuck a knitting needle through a keyhole and hit him. How about it, Spike?"

Joe laughed too. Spike had not heard them, but he called over the low partition, "Sure. Whatever Kelly says is all right."

"It's not Kelly," said Joe. "It's Cullen."

Spike looked over the partition.

"What's the big idea, Earl? Wearin' your uniform on your night off."

"I'm not off."

"On this beat now?"

"No, I'm on call. Just came over to have some grub."

"What'll you have?"

"Plate of beans."

"How about you, Joe?"

"Make it two."

Joe took a handful of toothpicks from the small china barrel at the edge of the counter and began arranging them in squares before him.

"Who's walking your beat, up by Eddie's place?"

"Nobody," Earl said. "What's it to you, Joe?"

"Oh, nothin'. I was wondering. That's all."

Earl called to Spike, "Hey, Spike, be sure you turn them beans over."

All three men laughed at that. Joe added, "Mine too. One by one, and don't miss any."

"You damn dudes," said Spike, resting his elbows on the top of the partition as he grinned back at them.

"What's goin' on up that way to-

night that they should call me in?" asked Earl, lowering his voice.

"Oh, nothing," Joe laughed. "Guess I'd be there if there was goin' to be any doings. Guess I'd know, wouldn't I, Earl?"

"Well, you mostly do."

Spike came around the end of the partition, bringing their beans.

"Coffee?" he asked.

"Coffee," said Earl.

"Two?"

"Two."

Spike filled two mugs from the tarnished nickel urn and set them down before Joe and Earl.

"And what else?"

Both men shook their heads, and Spike shuffled back to his place at the stove.

"Speaking of Eddie, he tells me he's gettin' out of the racket," said Earl.

Joe grinned. "Yeah?" he said.

"Yeah. Startin' a poultry farm out by Dogtown."

"The hell he is."

"He is, on the level. I seen his hens. I went up to his house. Up on the hill. His back yard is full of crates. He's got a couple of hundred anyway. Leghorns."

"It's a good idea. Only he should have had it sooner."

Earl pushed his plate away from him, empty. He stirred his cooling coffee with a spoon held between his index and middle fingers.

Joe pulled out his watch. "What time you got, Earl?"

Cullen drew up his sleeve and looked at the watch on his wrist. "Quarter past."

"I've got twenty past."

"You're fast. I just set mine."

"What time you got, Spike?"

"Quarter past."

"Guess you're right, Earl." Joe set his watch and let it slide back into his pocket.

Earl said, "Well, guess I'll go back over to the station house."

Joe said, "I'll walk a ways with you."

"There you are, Spike."

They laid down their money on the counter and walked out.

"Damn those bugs!"

They approached "The Diamond" again. Joe's car was parked at the curb.

"Seen my new car, Earl?"

"No. When'd you get it?"

"Last week. Seen those new shock absorbers, work both ways?"

They stopped at the car.

"They work like this," said Joe, stooping over. "When you hit a bump, this catches it. On the rebound, this thing up here catches it. Both ways, see?"

Earl nodded. "Pretty neat," he said.

"I'll say. You ought to ride on 'em once. Smoothest ridin' car you ever saw."

Earl kicked at the front tires, testing their hardness.

"Come on now. Just around the block," said Joe. "It won't take five minutes. You can spare it."

"All right," said Earl. "Wait a half a second."

He went to the call box on the telephone pole on the corner of Elm Street and reported to the desk sergeant. Joe climbed in and stepped on the starter.

When Earl returned, Joe said, "Listen to that engine. Can't she sing?"

"I'll say," said Earl.

They backed away from the curb, rode down past Spike's, and turned at the crossing. They turned away from the bridge. Going over the tracks, Joe said, "See, not a quiver. You can hear the bump, but you can't feel it."

"Pretty neat, all right," Earl agreed. "This is some car. It'll come in handy in your business."

"I'm gettin' out of that business," said Joe. "I'm goin' to use this car for pleasure."

"You and Eddie, huh? Both gettin' out."

"Not the same way," said Joe. "Not by a damn sight."

"Don't you like farming?"

"Oh, farming's all right."

Joe stopped at Fifteenth, by the Red Front cigar store.

"Wait a second, Earl. I got to get a cigar. Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks."

Joe went in and spoke to Nick Vila. He asked Nick if his clock was right. The Mexican assured him that it was.

"Twenty minutes to twelve, huh? Guess I'll move along," said Joe.

He climbed into the car again, and drove slowly back toward "The Diamond."

"I'll drop you off at the station house," he said to Earl.

"What are you goin' to do when you get out of this, Joe?"

"Oh, I don't know. Aviation, maybe."

"Jees! You don't give a goddam, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know. Aviation ain't any more risky than the racket."

"The way you boys got it sewed up, I guess nothin' can happen to you. There's plenty of money in the racket, ain't there?"

"Yeah. But some guys don't know when they're done. I do."

They pulled in to the curb at the Police Station. Earl got out, but he lingered beside the car.

"I think you're a sap," he said. "Don't you ever think about your wife and kids? Something could easy happen to you, flyin'."

"Well, what the hell? Anyway, it ain't goin' to happen to me."

"Eddie's got more brains than you, farmin'."

"Yeah? Listen, Earl. It don't make any difference if you go in for hens or airplanes when you get out of this game. It's all in knowin' when to quit."

Indoors, a telephone was ringing.

"That's the Sergeant's 'phone."

It rang again.

"He must be asleep. I'll go answer it."

Earl disappeared through the doorway. Joe looked at his watch.

"It might be, at that," he said aloud. "They've had time."

Earl came running out. With him were others in uniform, a half dozen.

"For Christ's sake, Joe," he said, "give her the gas. Some lousy bastard has killed Eddie."

"Where?"

"Up by his place. The poor devil. Drive like hell!"

THE CHAIN-STORE MIND

REFLECTIONS OF A SHOPKEEPER

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

I BECAME a hardware merchant in the spring of 1901. Our town had twenty-five thousand people then, and it is about the same now. But a big change has taken place in the business district. There are four blocks of stores on Main Street. When I went into business practically all the stores were individual enterprises and the owners were mostly old-time Americans, born in town or on farms nearby. Now scarcely any of these are left. Hardly more than a dozen. Chain stores have the best locations. There is a Woolworth, a J. C. Penney, a Grant, a Kresge, and others, big places with double fronts painted red, blue or yellow, and gold-lettered signs. There are besides a lot of smaller chain stores like Hazzard shoes, Thom McAn, A. & P. groceries, and so forth. I guess this gives a fairly good idea of what our business street looks like. It is just the same as a thousand other business streets all over the country.

I don't want to give the impression that I am finding fault or that it is a case of sour grapes. The chain stores wouldn't be here if people didn't like to trade in them. Besides, I have no complaint to make personally. I have done well enough considering that I started with less than fifteen hundred dollars back in 1901. The hardware business hasn't been affected so much as other lines. I own my own building, discount all my bills, and have some outside investments. But I can't get over the idea that it isn't altogether a good idea to have the business section dominated by outsiders. To a certain extent the stores in every town set the standards for the public, because people go into the stores oftener than they go to other places. Chain stores represent a sort of absentee landlordism; and everyone knows there isn't the same sense of responsibility where an owner lives a long way off from his business.

I was especially impressed with this just recently when I happened to go into the Kresge store on some small errand. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the big place was crowded with people; there were a few men, but the bulk of the crowd was made up of women, many with children in arms, and troops of youngsters of grammar-school age. The clerks were so busy I had to hunt for what I wanted, and finally I came to a part of the store where there were two adjacent counters that seemed to be the center of considerable attraction. Peeking through the crowd, I saw that the merchandise on display consisted of cocktail shakers, wine glasses, fruit-presses, and other home-brew apparatus. Business was going on briskly as women and school children exchanged their dimes and quarters for the articles they wanted or had been sent for. I noticed one particularly good bargain. It was a pure aluminum cocktail shaker at fifty cents; or, as the placard said, twenty-five cents each for the top and bottom parts.

Now I would like it understood that I am not blaming anybody, and I tell this

merely to show the lack of personal responsibility where a business is owned by an outsider. The articles I have mentioned carry a good profit, and it is likely the Kresge store needs to sell them in order to meet its overhead expenses. I understand Mr. Kresge lives in Detroit. It is public knowledge that he has given many thousands of dollars toward the support of the Anti-Saloon League. The point I want to make is this: If Mr. Kresge personally ran his store on our Main Street and was a citizen of our town he would either have to give up his membership in the Anti-Saloon League or stop selling liquor-making apparatus. I know, for example, how it would be with me. For the past couple of years I have been president of the local Y. M. C. A., and if I were to add hip flasks or cocktail shakers to my stock of shelf hardware, the chances are I should be thrown out of the Y and blacklisted by every anti-vice society in town as a hypocrite and an abettor of lawbreakers. People hold me responsible for my actions because I live here and am handy to get at. But Mr. Kresge is immune because he lives in Detroit, more than three hundred miles away.

II

When a man has done business in one spot as long as I have, his town becomes sort of a personality to him. The community is not, in his mind, just a collection of houses and stores and factories, but a living thing with a definite character like that of a human being. He senses any change of spirit as he would sense a change in a member of his family. I would say the character of our town has tended to become harder, more machinelike, during the past years. All the old-time merchants speak of this. People used to come into your store in a friendly sort of way. You had your regular line of customers, and their buying was almost as much of a social affair as it was business. Now all this easy-going atmosphere is gone. Business is strictly business. The modern idea seems to be to get a customer in, get his money, and get him out again as quickly as possible so as to be ready for the next person.

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge and say the old way was best. Everyone knows it was less efficient than the new way, which is probably the reason so many old-time merchants have been forced out of Main Streets everywhere. The most I hope to do in this interview is to explain why, in my opinion, the personality of my town, and a thousand other towns, has changed.

With no implied criticism or detraction, my guess is that the coming of the chain stores has had a great deal to do with bringing about the machinelike atmosphere that I spoke of. You don't go into a chain store and chat comfortably with the manager. To begin with, he is probably a stranger in town, recently graduated from a smaller place and expecting to stay only until he is promoted to a bigger city. And in the second place, he would risk his job if he mixed too much sociability with his business. From the nature of the business, a chain organization cannot afford to allow its branch managers to be individualists or to act according to their own inclinations. If it did that it wouldn't be a chain at all, but a mere collection of stores scattered all over the map, with no especial advantage over the local merchants except that of mass buying.

As every business man knows, mass buying alone isn't enough to make a chain-store organization succeed. Local merchants can club together and buy their goods just about as cheaply as the chains buy theirs. The only advantage a chain organization has is that it can make each of its branches conform strictly to rules of efficiency laid down at headquarters. In many chains the local manager is not allowed to trim his show windows except from a prepared chart, or even to move merchandise from one counter to another. Headquarters does

his thinking for him. The chain store is *in* the town, but not *of* the town. I guess every man who has ever served on a chamber of commerce committee knows how it is. You go up and down Main Street soliciting funds for the Spring Carnival or for the Children's playground. When you catch a local man in his place of business you get a Yes or No right away. It is usually Yes, because he is afraid to make enemies by refusing. But this is not the case when your committee goes into a chain store. The manager is sorry, but he has no authority to make subscriptions. He thinks it is a worthy cause and he promises to write headquarters about it at once. Perhaps he really does write, or perhaps he forgets to do so; but anyhow there is usually a long enough delay so that the drive is over before he gets his answer.

And so, on our Main Street, and on thousands of other Main Streets, there is a situation where policies are dictated and standards are set by men who have possibly never seen our town. This might be all right if the standards were always first class; but it is human nature not to be quite so careful of your actions when you never expect to come in contact with the people you are influencing. I said awhile back that if Mr. Kresge lived in our town he would be compelled by public opinion to choose between the Anti-Saloon League and his liquor-making merchandise. I will modify that by stating that I believe if Mr. Kresge lived here and ran the store himself he would make this choice voluntarily.

III

You hear a lot of talk nowadays about the lowered moral standards, how people think too much of money and jazz amusements and all that; and you get every sort of explanation of it according to the periodicals you read or the minister whose church you attend. At our First Presbyterian you are told it is a temporary phase brought on by the excitement of the War. At the Erie Avenue Methodist Doctor Hayward declares that gin and jazz are in the saddle because people no longer give their children home religious instruction. My own private opinion on the subject may seem to be too much from the point of view of a storekeeper; but I can't get over the idea that the changed situation in the business district has something to do with the changed behavior of people in general.

We don't do our own thinking the way we used to. We have got into the habit of taking our thoughts and ideas from somewhere else, just as the chain-store manager trims his show windows and arranges the goods on his counters from charts sent out from headquarters.

Perhaps I can best explain my meaning by mentioning a matter connected with one of our local churches. Our town was originally settled by a group of New England people with leanings toward Unitarianism, and the Unitarian church here has always been regarded as a center of original thought. That is the reason why the matter I am about to mention seemed to me particularly surprising. I go past the Unitarian church every day on the way to my business, and some time ago I noticed a signboard set out in front that each week carries a printed motto, intended to elevate the thoughts of passers-by. I took it for granted at first that these mottoes were prepared by the pastor or a church committee; but as time went on I was so struck with the peculiar tone of some of the weekly mottoes that I noticed more closely and saw they were not produced locally, but were bought from a concern called The Wayside Pulpit, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. This address was plainly printed at the bottom, just as a bill-posting company always puts its name on its billboards, along with the advertisements of merchandise, so as to get a little publicity for itself.

I copied several of the weekly mottoes. One was, "If you want to rise in the world, begin by raising the level of your

own thoughts." Another read, "A sad heart soon wears out. A glad heart can work overtime." There were others of a similar nature. To put it plainly, many of the mottoes seemed to me to stress unduly the idea of success, of getting on in the world; which of course has nothing to do with religion.

That, however, is not entirely the point I want to make. Perhaps the mottoes would have been no more spiritual if they had been written by our local pastor or his committee, though I believe this would be open to argument. But one thing is sure: If they had been written by home people, no matter how crudely, the mottoes would have carried greater conviction than was the case when the name of the producing firm at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, appeared so prominently. It is just the same principle that is involved when some manufacturer sends out stereotyped advertisements of his products for retail storekeepers to insert in their local newspapers, and in which everything is complete except for a vacant space where the storekeeper is supposed to have his name printed. I do not know of any successful merchant who would make use of such ready-made material. It is too pat, too professional. It carries nothing of the merchant's personality, and conveys no idea of the atmosphere of his store.

IV

This tendency to buy ready-made thoughts and ideas has spread amazingly during the past few years. In our town, and I suppose in other towns, its progress has pretty well paralleled the increasing absentee ownership of the stores in the business district. When I first went into business the banks represented the last word in individualism. There were four in town, and though three of them were National institutions no one ever thought of them as anything but personal affairs. According to the name of the president and heaviest stockholder, they were spoken of as "the Lampson Bank," "the Redfield Bank," and so forth. I used to do business at the Redfield Bank, the real name of which was the First National. You went up a flight of steps to get in, and the banking room was a long, low-ceilinged place with a walnut partition behind which the cashier and tellers worked. To see Mr. William Redfield you had to go to a private office at the extreme rear. He was a dignified man with whiskers parted in the middle and he always wore a Prince Albert coat and white vest. He sat at a large flat-topped desk, and all around the four walls of the room were shelves filled with books. He was said to be an authority on the banking history of Italy during the Middle Ages. Some people said he was not public-spirited, and a good many were afraid of him on account of his autocratic manner; but when, during the panic of 1907, it looked as though the Saw works would have to close down, he advanced eighty thousand dollars out of his own pocket so the employees would not be thrown out of their jobs. So far as I am personally concerned, I could never complain of Mr. Redfield's liberality. In the beginning I was not, certainly, a good risk from a strictly business standpoint; but there was never a time when I needed money that I could not get it.

Sometimes I wonder what Mr. William Redfield would think of his bank now. He died in 1913. The old building has been torn down and in its place stands a white-marble structure, evidently designed, inside and out, to resemble as nearly as possible all other bank buildings everywhere. Mr. Redfield's son Allen is president. He sits at the left just as you go in the front door, by the side of the vice-president and the cashier. All three wear belts instead of suspenders, and in warm weather they leave off their vests. They play golf and joke a lot about the game with customers who come in. There is no denying that the Bank has grown since old Mr. Redfield's time. Then it had deposits of less than

two million dollars, while now it has more than five millions. But it costs a good deal to get these deposits. Last year the First National hired a New York concern to send a crew of agents who rang the doorbell of every house in town and solicited savings accounts. The Bank paid the New York concern three dollars for every new account turned in, even though the initial deposit amounted only to five dollars. One day I asked Allen Redfield how he could consider it good banking to buy deposits at a cost of sixty per cent, and he answered that it was the modern way, that a bank must figure on big volume in order to earn a profit, just as the chain stores do.

Probably it is true that the First National, like all the other banks in town, must have volume. Its Greek temple-style building is carried on its books at four hundred thousand dollars and considerable volume is necessary to make up for that much non-productive capital. But what I don't like is the fact that none of our banks appears to do much of its own thinking in its efforts to increase volume. Even the leaflets that are scattered on the customers' desks to advertise the banks' services are nearly all bought ready-made from concerns in New York or other far away places, just like the ready-made mottoes of the Unitarian church, or the charts by which the chain store managers trim their show windows. Leaving everything else aside, I can't believe these mass production leaflets that the banks buy are good advertising. If I am thinking about making my will, or of appointing an executor of my estate, I want to talk with someone who has some personal ideas on those subjects rather than someone who has his sales talk prepared for him by a professional advertising writer in New York City.

Just this year the First National has been using a series of life-size photographs put out by a metropolitan advertising concern. Each week the Bank posts a different photograph on one of the Greek columns at the front of its building. One week the photograph bears the caption, "I am a chauffeur," and the text goes on to tell how much the chauffeur values his bank account. Other weeks it is an optician, a railroad engineer, and so on. I don't believe old Mr. William Redfield would care to see these photographs stuck on the front of his bank if he were still alive, even though they did help build volume.

There is always the risk, when you constantly buy ready-made ideas, that they will lead you into illogical situations. For example, the photographs that the First National posts on its Greek pillar each week, and much of the ready-made literature on its customers' desks, stress the value of Thrift as a builder of character. The Bank is represented as intensely interested in Service and desirous of uplifting the working people through helping them save. But I was in there a short time ago, talking with Allen Redfield, and saw a fellow whom I knew negotiating a loan with the cashier. This fellow has been in town about a year and has a place across the railroad tracks where he sends out solicitors to sell silk underwear and beauty preparations on installments to the wives of laborers, white and colored, who live in that section. They pay fifty cents down and twenty-five cents a week thereafter. I was surprised to learn that this installment dealer was on a borrowing basis at the First National, and mentioned it to Allen Redfield.

"Oh, he's all right," Allen answered easily. "He gets three or four hundred per cent profit on his stuff, so he can afford to take a chance on the deferred payments. Anyhow he's a good collector. He doesn't hesitate to garnishee the wages of any laborer whose wife doesn't pay up. He's just as good a risk from the Bank's standpoint as any other merchant in town."

I explained to Allen that I wasn't thinking about the Bank's risk, but about the Bank's solicitude for the wel-

fare of the working classes as expressed in the leaflets on the customers' counters. At first he didn't seem to know what I meant, but after a moment he laughed and said:

"Oh, you're speaking of those leaflets. We just buy them by the thousand and put them out to stimulate deposits. I never bother to read them!"

This remark of Allen's sounds pretty cynical, I know; but really he was only reflecting the changed atmosphere of our town that I have been speaking of. His father would have seen how incongruous it was for the First National to pretend to help the people who live across the tracks and at the same time finance a fellow who was fleecing them. But then his father did his own thinking, while Allen gets a good share of his thoughts from the outside.

V

I hope I don't give the impression in this interview that I am a man who condemns everything modern. I don't feel that way at all. But there are a lot of people here in town who have the same ideas that I have, and it isn't often we get a chance to express ourselves in print. Business is good in most lines and there is plenty of money in circulation. When this is the case there seems to be a widespread impression that any criticism is unpatriotic.

All that I am trying to do is to show how the tendency has grown for people in our town to accept outside standards without thinking whether the outside standards may or may not be as good as home-made standards. To do this I have to point out specific cases. One other example is the newspaper situation in our town. Up to 1921 we had two papers, the *Morning Call* and the *Evening Tribune*. Both were pretty good sheets for a town of our size, but we were especially proud of the *Call*. It was owned by the Thayer family from before Civil War times. The active head of the paper when I got old enough to know anything about such things was Mr. John Thayer. He had a big reputation as a newspaper man, not only in our part of the state, but all over the country. His editorials were quoted everywhere, even in big-city papers. He had a faculty for training young reporters; he never allowed a word of slang in the news columns, or any cheap expressions. Several local boys who grew up under him later became quite well-known writers. I suppose his editorials carried so much weight because he never let the business office influence his editorial page. Once he went into a fight to break up a gambling ring that was operating under the protection of the Sheriff. The Sheriff himself ran the biggest gambling house in town and managed to scare a good many advertisers. But Mr. Thayer kept up the fight nearly two years and finally won out, though at the last he was borrowing money to keep the paper going.

John Thayer died in 1916, leaving two daughters. A real estate man named Rogers formed a corporation of local business men and bought the paper shortly afterward for sixty thousand dollars and continued to run it with a salaried manager until 1921, when the corporation bought out the *Tribune*, the two being consolidated and issued as an evening paper under the name of *The Call-Tribune*. That was about the last of our having what could be called a purely local paper. Neither the *Call* nor the *Tribune* in the old days ever printed more than eight pages; but the *Call-Tribune* put on a high-pressure advertising campaign and was soon able to get out editions of twenty-four, and sometimes on Fridays, thirty-six pages. Naturally there wasn't enough local news to balance so many pages of advertisements, and so it was necessary to print a lot of syndicated material, mostly produced in New York City. The editorial policy underwent a complete change. The paper cost so much to get out that it was dangerous to offend any prospective advertiser by expressing opinions. A man named Brennan from

Pittsburgh was business manager, and one day when he was in my store to see me about renewing my advertising contract, I asked him as a joke just what the policy of the paper was. He laughed and said, "The safest policy in the world, Mr. Galt. The *Call-Tribune* stands for the sanctity of the American home!"

Whatever the policy was, it paid. At the beginning of last year the Rogers Corporation sold the paper for four hundred thousand dollars to a man who owns a chain of dailies throughout the state. The general feeling, I believe, was one of pride that an outsider should be willing to pay so high a price for our newspaper; but there were a few like myself who disliked the idea of having any more chain enterprises in town. I suppose the new owner realized there might be some malcontents, because when the Chamber of Commerce tendered him a banquet to celebrate his purchase of the property, he made a graceful speech in which he stated that although other interests prevented his actually coming to our town to live, he, nevertheless, should consider it his home and the *Call-Tribune* would be run as a local newspaper just the same as though he himself sat in the editorial chair.

This speech made quite an impression, though the force of it was a bit weakened when later on it was learned the speech was an exact duplicate of one he had made a few months previously when he bought another newspaper in another part of the state. Anyhow, under chain management the *Call-Tribune* has got farther away than ever from being a source of local thought and standards. Practically all its editorials are written at the head office of the chain. Local news is overshadowed by syndicate features. Every afternoon it features Andy Gump, Jiggs, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Salesman Sam, and The Hotel Stenographer. It also prints two syndicated news letters from New York City that tell all the latest gossip of the Great White Way, what the big gamblers, the song writers, and the hostesses of night clubs are doing. But in one regard the policy of the *Call-Tribune* is unchanged. It stands four square for the sanctity of the American home. It even prints a Bible text each day at the top of the editorial page.

I guess anyone can realize how upsetting all this jumble of piety and jazz, presented every afternoon by our only newspaper, must be to its readers, especially the younger ones. If the *Call-Tribune* was an out and out journal of sporting life, like the old *Police Gazette*, it would be ticketed as such, and people would know what they were reading it for. But when on the same page it prints an editorial on the sanctity of the American home, describes how Miss Texas Guinan was dressed when arrested on a charge of bootlegging, has a picture of Maggie blacking Jiggs' eye, a letter from the Reverend Dr. Cadman telling a wife how to recapture the love of her husband who is dallying with his stenographer, and tops it all off with a text from the Bible, it is bound to give the impression that all these are equally important things that ought to be investigated. You might compare it, I guess, to a case where a man like the Reverend John Roach Straton takes the job of reporting an event like the Snyder-Gray murder trial. The idea is that Doctor Straton does it to moralize on the evils of illicit love. But really, the idea is to increase the circulation of the paper that prints his articles. A lot of people buy the paper who might not do so otherwise, because they are led to believe they can have the thrill of the scandal and at the same time feel they are helping in a religious crusade.

Of course the *Call-Tribune* is a money-maker under chain ownership. It has a larger circulation than ever before. A great many working people across the tracks and hundreds of youngsters of school age buy it who would never have read any newspaper at all in John Thayer's time. Yet I can't help thinking that if the owner actually lived here he

would tone it down a little, even though he didn't make so much money. I believe it is another case where absentee landlordism begets a lack of responsibility. Just as in the case of Mr. Kresge and his liquor-making merchandise.

When you get too much in the habit of taking your thoughts and standards from the outside there is bound to come a time when you lose some of your ability to discriminate between what is good taste and what isn't. I would even say between what is right and what isn't. I think, for example, that twenty years ago our people would have shown their disapproval of any pastor who put up a mass-production motto in front of his church. It is sure that in those days they would have seen through the policy of a banker who held out one hand for savings accounts and financed a shady installment dealer with the other hand. I hate to think what might have happened to a local newspaper editor in John Thayer's time who frankly exploited sex as a means of increasing circulation.

VI

Ideas that you buy from the outside are nearly always tainted a bit with commercialism. This is bound to be so, because the people who manufacture and sell ideas are in business to make money, just the same as any other manufacturers. They are constantly under the temptation to make their output salable, even though it may not be quite in the best taste.

This matter of taste has been a big question with the business men's luncheon clubs that have sprung up all over the country. We have a number of them here—Kiwanis, Rotary, Civitan, Lions, and so forth. I became a member of the first one organized in town, more than ten years ago. At first it was a frankly commercial organization, designed to promote the business of the individual members. But after awhile, when a national headquarters was set up with a salaried staff, orders were sent on that we must change our policy. We were told that in order to strengthen the organization in public estimation we should go in for some sort of uplift work. From that time all local chapters became known as "Service Clubs," and promoted things like Boys' Work, Student Loan Funds, etc. The original policy of boosting one another's business was also followed, but not so frankly.

Some of the members thought this mixed policy of uplift and business was of questionable taste. It would not have been adopted by our club, I think, except by that time we had got used to seeing the chain stores, the banks, and even some of the churches, take their policies from the outside. The impression had gained ground that outside ideas made for greater efficiency.

It was natural, when the business men's luncheon clubs became Service Clubs, that a good many ministers, who had hitherto held aloof from such organizations, should seek membership. I know I am on delicate ground when I mention this, because of late it has become quite the thing for ministers to belong to chambers of commerce, advertising clubs, and the like, but personally I have always doubted its wisdom. I do not criticize a minister for joining a business men's organization, though I think he is apt to deceive himself as to his reasons for joining. Most of the ministers I have talked with say they value their memberships in such purely business bodies because of the opportunity it gives them for Service, for elevating the moral tone of business. But I think the real reason is generally something different. Most ministers are lonesome; after the first flush of priesthood wears away they begin to feel they are cut off from real life. To speak bluntly, I imagine some are just a little chagrined at the necessity for mixing so much with the women's activities of their congregations, and it is relieving to become a member of a one-hundred-per-cent man's organization like the

Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis, the Lions, or the Advertising Club.

Be that as it may—and here I am on delicate ground again—I have my doubts as to whether a minister really does elevate the moral tone of business when he joins a business organization. It can easily work the other way; instead of the minister making the members more spiritual, the members may, through mere force of numbers, make the minister less spiritual.

I guess almost any Service Club member will understand. The national headquarters tells the local chapter what uplift work it must go in for, just as the head office of a chain store organization tells its branch manager on our Main Street what lines of merchandise he must push. Yet the average business-man member doesn't take these things too seriously. First of all, he is in the Club because it helps his business. Aside from that, he enjoys the free and easy fellowship at the weekly luncheons and he is good naturedly willing to support the salaried men at national headquarters as part of the price. But with a minister it is different. He takes the Service part of it pretty seriously. To him the voice of the salaried official at national headquarters is like the voice of the Church. He is apt to be pushed often into the limelight because he is used to public speaking, while most of the business-men members are hopelessly inarticulate before an audience. Yet with it all the minister is a foreigner in this atmosphere of business, an outsider among those who belong. He is like a strange little boy in a new neighborhood who can only look wistfully at the gang, from afar. And unless the minister is a strong character indeed he may surrender something of himself in his effort to win acceptance.

A case of this sort occurred in the Service Club of which I am a member. Doctor Bennett was the minister in question. He joined the Club about two years ago. He is an Englishman by birth but has been in this country since he was a young man. Doctor Bennett has always been quite a crusader. Several times he has led the police in raids in bootlegging joints, and more than anyone else he has tried to stop the boxing events sponsored by the American Legion. It would be a mistake to say he was really popular in town, but he was highly respected for his strength of character and his educational attainments.

I was curious to see how a man of Doctor Bennett's type would fit into a club of business men, and I used to watch him at the weekly meetings. I must confess he did not appear to advantage. It was evident he stood a little in awe of business as something he did not understand, and this made him uneasy in the presence of business men. He went out of his way to be a hail fellow, but could never strike quite the right note. His laughing and joking was a bit too hearty to be natural. He was palpably eager to be one of the crowd. Yet wherever he happened to sit, there was always a zone about him in which the other members were too noticeably decorous. They were painfully careful of their language. Even when they jocularly called him "Doc," there was a self-consciousness about it that only accentuated the difference.

It always seemed a little pathetic to me, this futile eagerness on the part of Doctor Bennett to appear a good fellow in a crowd of business men. I am sure the Club influenced him more than he influenced the Club. One day, six months or so after he joined, he came into my store on some errand or other and we had quite a talk. It was remarkable how he had already got into the habit of looking at life from the standpoint of business. Like most new converts, he went farther than those who were, so to speak, to the manor born. He was still militant on the subject of liquor, but mainly because drinking impairs the efficiency of the workingman. He said the modern conception of business was Service, and that business

would spread through and remake the world. When I spoke of the tendency to take our standards from the outside, he replied that he saw nothing to worry about; that the successful captains of industry could be trusted to promote what was best for the people. At any rate, Doctor Bennett said, he could describe the way out of every difficulty in a single word: "Ascent." As for himself, he believed everything was working for the best. He admitted that the attendance at his Sabbath Services was smaller, but he did not worry; his collections for the year were greater than at any time in the history of his pastorate. To show how things were looking up, he told me that every major executive of the First National Bank was enrolled as a contributing member of his church.

I suppose all this tendency to take our standards from the outside might have some justification if it made for economy. But it doesn't. The First National Bank has five million dollars in deposits, but it charges the same interest rate as old Mr. Redfield charged when he had less than two millions. As to the newspaper situation, costs have gone up. The *Call-Tribune* gets a dollar an inch for display advertising, while the highest rate on the old *Morning Call* was thirty-five cents; yet in my opinion the *Call* was the better advertising medium because its advertisers had the prestige of John Thayer's editorship back of their publicity, while no one in particular gives personal prestige to the *Call-Tribune*, unless you could count on Andy Gump or Doctor Cadman.

Even the chain stores fail to carry out their original promise—namely, a reduction in the cost of living through economical operation. As more of them have come to town the competition for good locations has pushed Main Street rentals up to a figure that would have been thought crazy a few years ago. Just three doors from my place a man named James had a book store for many years and paid one hundred dollars a month. A few months ago his lease expired and he had to quit because the rent was raised to a figure he couldn't afford to pay. This left us without a place to buy books, except the seventy-five cent volumes sold in the chain drug stores. One of the Steele chain stores moved into the room at a rental of four thousand dollars a year.

I myself have had a dozen chances to rent my building to chains for more money than I can make out of my hardware business. My building is thirty feet wide and three stories high. The last offer, made by a real estate man who said he represented a big chain organization, was eighteen thousand dollars a year. I am enough of a business man to know that no concern can pay that much rent and sell merchandise at a close margin. I can understand a statement made just a short time ago by a chain-store magnate in New York City, when he expressed the opinion that from now on the chains would have to earn dividends by selling "quality" merchandise rather than by the attraction of low prices.

I said in the beginning that the character of our town has become harder, more machinelike, as we take more of our standards from the outside. This extends even to our charities. Like most other places we have adopted the Community Chest idea, and for several years past a money-raising concern in New York City has been hired to engineer our campaign for funds, on a commission basis. I guess almost everyone knows how it is done. The New York concern sends a representative here who sets a big wooden thermometer up in front of the Post Office building to register the daily subscriptions, organizes all the workers into two "armies," with colonels, captains, etc., and at the end of the drive the losing side pays for a dinner at the Mansion House for the winners. The New York representative establishes himself at Chamber of Commerce headquarters a couple of weeks in advance of the drive and, with the help of a local committee, makes out cards that bear

the names of all prospective subscribers and the amount each person is expected to give. This is called a "quota." When a committee calls on a man the card is shown him and he is expected to give the amount set down.

This year the New York concern sent a man named Evard, who used to be sales manager for a big real estate corporation that sold suburban lots. I will say for Evard that he is a past master in his chosen profession. He made pep speeches before the Chamber of Commerce, the Service Clubs, and the women's organizations, and got everyone pretty well worked up. More than two hundred people reported for duty the day the drive opened. Along about the middle of the afternoon a committee came into my store with my card and asked me if I was going to accept my quota, that had been set at five hundred dollars. This was a hundred dollars more than last year. I understand Evard had raised everyone's quota in order to rush the drive through in record time.

I was in a bit of an embarrassing position through a matter that had come up only a few weeks before. A friend of mine who is in the coal business came in to see me and told of a young man, whom we both knew, who was flat on his back with an ailment that was bound to carry him off before many months. He had been an automobile salesman. There was a wife and two children, and they were in pretty bad shape. They weren't the kind of people you could offer ordinary charity to. My friend suggested that five of us old time merchants should chip in thirty dollars apiece each month and place the money to the family's credit in the bank. The bank would notify the young man's wife that the money was there for her use. That was the way a good deal of such work was carried on in the old days.

Of course I didn't want to explain all this to the members of the committee who came into my store. All I said was that I didn't believe I could accept my full quota, but if they would leave the card I would think it over and let them know later how much I would subscribe to the Community Chest. There was a little argument, but finally they went away.

Bright and early next morning another committee came to see me. Evard called it his "flying squadron," and it was organized to work on people who had turned down the ordinary committees. There were four men, including Evard himself, and Doctor Bennett, who was one of the "captains" of the drive. They were so insistent that I finally told them in a general way about the private contribution I was making with the other merchants. I thought this would let me out, but I guess I underestimated the resourcefulness of modern salesmanship. Evard leaned across the counter at me, full of enthusiasm.

"Let *us* handle the case," he said. "We need something like that to use for publicity in this campaign. Give us the name of the young man!"

This made me pretty angry, but I tried to explain reasonably why I didn't want to do it. There was some further argument and then Doctor Bennett said he believed I ought to do what Mr. Evard wanted.

I am afraid I used some language that was pretty strong. The incident is so recent that I am still a little worked up over it. For this reason I hope I will be excused if in this interview I have shown too much feeling against our town's tendency to take its standards from the outside. But I feel strongly about this thing anyhow. I'm afraid our town is losing something that we old-timers used to prize, something that you might call character.

WHERE YELLOW RULES WHITE

BY OLIVE GILBREATH

NOT even in the days of marsh monsters has the world been more packed with drama than it is to-day: the drama of the air, the drama of far continents, the drama of under the sea, the drama of ideas, of electrons, and of ether. Not least of all, that toward which all others seem to lead—the drama of changing peoples, of shifting social orders and races. Every now and then the center of the human drama leaps to a new corner of the globe. In the past few years it has reverted to those level plains from which the horsemen of Genghis Khan set out to conquer Asia and Europe. Let the man who does not believe this journey to China. And let him make the journey by way of Russia. In Russia he will see an absolute *bouleversement* within the white race —a new social order under the sun. In China he will be confronted by something even more astounding. He will see a reversal in the relations of the white and yellow races. The most memorable sight in the East to-day is not Yokohama struggling up from the ashes or the modern stone buildings of Shanghai or Tokio. It is in North Manchuria—a Chinese policeman beating a white driver.

Ever since the Kaiser coined the phrase "the Yellow Peril" it has maintained journalists in the style to which they were accustomed. But while the hue and cry have been hawked in the streets by newspapers, it is little realized that in one city in the world the thing is a *fait accompli:* the Oriental has ascended to the seats of power, is sitting there, and has been sitting there for some time. This city is Harbin, the only white city in the world run by yellows.

In appearance Harbin is pure Russian. There is little to suggest that it is not a city of black earth Orel or Tver. Like most Slav cities, it has never been able to pull itself together but wanders over the plain, old Harbin here, new Harbin there and, in a different quarter along the magnificent Sungari River, the Port: all laced together by wide streets and mammoth bridges—the only scale that the Russian seems to know. The cobbled streets are the same as those of Moscow, and the horses' hoofs that clatter down them. The capacious stone buildings that line the streets, the shops, and the cinema are similar to those that rise in Vladivostok or Leningrad. The steamers on the river are Russian; the twisted green and gold spires of the churches and the little kiosks. The *traktirs* and gardens are Russian, and in them sit Russian crowds eating sunflower seeds. The music is Russian, the gaiety and melancholy, the cafés and the caviare. *The smell is Russian.* Need anything further be said?

In the bright Manchurian sun, however, flies one of the most curious flags in the world: the upper half is the Chinese five-barred flag, the lower—not the upper—half is the Soviet sickle and hammer. Down the street clatters a Russian *izvostchik*, swinging his long whip over his shaggy Siberian pony. In the old days that long careless whip would certainly have flicked any Chinese tardily crossing the road. Now the traffic policeman who puts up his hand at which the bearded Jehu stops short has a yellow

skin and slant eyes. If there is an altercation the Russian will be slapped or beaten before a crowd and there is no redress. If he is arrested, it is the heavy hand of the yellow that hales him to the *yamen*, and the justice he meets is yellow. The mass of the city is white, but the wires, the antennæ that control it are Chinese. The whole administration, in short, of this Russian city of eighty thousand is Chinese. If you rise early enough you may even see the Chinese mayor making his rounds. He is a Buddhist scholar and rises at six to see if the municipal plant is working.

To the man who revisits the Far East this spectacle is as astonishing as seeing the Mississippi run dry or the Statue of Liberty fall upon her face. After he has recovered from the first bewilderment the spectacle teems with questions. How did it come about? Is the administration efficient? If so, *why?* Especially does the traveler ask this if he has just come up from China proper and witnessed the chaos there: the threatened disorganization of the posts, the bankruptcy of the telegraph, the ruin of the railways under advancing Chinese control. Is it possible that this experiment here in the north suggests that, if once he could be extracted from the melée of rival war lords, the Chinese might not prove incapable of governing? How does the Russian react toward this Chinese overlordship?

II

The history of the *bouleversement* is simple. It is another wave caused by the mammoth stone which the Russian Revolution heaved into the world pool. Up until 1918, though on Manchurian territory, Harbin had been a Russian city. But in 1918 the White Russians, mainly the officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway, seeing the Bolshevik wave advancing across the Urals and hoping to save Harbin, invited the Chinese to come in and rule their own house. The Chinese needed no second invitation. They came and they brought an iron hand for their dealings with the whites. In spite of the defense measure, however, the Soviet took possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Their first step was to abrogate the former treaties and give to China half the control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. But the Chinese did not halve the control of the city. In all that concerns city administration they are still the sole masters.

Does Chinese policing of a white city work well? It depends upon the standards—Spotless Town or East of Suez. As East of Suez goes, Harbin is clean and safe, but East of Suez does not go far in either of these directions. Its forte is neither soap nor salubrity. Perhaps the most one can say is that the city plant has not visibly deteriorated, but perhaps it could not! Chinese coolies armed with long brush brooms sweep the streets. After several months it was discovered that they only swept the dirt from one side of the street to the other. A few Russians were added, and the streets are now as clean as ever. The traveler need no longer give Harbin a wide berth. Not many years ago, the Harbin and Vladivostok papers read like a *Police Gazette*. The visitor venturing up from Peking or over from Japan, after perusing the police report of the night before, warily transferred his bags to Changchun and fled back to civilization.

He no longer does this. He can go to Harbin and take the trans-Siberian train or sojourn there unharmed. The money and the carriages are probably the greatest danger he will encounter. Every filthy ten-kopeck note—patched and repatched—carries the seeds of ten thousand deaths, every broken-down *droshky* twenty thousand. After the money and the *droshkies*, the traffic police are the next danger. A Chinese traffic policeman, when he is borne down upon by several cars, generally brandishes his arms and invites all, indiscriminately, to dash in all directions at once. A hospitable gesture—whether rooted in paralysis or politeness—but hardly safe. If one escapes the money and the traffic cops he

runs no special risk of being sandbagged —that is, no more than in Chicago—or of having his furniture moved, more than in Long Island. In brief, he is safe unless he be very poor or very rich. If he is either of these he has special attention from the police.

The worst crime in Harbin is poverty. Out of a population of eighty thousand Russians, a large percentage are *émigrés* who flooded over the Urals during the Revolution, sleeping four deep on the floor of the Siberian stations, leaving their dead unburied as they fled, and now clinging to life in the back streets of Harbin in a state little short of debasement. Over these the Chinese police keep a heavy hand. Many must beg for a living, but the police permit them to beg only on one day a week; then they go from shop to shop, receiving a penny or so at each door. Many poor in Harbin never appear until after nightfall and then only on the deserted back streets. All live in the daily terror of either being sent back to Russia or shunted farther into China.

But poverty is not the only way to attract police attention. The rich also receive their share. Whenever the police need money—and when do the police not need money?—a victim is selected, either Chinese or Russian, and gold-digging begins. Sometimes legal means are used, and the "prospect" is arrested for some heinous offense, such as appearing in a hat or buttoning his coat, and he is dragged to the police *yamen*. But often the refined circumlocutions of legal means are omitted as tedious, and he is simply kidnapped. Every rich Russian or Chinese anticipates falling into the hands of the police once or twice a year. One victim in Harbin is said to have already yielded two hundred thousand dollars in ransom money. The victims pay as they do in Shanghai, where kidnappings are frequent, and so perfect is the police system that they never discuss their treatment. Yes, cleanliness, law and order, and a good police system prevail—the cleanliness, order, and police of the East.

The Soviet have surrendered Harbin to the Chinese. There is no apparent friction over the city administration. With far-reaching schemes in the Orient, Moscow can well afford to let the Chinese rule Harbin so long as she does not lose her hold on that greater prize which is the key not only to Harbin but to all north Manchuria—the Chinese Eastern Railway. This, and not city administration, is the matter of first importance. Thanks to its exorbitant freight rates on parts of the line where there is no competition, the Chinese Eastern Railway makes stupendous profits. Twenty-eight million rubles were recently divided by the Dalbank, half to the treasure chest of Stalin and half to that of Chang Tso Lin (then alive). The money melts away like sugar in the Sungari but there is always more to come. This division of spoils and the lynx-eyed necessity of watching each other to see that neither encroaches on the control of the railway very comfortably occupies the Chinese and Russian Machiavellis. But underneath this official *status quo*, the relation of the two races *en masse* is a gruelling drama: persecution and abuse from the Chinese, fear and humiliation on the part of the Russians. Under Chinese rule, the man without a country is seen at his worst.

Two things are responsible for the loss of prestige of the white race: one is the fact that the white man now does manual labor; the other is the increasing number of Chinese-Russian marriages. Perhaps, after all, the most significant sight of the Orient is not a Chinese policeman striking a white driver. Perhaps it is a little ragged Russian girl with bare feet, her kerchief tied over her fair hair, washing windows in a Chinese house. For the first time in the history of the East white men work as coolies. Russian and Chinese porters together meet the trains. Russian and Chinese waiters serve together in hotels. Russian and Chinese longshoremen load and unload the steamers. The Chinese has never read William Morris or Ruskin. He knows

nothing of the "dignity of labor." He himself never works when he need not. He cultivates peonies or goes in for cricket-fighting or something that makes life worth while. Ever since the first voyager first landed on these shores of limitless coolie labor the unwritten law has been "the white shall do no labor with his hands." Now that the Oriental has seen the white man bent under loads of bean cake, the white has lost something he can never regain.

The second factor—both cause and effect of Chinese ascendancy—is that growing number of streets in Harbin given over to Russian women married to Chinese men. There have always been marriages between Orientals and whites since the first clipper ships landed on these shores without women in their holds. One of the pictures of Hongkong and Shanghai or Kobe has been the blond-bearded viking striding along the street, his lily-footed wife toddling in his wake at a respectful distance. In the old days of the China Coast, however, it was the Occidental man who married or kept the Oriental woman. A reverse order was a coast scandal. But the world now is full of reversals. Every modern war lord buys not only aeroplanes and alarm clocks from the West, but adds a few white wives to his harem as *zakouska*. And not only the war lords add Russian women to their menages, but among the poorer classes there are many marriages.

Since women are the home-makers, the families thus constituted live as whites—as slip-shod whites, for the marriages are usually among the very low classes. But in the physiognomy of the children Chinese blood dominates, as it always dominates the less well-established germ cell of the white. The effect upon the Chinese and Russians themselves involved in such a union is lowering rather than otherwise. In close contact with the Russian, the Chinese always loses something difficult to define but easily recognizable—perhaps an inner harmony, the heritage of the oldest civilization in the world. The white women who thus marry seem to lose caste. The prestige of the white race is still sufficient for that. At least they form a society of their own and keep to themselves in company with the other white women who have married Chinese. At first impression it seems a curious rather than encouraging experiment of nature. Perhaps it is her first foreshadowing of her uncaring way of solving the race problem. Stranger things have occurred in her vast melting pot.

Certain it is that certain chemicals are exploding into new forms in the Orient. It would take a very astute intelligence indeed to analyze this changing psychology of Asia and the deep bases of it. One group of foreigners talks of the "inferiority complex." To them, the Chinese and Japanese have long been inflicted with an inferiority complex thrust upon them by the guns and commerce of the West, and are now revenging themselves. Another group talks of the "superiority complex." It holds that the Chinese have always known their race and civilization to be superior, have held the West in contempt, and are determined to seize and hold their own.

Whatever the basic psychology, the result seems to be the same. China is awakening and awakening arrogantly. Soviet propaganda, the mastership in Harbin, white men and yellows working together as coolies, the fresh accessibility of white women—all have left their mark on the Chinese mind. There are many other contributory factors too complex to analyze, but the main factor lies in that flood of Russian *émigrés* flooding over the Urals who now tread so warily with the Chinese. The moment the Chinese saw the first Russian standing on the street and selling matches the status of the white world changed. And the day the first ragged Russian went to drudge in a Chinese house was more important than the signing of the Versailles treaty. For on that day the constellations of East and West shifted in the heavens.

With what result have the constellations shifted? Is China awakening to assume her obligations or only to make demands? Does the Harbin experiment mean new potentialities in the race—strength, honesty, efficiency? (Every one of these is a volume in itself in China.) In this remote north is a new type developing which augurs well for the solution of national problems? Those who know China best are the slowest to answer. Only time can tell.

Certainly here in the north is a freer atmosphere. For years Manchuria, containing Harbin and Mukden, has been Chang Tso Lin's special province—his source of revenue and the sanctuary to which he fled when hard pressed south of the Great Wall. He has drained it regularly and ruthlessly. In spite of all this drain, however, it has prospered. Lying serenely to the north, cut off by the Great Wall, by Chang Tso Lin's armies, it has escaped the fever with which the rival war lords have kept China seething. Here, if anywhere in China, there seems the possibility of a new type with a clearer head and a stronger will.

And a good type does seem to have shown on the horizon: remarkably keen and intelligent in business, quick to grasp an alien language even as difficult as the Russian, shrewd in everything except the principles of government. It is the science of government that he must learn if he is to pull his great kingdom there to the south together and gain the confidence of the West. Not through theoretical schemes of government on paper—a million here for a power plant, a million there for radio when his treasury would not yield a copper cent if scraped—can he demonstrate his greatness but through the thing at hand: less arrogance and less abuse of the peoples over whom he has authority.

III

The Russians would, perhaps, feel more keenly the humiliation of being ruled by Chinese were they any other race than Russian and if their own world were not so laden with drama. Harbin is like one of these boxes one takes apart, finding always another inside. Within the drama of the yellow and the white there is another drama of the Red and White. The officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway represent Moscow, and whoever controls the Chinese Eastern Railway controls Harbin. But in population, Harbin is White Russian, the stand of the Old Regime.

There lies the rub and it is a hard rub. Go into a Chinese hairdresser's and a woman comes in straight from the Rue de la Paix. Attend an official dinner and you dine with Stalin. In Russia, the Old Regime has ceased to exist in sufficient numbers to affect the scene. In Harbin they sit side by side, with no other nation to obscure the type. The Chinese Eastern Railway dispenses its stupendous profits with a gesture of true Russian magnificence. It has built a smart railway club with a delicious cuisine, charming gardens, an opera. Last year it spent three hundred thousand dollars on the opera, with artists out from Leningrad and Moscow. At these playgrounds of the railway Red and White mingle. At one table in the gardens a group of the Old Regime—the women marked by their thin faces and fragile skulls, the men in well-cut clothes—are watching the sunset over the Sungari. At the next table is the shaven head and thick neck of a good Siberian bourgeois, tucking away a Gargantuan Russian meal: he wears a Russian shirt, his boots smell of oil. He is probably a profiteer in furs; the woman with him wears a pink silk blouse and many bangles. A few Chinese faces here and there give the scene the strange flavor of the Far East and the Far North. But mainly the scene is Russian: Russia old and mellow; Russia new and masterful. The railway—that great power which sustains, overshadows, and rules Harbin—is their common meeting ground. But there the line is drawn.

Here and there in the city are evidences of the gigantic contest: not bullet holes and wrecked houses but, none the less, evidence. Take a motor and rattle over the ill-paved roads to Old Harbin. There you will come upon a chapter redolent of the past: a little collection of one-storied houses, the dirt roads winding like cow paths. It was the outpost of the Trans-Siberian when Russia was an adventurous empire striding toward China and the sea with her advance guard of Cossacks. At the end of a road, overhung with trees, is one of the strangest bits of mosaic in the East, a white-pillared house of old Russian style, built privately for the head of the Trans-Siberian Railway when his state approached that of Viceroy of this wild country. Vast rooms, polished floors, a park where the nightingales of Turgenev might have sung—all at the end of the cow paths. It is unconfiscated because it stands on Chinese territory, but even in Harbin it is unique. All the other big houses are occupied by the Soviet, the former inhabitants eking out an existence as best they may—by selling milk and eggs, by being janitors. At least one new palace has been built on railway ground by the Soviet, and in both Old and New Harbin are Soviet parks, beautifully kept and open to the public—reminders of the new masters of the old land.

Why, one asks, does the Old Regime cling to this straggling frontier town at the top of the world, administered by Chinese and Reds and so full of tragedy? They cling here because pride dies hard; because, although poor, here they keep something of their identity; because they dread to be lost in the vortex of the West. For certain numbers the Chinese East offers a livelihood, though it is always haunted by fear.

The Soviet permits the White Russians to hold positions on the railway provided they have Soviet passports. Since in the beginning technically trained men were scarce, the pay-roll contained a large number of men who were not Red at heart. Moscow has not found this agreeable and has been recently trying to replace them with Red disciples. This was all the opening necessary for the Chinese who, taking advantage of the Mukden agreement, that there should be an equal number of Chinese with Russians—the number now being somewhat less—laid claim to the posts here. The result has been an interlude in the Whites' terror of dismissal, though a temporary one. Those who have any means of livelihood at all are fortunate. Most of the Old Regime Russians stay in Harbin because they are too poor to move.

The Russian heart does not harbor bitterness, but with the drama so recent, the atmosphere resembles that of our Southern border states after the Civil War. There is much propaganda still in Harbin, the money coming in from Europe; and where there is such propaganda there is bitterness. The customs could tell a strange tale of the wares that cross their counters: jewels in quantities wrenched from their settings so that they may not be recognized, silver cigarette cases marked with a crown, the coffee cups of a Grand Duke. But who is there to buy? The Whites cannot and will not. The Reds need not, it is said. In this connection an authentic story is told in Harbin, names and dates of which can be supplied. The wife of a well-known Bolshevik official, wearing a valuable sable coat, was stopped on the street one day by a woman, her shoes almost worn through. "Madam," said the shabby woman, "will you come with me to the police station? That is my coat." The wearer protested, but was compelled to go. "There is name and date written on every skin of that coat," the shabby woman informed the police. "If the coat is hers she will know what they are." The wearer was unable to say what was written on the sables. The woman with the ragged shoes then gave a name and date. The coat was ripped open and the name and date were found as stated.

The most pathetic pawns in the game are the girls thrown on the market.

Whenever there is a break in the economic life of a nation it is always the women who are cheapened first. Never before has it occurred in such appalling proportions as in Russia. Shanghai is flooded with Russian girls who constitute much of the night life in that bizarre hybrid; not all are to be bought, but many are predatory to such an extent that it has been the subject of open debate in the Shanghai papers. In Harbin the life of man—especially of a bachelor with more than a sixpence in his pocket—is either a South Sea paradise or a case of St. Anthony, according to the temperament. When a bachelor moves into the quarters belonging to the customs or posts or one of the big business firms he usually finds a girl already established. She goes with the house like the furniture, and it takes more than a slant-eyed policeman to eject her. She does not appear at his parties but keeps discreetly hidden. Marriages have not been unknown, however, and any American woman with a fiancé in Harbin is warned to take the first steamer thitherward. "Ladies must live," and so must superfluous bits of froth on the stream of life.

Harbin, essence of tragic contrasts: of East and West, of old and new, of poverty and riches, the "City of Nechevo." And yet wherever are Russians there is life, and Harbin at night puts on a mask of hectic gaiety. There are ten cabarets which begin activity about midnight—tinsel affairs but clever and amusing. The cabarets are both expensive and cheap. The young "China millionaire" up from the interior with hungry eyes and his year's salary burning his monkey jacket can buy champagne, probably also the red-haired girl in green spangles with whom he dances, if he chooses. The artists are presumably *sans reproche*, but the girls who dance are in that borderland which adds piquancy to the *geisha*. The young China millionaire may spend his whole salary if he likes. But *pater familias* may also take the whole family for a dollar a head.

The cabaret is seldom vulgar, never abandoned. Sometimes there is a moment that touches the heart. Someone sings a gypsy song, the lights go lower. Out of the shadows seems to flow the deep river of the past, winding like a broad ribbon of memory; ahead stretches the misty, unknown future. One feels the Russian soul voyaging about on the bitter plain of experience: no longer friend and foe, the struggle against poverty, against exile, the struggle against yellow and against one another forgotten—all touched into a common race by memory. The moment passes. The lights blare on. A troupe climbs down swinging ladders, clad in powder and paint. Harbin, the "City of Nechevo."

While inside the city drama within drama unfolds—the drama of power on one hand against fear on the other—outside, Manchuria herself, twice as big as Germany, prepares the next battlefield of the world. One line of battalions already moves across the horizon. Through the gates of Harbin themselves flows a constant stream of blue: Chinese coolies who have fled famine-stricken, tax-ridden Shantung and Chihli pour hungrily over the empty brown plains. Through the break in the Great Wall and the ports they swarm, two million this year and millions more in the loins of these. They bring their wives and children with them, even now and then an aged father across a stalwart back. They carry bedding rolls and bundles that contain all they own in this world, some of them carry a hoe. The sunshine pours down into the plains, warm and golden; the flags hang limp in the air. The scene looks serene and peaceful and remote from wars. No enemy is in sight. Where are the antagonists?

One sits in Tokio: a small dapper gentleman who in his leisure has a passion for jade and gardens. The other sits in the Kremlin: a stoutish person in a peasant shirt. One holds the key of the South Manchurian Railway, the other of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the

Trans-Siberian. Both look with disappointed eyes at Manchuria. The figure in Tokio long ago had a dream: it was a dream of the rich stream of life, but pouring in from his own islands across the way. He has resigned it sorrowfully but finally; he knows now that the Japanese farmer cannot compete with that blue-clad figure with the grass-and-mud cake tucked in his coat. The peasant in Moscow—only he was not a peasant then but a suave gentleman in a frock coat—also once had a dream: it was of a great Slav empire with free outlets to the sea. That also has passed. Manchuria will be Chinese: only an act of God can stop that now. But the control of that output, the sovereignty over this rich virgin land? Who holds the key to that?

If the shield of Manchuria were drawn, it should be three figures *couchant:* the bear, and two dragons—a white and two yellows. A battle of railways and ports fought for the last west. Each has her weakness and her own strength. Against Japan works the innate distrust felt for her by China and by Russia; for her, endless cleverness, her militant vigilance and her determination to keep the "special position" which she avers she won in the Russo-Japanese war, and which she states she will hold at the point of the sword. Against China is her chaos and her lack of organized resources; vastly in her favor, the mighty mass of twenty million coolies already on the land. The bear is probably the weakest of the three. Against him stands lost prestige in the Far East and complex internal problems. For him, ten years of experience which has developed some of the cleverest brains in the world, and the fact that as an ally or enemy Russia is the immediate giant of the future.

What happens in Manchuria will carry results for the whole world. It would be interesting to open one's eyes in Harbin a hundred years from now and gaze at the seats of power. White or yellow? And if yellow—which?

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

I STOOD alone where the great Pembroke lay
Most gauntly still, as carved obsidian
Hewn at a stroke; in the slow waning day
So prone was he, and so much more than man.
And round him others, virginally young,
With sword long sheathed beneath the insentient hand,
Remote, serene, whose passionate minds were strung
To battle for the Cross in Holy Land.
I thought how many another man than these
Has borne a shield as starkly magical
Over gray land and white adventurous seas
Against his stand beneath the ultimate wall,
And thence returned with vacant eyes and frail
Spent feet and folded hands that clasp no grail.

FRA ANGELICO AND THE CABIN PASSENGER

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

AMONG modern transatlantic travelers undoubtedly the lowliest is he who takes what is known as "cabin passage," that is, the better quarters on the slower boats. Such a passenger obviously is not an important personage in politics, finance, the movies, or grand opera, or he would be rich enough to travel first class on the *Ile de France*, the *Berengaria*, the *Majestic*, or some other of the great fliers. On the other hand, it is equally apparent that he is not a man of importance among the intellectuals or the creative artists, for if he were he would be too poor to travel except in student third class. The cabin passenger is just nothing. With movie actors, financiers, and ambassadors sniffing at him on the one side, and with the learned doctors, the poets, composers, and painters equally aloof on the other, he cannot fail to realize that among ordinary and undistinguished people he is the most excessively so.

Yet the books of the steamship companies reveal that what the cabin passenger lacks in distinction he makes up in numbers. Something attracts him to Paris in hordes every summer; and it is difficult to believe that he goes there either to damage his morals or to improve his mind. But he is, generally speaking, rather a dumb animal—inarticulate, I mean, not foolish. He does not often break into the public prints to argue his case, so the impression has become widespread that a trip to the City of Light must subserve one of two purposes—the purpose of getting drunk or divorced, on the one side, or the purpose of polishing the intelligence, on the other. Students go to Paris, and butter-and-egg men go to Paris, to the satisfaction of both, as everyone knows. What is not so generally realized is that the place is well worth seeing, even by a man who is pretty well satisfied with both his present wife and his present education.

Angelique and I were recently cabin passengers. I make the confession at once in order that the great and the learned may read no farther and so avoid wasting their time. For what we have to say is not half so interesting as the tales brought back by the butter-and-egg men, and possesses none of the cultural impressiveness of the acquisitions of the worthy gentlemen with the thick lenses and the Greek lexicons who travel up in the bow of the boat with the horses. Angelique and I came back with morals, I think I may say, undamaged, and with minds certainly unimproved. About all we can say is that we had a thundering good time, and know exactly why we are crazy to go back.

Not every cabin passenger, I assert with unashamed vanity, can say as much. So many allow their respectability to overcome them. They think they must go to the Opéra and go all the way through the Louvre, quite unsuspecting that the Opéra alone can damage a visit to Paris and the Louvre can ruin it, while the combination tends to turn an ordinary cabin passenger into a violent Gallophobe.

A visit to the Opéra should indeed be on the itinerary of every cabin passenger in Paris, only he should not go at night, nor should he enter the building. He should obtain a seat on the sidewalk in front of the Café de la Paix about five o'clock in the afternoon. He can obtain it for the price of a drink.

So fortified, he is in position to enjoy the gaudiest show in Paris, with the Opéra as its perfect backdrop. All the world rushes by in a tremendous hurry to get nowhere. Every taxi is honking wildly, although the drivers must be well aware that traffic can move no faster than it is moving. All the busses are pulling up with squealing brakes, or starting with much clattering of the gears. All the traffic cops are shouting as they wave their white billies helplessly. All the passers-by are gabbling. Every actor upon the scene is making noises which don't mean anything and which are perfectly futile. And upon the uproar smiles down the incredible façade of the Opéra, monument of that immensely noisy and bustling emperor, Napoleon III.

A philosophical cabin passenger can be greatly edified by attending the Opéra after this fashion. Observing the modern French in a perpetual stew which means nothing and achieves nothing save a prodigious uproar and a certain diverting swirl of movement, he is far better prepared to sit in the visitors' gallery and observe his own American Congress in action. It is encouraging to realize that, after all, we are not the only ones given to this sort of thing. After all, not even the Corn Belt, fertile mother of political apparitions, has produced anything quite comparable to Louis Napoleon. Not that this is altogether gain, for Napoleon the Little, if he fell short of greatness, was at least genuinely grandiose. This Opera House proves it. Gaudy it may be, pretentious and ostentatious, and all that, but at least it isn't little and it isn't mean. Its builder led his nation into ruin. He destroyed its wealth and broke its pride, but he never attempted to convert it into a sneaking nation, or into a sanctimonious nation. After all, Napoleon III might have left to France worse legacies than the Opéra and Sedan. He might have bequeathed it an American gospel of meddlesomeness.

Similarly, with the Louvre, the cabin passenger should carefully preserve a decent reticence. The Louvre is a very great art gallery and, therefore, entitled to the respect of all intelligent people. Those persons are in error who insist that it is to be viewed only on the inside; such arguments apply only to individuals who are in Paris for the purpose of improving their minds. By others the Louvre is best enjoyed from a different standpoint, and for my part I choose the Quai Voltaire, on the opposite side of the river. The procedure is simple. Select a spot where the stone coping is free from booksellers' boxes. Approach it after the fashion of our unregenerate forefathers when, in search of strong drink, they "bellied up to the bar." Bend slightly forward and plant the elbows lightly, but firmly, in the center of the coping, the hands loosely clasped and the cane dangling over the outside. In Paris public opinion demands a cane, and before you have been there a week you will feel indecently exposed without one in the streets. Thus gracefully draped upon the wall along the riverside, it is possible to remain immovable for hours, and one is then prepared to take up the study of the Louvre in a serious way.

Here, in order to be fair, I should pause long enough to file a dissenting opinion from Angelique. She dismisses the scheme *in toto*, and professes to be scandalized by the very idea of studying the great repository of French art from across the Seine. The only correct viewpoint, says Angelique, is from one of the benches in the Place du Carrousel. There is much to be said for the benches, it is true, but my private opinion is that Angelique prefers them because she cannot drape herself over a stone fence as gracefully as I can.

Be that as it may, the Louvre from the outside, I assert without fear of successful contradiction, is an eyeful. Such chimneys!

Inside, of course, is immortality, and I have nothing but the greatest respect for those who seek it, but it is rather overwhelming for a cabin passenger. Besides, there is some sort of magic about museum floors. They seem to be made of ordinary wood, and yet they have achieved a hardness of which mere wood is incapable—a hardness which is to diamond as diamond is to talc. Hard-working tourists develop museum feet as they develop sea-legs; but that appertains to improvement of the mind with which cabin passengers have nothing to do.

The only safety for a cabin passenger inside the Louvre depends upon securing a very special kind of guide. Like Diana. Diana is no cabin passenger. She always travels student third along with the archæologists, the philologists, the anthropologists, and the horses. Diana, to the best of my information and belief, holds nothing but a plain A.B., but she knows more than thirty-eight medium weight Ph.D.'s, because in addition to the store of information which goes with the doctorate, she knows what the ordinary Ph.D. has to ripen many years before he discovers, namely, how to convey information.

We went with Diana into the hall devoted to the Italian Primitives, toward whom I had always maintained the attitude which, according to our arbiters of taste, was abandoned by really superior people in the eighteen-forties. That is, I thought they were terrible. We halted before an altarpiece by Fra Angelico, and Diana began to talk. I don't remember what she said, but I do remember that little by little that picture began to fall into shape before my eyes, and from it arose the spirit of the early fifteenth century.

What a man was this John of Fiesole, and what a time he represents! A priest, of course, and concerned exclusively with the job of subduing the world, the flesh, and the devil to the control of Holy Church; but by the ineluctable processes of bio-chemistry a painter, also, and a mighty one. He could paint saints and seraphs, virgins and angels, with faces of such tender, delicate beauty that one is almost afraid to draw breath for fear of losing the vision. He clothed them in blues like patches of the sky, and yellows that make the primrose crass and blatant. He dealt in gold and swan's down and filled his palette from the dawn and from sunset's afterglow.

Once Diana had pointed it out, all this was quite obvious to me, but she proceeded then to abolish the mystery of the bad drawing by bidding me observe its subservience to the design. I had thought it unskillfulness, and now I saw how it was all attributable to the exigencies of the design, how it had been made to contribute to the emphasis of the central idea, regardless of anatomy or of any other fact. This is undeniably power, and it is as undeniably a commentary on the good old days. Brother John knew that the earth is no longer without form and void. He knew that Heaven and Earth are arranged and run according to a fixed and unalterable design. He also knew what that design is, for was he not a priest, as well as a man of the early fifteenth century? All the world was full of moral certainties in those days, so there was little disposition to question the dicta when priest and king and noble asserted that human life must fit into the design, not the design into human life.

So Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, being a man of his time, brought his talent, too, to contribute to the great work of bending the human spirit into the mold made for it. No matter that his particular talent was an unparalleled appreciation of the exquisite, of the fragile, of the delicate. He stretched the arms of his angels to serve the design. He flung his draperies about contrary to all the laws of nature in order to serve the design.

He did not follow where Beauty led, but harnessed her and hitched her to his design and drove her. Out of butterfly wings he made hammers to hammer the souls of men into conformity with the design which all holy men knew perfectly.

Thus the Italian Primitives served their day and generation and their works are marvelous. But so are the works of their confrères who did not dabble in pigments, but served the same ideal. Jeanne d'Arc, screaming horribly when the fire really got at her, is one of their works. The head of the venerable Coligny on a pike is another. All the welter of blood and horror that constitutes the religious wars is part of the same fearful gallery. As Diana talked of how happily the name of Angelico fits this painter of the celestial, I remembered shudderingly an artist who was in his own way as great; for it was this same moral certainty which inspired the hell-lit genius of Torquemada.

Diana persuaded me to alter somewhat my view of the Italian Primitives. Now I *know* they are terrible.

So I enjoy the Louvre from the outside, where smoking is permitted and meditation may arrive at a happier conclusion. I observe and approve the works of great kings arrayed before me. Francis I did a good job when he erected that original building, even if it is a bit heavy for the taste of a cabin passenger, and so did Henry IV in his continuation. That device of the salamander, for example, is not only a pleasing touch in itself, but obviates the necessity of dragging *Baedeker* out of one's overcoat pocket in order to verify Francis I construction. Catherine de' Medicis also did well by the twentieth-century tourist, as did the various Louis, whose capital L's are woven into such fascinating designs in such fascinating places.

But when all is said and done, the entrancing feature of the Louvre is the way in which every particularly prominent spot, every spot which a really good advertising man would select for a billboard, is pre-empted by a vast N, no matter who put up the building. I appeal to all infantrymen and cavalrymen—now isn't that just what a major of artillery would do? Then there is the Arch in the Place du Carrousel, smaller than the one up the hill at the Place de L'Etoile, but to my mind a more superb monument of egotism on account of the inscriptions, which lift it beyond anything of the kind, the palace of Versailles alone excepted. Napoleon, after all, is the lad for the cabin passenger's money. Francis I and Henry IV and Italian Catherine and the Well-Beloved and the Sun King doubtless were great in their time; but the Corsican was so incomparably the loudest of them all that the recommendation he gives himself at the Louvre all but drowns out the others.

Still, the tale is not finished with Napoleon. The Beehive followed the Salamander on these ancient walls, and the L's followed the Beehive, and the N followed the L's as the slow-footed centuries dragged past; yet through it all these remained the walls of a royal palace, and the Place du Carrousel was a king's garden. With more or less success, men were still hammered into shape to fit the design which holy clerks and the Lord's anointed sketched. And if the design required the stretching of limbs and the warping of souls, the limbs were stretched and the souls were warped in the sacred names of God and the King's Majesty. Humanity was valuable only in so far as it might be worked into the great composition which had as its center and climactic point the Throne, earthly or heavenly.

But N also has had in its turn a successor. Over the door of the north wing, where the Ministry of Finance has its headquarters, is the new sign. And because that sign is not N, but RF, the royal palace has become a museum, and in the garden of the great kings Angelique and I sit and pass approval on the works which they wrought. And here Angelique practices her French on a nursemaid who has pushed a perambulator into the place. And here I lend

a match to a workman in overalls who sits on the bench beside me long enough to smoke a cigarette and damn the administration. The Louvre is now the property of the French Republic, and the Republic is, in theory at least, the French people.

Human life is no longer an Italian Primitive design in which humanity is valuable only as it contributes to a composition intended to magnify and glorify the Throne. Apparently, there is still some sort of design into which we are compelled to fit. At any rate, limbs are still stretched and souls are still warped, God knows; but the torture is no longer inflicted with a clear conscience, in the belief that the holy clerk and the Lord's anointed necessarily are acquainted with all the plans of the Creator. So Angelique and I, in the Place du Carrousel, meditate with a degree of wonder and a degree of satisfaction upon the builders of the mighty Louvre—on Francis and Henry, on the Louis and Catherine, on Bonaparte the Great and Napoleon the Little, and how they have all given place to the République Française, which makes us welcome to sit and chat and smoke in the garden of the kings. And the sum and substance of our meditation on these ancient monarchs is not how great they were, but how dead they are!

For dead they are in this Paris that they ruled. It is in no sense purely a matter of the tricolor and the monogram on public buildings, or of the abolition of hereditary rank and the extension of the suffrage, or of any other political factor. It is a matter of the spirit of the city, the matter of a profound belief that man was not made to be forced into an arbitrary design made by holy men and noblemen, or by any other men. Paris repudiates the ideal of a mosaic, no matter how gorgeous, in which individual men are the chips. When she abolished rank and station, she did so in good faith. She has learned to use a man for what he is worth and for that alone. If he does well the work which she desires him to do, he is absolved of other duties. He does not have to fit into an arbitrary design in order to hold any sort of place in the world.

So if a professor in the Sorbonne knows his subject thoroughly and teaches it well, he is regarded as a worshipful master, even though he may wear whiskers more incredible than any that Bud Fisher ever drew. He may live on the sixth floor of a tottering old house in a street eight feet wide without losing caste. He may be assiduously cultivating a case of cirrhosis of the liver, but if he keeps out of jail and comes to his lecture-room sober, the rest is nobody's business but his own.

Furthermore—and this is what makes a cabin passenger gasp and stare—not only does nobody raise a protest, but nobody knows, or cares to know. A teacher is hired to teach, and when his teaching is over his day's work is done. He is not expected to serve, during his spare time, as a sort of dressmaker's model on which the community may try the effect of all its new fads, fancies, and prejudices. He is not expected to furnish support to the Church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Parks and Playgrounds Association, the Musical Betterment Society, the Boy Scouts, the Campfire Girls, the Community Chest, the Young Men's Hebrew Association, the Y. W. C. A., and the Right Living Club. If he teaches geography, he is expected to know geography, but he is not expected to know the Westminster Catechism, the complete works of Emily Post, the Republican Handbook, the Twenty-Third Psalm, the Bartender's Guide, the American Experience Table, and What a Young Married Woman Ought to Know. Hence his opinion on subjects covered by these authorities is not regarded as particularly valuable, and so is not sought. If it should be discovered accidentally that he never heard of any of them, nobody would turn a hair, provided he did know geography.

Paris, in other words, is not "nosey,"

except on certain well-recognized occasions. If two cars nick each other's fenders the gendarme writes a novel on the subject, and while he is writing the size of the crowd is limited only by the width of the street. And if one of the Seine fishermen ever caught a fish I doubt not that hundreds would be injured in the crush. But any comedian from the music halls might parade down the Avenue de L'Opéra in full make-up without causing a single head to turn, for many artists are customarily rigged out more fantastically. What a man wears, or eats, or drinks, and how he amuses himself are matters that concern himself alone, for there is no rigid design into which he must fit his whole life, including not only his words and deeds, but even his beliefs.

The unlimited supplies of liquor and learning to be obtained there are, therefore, not the only features of Paris which astonish the visiting American. The superb indifference of the natives to what does not concern them is an unceasing fount of wonder and delight. Paris has a hard-luck story. She never tells it, but it is plain enough to the perceptive eye in the shabbiness of the crowds on the streets, in the almost complete absence of silk stockings, in pinched faces, and flat chests, and bent backs. For the millions that make up the population of the city, life is hard, desperately hard. But they do not leave, they will not leave; and I do not believe that it is beyond the capacity of an American to guess why.

For Paris, through great tribulation, has learned to confine her design to inanimate things. The development of the material city, the city of brick and stone and mortar, is ruled with an iron hand. This is apparent in every vista—not merely in the great central one, from the Place du Carrousel across the Tuileries and the Place de la Concorde through the Champs Elysées up to the Star, but in a thousand others as well. No department store has been allowed to erect a packing case three hundred feet high to obliterate the soaring beauty of the Tour St. Jacques. No filling-station modeled after some movie-director's dream of a Turkish harem has been permitted to obtrude its obscenity upon the Place de la Concorde. No chewing-gum or liver pill is advertised in fifteen-foot letters on the stone walls that line the Seine. There are architectural horrors in Paris, but they represent the infrequent failures of the system, not the customary procedure. On inanimate Paris the hand of Authority lies heavy, and the result is that beauty which all the world knows. Out of inanimate things Authority can create patterns lovely beyond description.

But there it stops in Paris. Humanity does not comprise part of the design. They are not able even to maintain traffic control in Paris, not to mention social control. And yet, somehow, the traffic moves and the city remains far more orderly than American towns. And right here the cabin passenger becomes aware of a certain uneasiness stirring his vitals. This is a hard-up town, a bedraggled, down-at-the-heels town and, therefore, by comparison with the speckless, shiny, luxuriously equipped towns which are the pride of America, it ought to be a woebegone town. But it isn't. It is far from anything of the sort. In fact, it is distinctly chipper, distinctly pleased with itself, and apparently grouchless.

We have abolished the design in America, too, as far as the political aspect goes. That is to say, our composition is no longer dedicated to the magnification and glorification of the Throne. But the social control remains as rigid with us as it ever was, and there is some reason to believe that it is tightening. Suppose these Frenchmen have hit upon a sound idea—where, then, are we? Suppose it is possible to maintain public order and public decency without compelling human beings to conform to all the prejudices, fads and fancies of the community—wouldn't the joke be on us in rather ghastly fashion?

Consider what life in America would be like if there were no question of striving to be a leading citizen, no necessity of keeping up with the Joneses. Suppose you felt perfectly free to contribute or not to contribute to whatever "drive" happened to be under way. Suppose you were at liberty to live in whatever part of the town suited your taste and your purse without losing caste. Suppose it made no difference whatever in your social standing whether you owned a limousine, a flivver, or no car at all. Suppose you were at liberty to be an evolutionist in Tennessee without going to jail, or a Communist in Massachusetts without being electrocuted. Suppose you might be a Roman Catholic and still run for the Presidency of the United States without a word of opposition based on your church affiliation. Wouldn't it be wonderful?

Such considerations as these trouble a cabin passenger. Looking around him in Paris and noting, beneath the beauty and charm of the old city, the sternness of the struggle for existence, he returns thanks for his nativity on the western side of the Atlantic. Marking the extreme difficulty of making any change in this ancient, crowded land, he gives thanks for the limitless sweep of the American future, he thrills to the consciousness that his young nation "rejoices as a strong man to run a race." But when he observes how the Frenchman, in the midst of his difficulties and his hardships, has yet contrived to win and to hold his freedom of spirit, he bows his head. And it is in a rather subdued mood that he turns back to his own land where, behind the power, the opulence, the magnificence, behind the show of vigorous youth and boundless opportunity, Torquemada stands in the background.

The Lion's Mouth

IN DEFENSE OF MILLIONAIRES

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I WAS reading, the other evening, a book which charmed and delighted me until I came to a single sentence that did not. Since then, by the unjust fate that seems to pursue authors as well as other public characters, I have remembered the volume not by the hours of pleasure and benefit which it gave me, but by the few words which aroused my irritation.

The author, in this case, was an essayist and philosopher who was describing a walking trip through one of the eastern states and, on coming to a little forgotten township where the landscape was still almost primeval, he spoke of it as being "as yet unspoiled by the millionaire."

Now why, I ask him, the millionaire? If he meant to say that many spots in the landscape would be spoiled by *anyone* who touched them—the gas station proprietor, the billboard artist, the Italian farmer, the mistress of "Ye Little Tea Shoppe," or even the indigenous Yankee—I am with him completely; but why pick on poor Dives any more than the rest?

The truth is, I do not believe that this author meant at all what he said. I believe merely that, in a careless moment, he allowed himself to slip into one of the commonest and yet one of the silliest catch-ideas of American literature, the assumption that a man of large estate is necessarily predatory, tyrannical, ignorant, and, above all, hostile to beauty. It is an idea, unhappily, to which the nature-loving and philosophical school of literature is particularly prone. The vagrant, the whimsical violinist, the hermit, the toy maker, and the woman who knows the wild flowers are usually the heroes or heroine of its lyrics, while the man in the big house on the hill is usually the villain, when he is not the butt.

Such a point of view, I will admit, is comforting, as most of us have better chances of being whimsical violinists than we have of being rich men; but is it necessarily sound? As a matter of fact, in the particular state of the Union in which this author chose to ramble, there would be very little wild country left if it were not for the millionaires. While one may be annoyed by the "No Trespassing" signs in the forests that they have bought and fenced off, still it is the only practicable method by which they could still remain forests. The chances are, further, that if our friend had come on a nestling little farmhouse which breathed the whole spirit of Colonial purity, inquiry would have disclosed that it had been caught from the junk heap and restored at a cost of about forty thousand dollars.

If, moreover, this idea of millionaire-baiting is an axiom of philosophico-nature writing, it is a positive canon of more popular literature where it faces a still more ludicrous situation. For what is the one ever-present, never-failing theme of American fiction, the only motif that crowds out even the love interest? It is, of course, the advancement to success, material success—in other words, making money. Contrariwise, an American tragedy is a story

in which someone loses money. Horatio Alger became a classic on the one idea, and Edith Wharton on the other. Name five American novels, if you can, in which the action does not really rest on this theme. I honestly have tried and have got no farther than *The Scarlet Letter*, for if the Shelby family had remained solvent there would have been no *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

In this idea, taken alone, there is, of course, nothing peculiarly American. It has been a basic theme of all literatures since the *Book of Job*. A wealthy marriage is regarded as the logical climax of all nursery tales, and every fairy story ends in a pot of gold. Since Americans are accused of being mercenary or vulgarians, it is amusing to find that Lord Lytton, in one of his novels, gives the actual incomes of his leading characters and gives them right out in pounds, shillings, and pence.

The difference, however, is that Europeans and Orientals stop there and have, at least, the virtue of a clean-cut proposition. They take it for granted that the pot of gold *is* the end of the fairy tale and that a rich man is happy until he is proved otherwise. On the contrary, American fiction, while outdoing all the rest of the world in idealizing the "success" motif, has felt an obligation to accompany it always with the counter theory that a rich man is never good, admirable, or at peace. Incessantly you find the two ideas side by side in the works of the same author, in the pages of the same magazine, and frequently in the same story. Against the hero who is struggling to success in the rolling mills or the heroine who is coyly opening a new kind of bookshop, is always present the old millionaire who glooms and grouches and snarls and spits, or the wealthy lady who is valuable as a customer but detestable otherwise. Are we to believe that this is the end for which the young people are struggling? And if, in the eyes of fiction, it is undesirable to *have made* money (as distinct from *making* it), we are taught that it is positive degeneracy to have inherited it. In vain do we search the pages of American literature for a rich man's son who is not a sot, a nincompoop, or a sissy. There is only admiration for the father who is working manfully to provide security for his children. It is, however, apparently fatal if he succeeds in doing it.

Personally, I could never see in this trend of thought anything except an unconscious working of the old fable of the fox and the grapes, the old story of the "ins" and the "outs." Concerning the whole theory of vested property I am no more prepared to give a final answer than any mortal has been for the past three thousand years; but until the rest of us are ready to give up our washing machines, our radios, and our winter flannels, I can see nothing but cant and hypocrisy in pretending to scorn those who have more of them than we. Come now. Is there one of us who would not experience a tremendous uplift of soul if, in to-morrow's mail, he should find an unexpected and whopping big check? Which of us would not go forth feeling a rare beneficence and brotherly love towards all mankind, seeing new beauties in the sunrise, and finding exquisite artistries in every twig and branch? Why, then, assume that money acts any differently on the soul of a millionaire?

There are, of course, ridiculous millionaires, just as there are ridiculous writers, ridiculous paper hangers, and simply screaming naturalists; but both theory and observation would suggest that soundness of thought, in anything from art to agriculture, can best be found in the neighborhood of responsible minds. Great things, it is true, have been created in garrets—under the pressure necessary to get out of the garret—but, on the other hand, it was the garret point of view that reduced Villon to murder and Chatterton to forgery. And why continuously pick out a Villon or a Chatterton against the long line of well-fed and much better artists from Horace to Corot? One of these owes his life's work to Mæcenas and the

other was born rich. Without the appreciation of established wealth there would have been little art in any era, including our own.

To say that because a man is nurtured to a life of ease he is thereby devoid of intellect, sensibility, or character is to say something contrary to reason. The whole history of the British Empire proves the reverse. If you desired a brave horse, a clever terrier, or a highly maternal cow you would look for them in a stock which had produced others of the same kind and which had been watched and tended with care. It is not difficult to notice in any college that the boys from well-to-do homes are frequently the best athletes and almost invariably the most popular. This is not due to snobbishness but to a much more genuine reason—that ease of circumstance and security of position develop early a poise of mind and a good humor that find harder footing in yearning and want. The great curse of poverty is not deprivation but a meanness of mind that is apt to grow up when ambition is rubbed by envy. It has often been said that the collapse of Rome was caused by its luxury; but the obvious trouble was not that there were too many rich men but that there were not enough of them. There was no point in the history of the Empire when a good bankers' bloc, a good wheat bloc, or a good swordmakers' bloc could not have averted its downfall. A more startling fact is that when the end did come it was the aristocrats and the millionaires who survived the deluge. It was the bluebloods of the old era who reappeared as the saints of the new. St. Anthony, St. Basil, St. Benedict, St. Gregory the Great, St. Augustine, and the incomparable Cassiodorus were all aristocrats and men of wealth. So also were most of the founders of our own republic. On the other hand, the three men who did their best to wreck the American Revolution were all culls or wanderers—Arnold, Gates, and Charles Lee. According to one historian, the last named, "*in order to gain public confidence*" (sic) purchased an estate in Virginia, and when this had secured him the rank of major general he asked Congress to reimburse him for his expenditure!

As I have said, I do not attempt to justify these conditions. I merely state that they are facts. I believe that the world would be much happier if many people had more money but, lacking a better distribution scheme than any that has yet been discovered, I do not see why it would be any happier if certain people had less. And what I do object to is the affectation of attacking wealth for any reason except the real one. When I, in print or otherwise, pick up a rock and throw it at my neighbor Midas he may know just why I do it; and until I myself am willing to wear haircloth I am not going to begrudge him his dress shirt.

INDOOR MOTORING

BY RICHARD GARWOOD LEWIS

MY FRIEND Barrington has some decidedly queer ideas about motoring. He has a big powerful roadster that he and his wife drive all over the country. He never goes more than forty miles an hour, stops at all the railroad crossings, and lets people pass him in pre-war Fords. He hasn't enough sense to keep to the well-paved highways but is always poking up side roads. He raves about the scenery and keeps the top of his car down till away on into the fall. Says he likes the fresh air and the smell of the country. Mrs. B. pretends to agree with him, but I know women better than that. Every once in a while the wife and I go over and take the Barringtons out for a real ride and, believe me, I do the driving.

We have a large closed car and, in spite of the fact that the women go around half naked these days, we can be quite comfortable in the car even in cold weather. We can close the windows so that there isn't a slightest draught, and I have a good heater. I don't like to boast about my driving, but once we get clear of the suburbs you see the figure "45" for the last time on the speedometer till we get home again. I get Barrington in the front seat with me and I certainly have a lot of fun watching him push down on the floor and grip his knees when we get near a railway crossing. I usually shave it a little close just to give him a real thrill. Why! any man who can't beat a locomotive that hasn't got more than half way across the road shouldn't be driving a car.

On a good day we can start right after lunch and go more than a hundred miles out into the country and be back in plenty of time for tea. You have to keep your foot on it to do that, no loafing along mooning at scenery but real driving, if you know what I mean. I'm not one of those nuts that claim to be able to pass every car on the road but I at least make a try at anything that comes along except the motor cops, and I don't take much dust.

The wife and I called around the other day to give the Barringtons a treat, and when I honked the horn in front of their apartment house Barrington came out and leaned in the window over the wheel.

"Come in, both of you, and have a jolt of my new grape brandy before we start," he said in a hoarse whisper.

I had had a bad day at the office and was feeling a little washed out, so we got out and followed him. Some people are afraid to take a real drink when they are driving a car, but I think it's just the thing to get you properly keyed up. He gave me a good stiff jolt, and I thought the stuff tasted even stronger than what he made last fall. The wife just sipped it and passed it up and went in to talk to Mrs. B. Barrington and I sat and talked and I had a little more of his grape brandy. . . .

After a little while Barrington went out into their trick kitchenette and beckoned to me. I followed him out, thinking he was going to declare a dividend, but he closed and locked the door behind me. In the kitchenette were four large overstuffed chairs, and my wife and Mrs. Barrington were sitting waiting in them. They were comfortable enough as chairs go, but it was rather close quarters. Barrington lighted the oven, the broiler, and three of the burners of the gas range, and opened the tap of the fourth ring about a half turn but left it unlit. A strong smell of hot grease and gas soon filled the little room, but Barrington closed and locked the single window.

"Just what's the idea?" I inquired.

He had a wild look in his eye, his hair was ruffled, and his necktie was under one ear.

"We are going to play a new game," he said. "It's called 'Indoor Motoring' and I invented it."

He rolled his eyes and his face took on a slightly maniacal expression.

"I have here a loaded automatic pistol," he continued. "It is cocked and has a hair trigger so that it will go off at the slightest touch. Don't interfere with me in any way or even disagree with me, as I am supposed to be the driver of the Indoor Motor, and you should know better than to interfere with the driver. We are now passing through the suburbs, and you can all look out of the window and get a fleeting glimpse of the brick wall across the court."

He then produced a long, cylindrical package like a large candle wrapped in yellow oiled paper.

"This is a stick of sixty per cent dynamite that I have been keeping on the radiator all day," he explained. "It is nice and warm and, therefore, very sensitive to shock. It represents Railway Crossings."

He then produced a box of percussion caps and a coil of fuse. He put a cap on

a short length of fuse and then crimped it tight by biting on it with his teeth.

"If you bite too close to the end they sometimes go off in your mouth," he said parenthetically.

He inserted the cap in the cheesy substance in the package and lighted the fuse.

"We are now supposed to be dashing down a steep hill toward a level crossing, and there is a fast express trying to beat us to it. I am fairly sure I can make it."

He picked up a pair of scissors and waited while the fuse sputtered nearer and nearer to the cap.

"If I cut the fuse before it explodes the cap it means we have passed safely across in front of the train and we score one point. If not, the engineer scores a point."

He waited until the fuse was within an inch of the cap and then neatly snipped it off and said, "Good, I knew I could make it."

I got up at this moment and spoke in a soothing tone. "All right, Barrington, old chap, you win. Let's play some other game—outside."

He pointed the automatic pistol at the pit of my stomach and replied harshly, "Sit down, you idiot. Do you want to have us in the ditch?"

I sat down, and he continued.

"We are now passing along a road where the scenery is noted for its beauty." Here he produced a large pack of picture postcards and passed them to my wife.

"Glance through these and pass them on quickly. Don't keep me waiting too long as I am in a hurry to get on."

As the cards were being passed from hand to hand my wife whispered to me, "There is a man in the apartment opposite. If we could get the window open we might be able to attract his attention."

"Can't we have the window open a bit?" I asked as calmly as possible. "It's getting terribly close in here." And I made a move toward the window.

"Sit down!" barked Barrington as he turned the automatic again in the general direction of my diaphragm. "Do you want us all to catch our death of cold?"

After collecting the post cards, he prepared and lighted another length of fuse and this time he let it burn down to within a half-inch of the cap, explaining as it sputtered that the powder in the fuse often burned for quite a way, inside, without showing. This, he explained, made it all the more fun, because you might snip it off and still have it go on burning without your knowing it until it was too late. My wife moaned faintly, and I loosened my collar.

"Good!" he said again. "I knew I could make it easily. A man that drives an Indoor Car gets to be a good judge of time and distance."

Finally he lighted another fuse and this time he told us we were going to race two trains, one coming each way and crossing just on the highway.

"This will be a darned good trick if I do it," he said with a smile. He lighted the fuse and let it burn till it was less than a quarter of an inch from the cap.

I made a snatch at the fuse and knocked the stick of dynamite out of his hand. There was a blinding flash. . . .

I felt someone shaking me by the shoulder and I looked up and saw Barrington bending over me. His hair seemed to be as smooth as usual, his tie was in place, and he appeared to be quite rational. I looked around and saw that I was no longer in the kitchenette but back in the living room in the same chair where I had been sitting drinking Barrington's grape brandy and waiting for the women to put on their make-up.

"Wake up, old sport!" Barrington said as he shook me again by the shoulder. "The women are waiting for us. Hadn't we better get out on the highway before the traffic gets too heavy?"

At the word "traffic" I thought I saw an odd, hunted, harassed, apprehensive look come into his eye.

"Look here," I said. "Wouldn't you

sooner we stayed here and let the women take the car out?"

"Well—yes. I would rather like to stay in and have a little game of pinochle," he said. "And we could have some more of my brandy if you like it."

"No thanks!" I said. "I've had enough."

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION

BY PHILIP WAGNER

I RISE to lament the growing prevalence of information—and what is worse, of accurate and specific information. There is an undeniable tendency these days to be well-informed on matters of moment; and the result is that conversation is being ruined. The rise of the daily press, of the encyclopædia, of books of reference bearing upon everything imaginable, of question-and-answer columns, and of the publicity industry has made access to useful information so lamentably easy that it is becoming quite impossible to make a simple misstatement of fact with any assurance of getting by with it.

This, I feel, is most unfortunate. Conversation has always flourished most nobly on a general lack of specific facts. What fun is there when your boldest and most dogmatic assertions are met by the blunt statement that the figures prove such and such, and that charts may be cited to controvert so and so? Speculation, that fine flower of conversation (which as everyone knows can be indulged in only when one does not know what one is talking about), has been driven to the wall. I begin to fear that fireside chats will shortly have to be conducted with a *World Almanac* in one hand, a *Conklin's Argument Settler* in the other, a volume of *Who's Who* at the feet, and the *Dictionary of Useful Information* poised on the knee.

I paint a gloomy picture? Perhaps; but no gloomier than the present trend of conversation would seem to indicate.

Only the other evening there occurred a case in point. I have a distinguished friend, an elderly gentleman grown old in the profession of medicine. Like many elderly physicians, he considers himself something of an authority on social and political philosophy. For several years he has been especially violent on the subject of the Soviet regime in Russia. And he has won many an argument about this Russian question (they have been good arguments, too) simply by the overpowering force of his eloquence. When the argument reaches what might be considered dangerous ground he turns and unleashes such a magnificent blast of rhetoric that his antagonist is withered into silence.

But the other evening the old gentleman was undone. His dinner had been excellent and he was in unusually fine shape. In no time at all he had annihilated about half the Russian nation. It was a gorgeous performance—something to warm the most truculent heart. Then a determined-looking young man spoke up. Did the venerable gentleman know (he inquired) that the Russian standard of living had described such and such a curve; that the Gosplan was engaged at this very moment in doing this and that; and that the growth of the Russian beet-sugar industry had performed no less than fourteen loop-the-loops in the last two and four-tenths fiscal years? No. The venerable gentleman did not know these facts; and that is why his views on Russia had always been so interesting.

Murder, polemic murder, was done that evening. The young man mopped up the floor with my distinguished friend and his arguments. I don't suppose the old chap will ever get over it.

Such incidents as this, which seem to recur with an ever-growing frequency, are behind my gloomy prophecy about the future of conversation. If earnest persons continue to bone up on the

economic aspects of Bolshevism and what not, we must all face the consequences. The urge for useful information, I am afraid, will not be denied. And I can see only one way out.

The solution which I put forward with all humility is that we find a moral equivalent for useful information. This, of course, is useless information. If mankind can be persuaded to cultivate useless information there is still hope.

A certain acquaintance of mine has been doing just this thing for a number of years; and I can say in all truthfulness that his conversation has a verve, a freshness, and a charm which is all too seldom to be found in these arid days. Several years ago he was placed by accident on the mailing list of the Anti-venin Institute of America, an organization which devotes its energies to the task (a laudable one, too) of thwarting the instincts of snakes and other venomous reptiles. Ever since that fortunate day he has been receiving the Institute's bulletins—well illustrated with pictures of snakes and lizards of all kinds, and filled with a store of information almost as useless as one could wish. My friend can describe in the most charming detail the home life of the so-called Frilled Lizard (a large Australian agamoid lizard). Or when the conversation leans dangerously toward the trend of business consolidation he regales his group of guests with some blithe anecdote calculated to instill a just fear of the South American Basilisk (a beast notorious for the membranous bag which rises above its occiput).

There is another friend of mine who goes to the government for his useless information. He will tell you that, in time of peace, the United States Army maintains no less than 1,251 carrier pigeons which are divided among 16 roosts located in various parts of North America from Alaska to the Mexican border. The odd pigeon, of course, is delegated to the service of the President. Or he will, during a lull in some vile discussion of Behaviorism, inform the group that the little paper discs which are cut from sheets of postage stamps to make the perforations amount to 12,000 pounds a month.

There is still another of my friends who is interested in this sort of thing. If given half an opportunity, he will quote at memory from a book by Robert Morrison entitled, *The Individuality of the Pig; Its Breeding, Feeding, and Management.* Since he has never been within a hundred yards of a pig in his life, he considers this useless information. This same good friend will explain, if a suitable chance appears, just who the gypsies are and why they are what they are, or just how a certain Scotchman named MacAdam got himself famous by inventing macadam pavement. And I have heard him hold forth on the general subject of things to eat, telling, for example, of the West Arabian Bedouin, whose idea of a good time is to sit down and consume a sheep which has been boiled in a vat of buttermilk.

I have myself been a collector of useless information for years—of information, at least, for which there are remarkably few uses. My own inclination has always been toward useless bits of physiological or psychological information, such as the fact that a small boy can quiet an entire brass band (except for the drummer and the cymbal player) by sucking a lemon in front of it. And when a number of such collectors of useless information are gathered together—especially if they be collectors of diverse tastes—I maintain that the art of conversation is given a new vitality. Such a gathering is not, strictly speaking, the occasion for a rebirth of the *old* art of conversation; because that, as I said, depends upon the wide prevalence of no information at all. What comes into being is something quite new; a conversation of illimitable possibilities, which takes account of the new and growing urge for facts, yet is infinitely more sprightly than the actuarial orgies which now get by as small talk.

Editor's Easy Chair

MONEY, MEN, AND PROBLEMS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE size of fortunes is getting to be a bit appalling. I suppose that almost anybody who had a fair collection of securities ten years ago has seen their value doubled at least. A lot of people have got richer sitting still, simply out of the increased wealth of the country and, of course, a lot of others have got out with their bags and filled them while the season for acquisition was still here. So some fortunes have come to be enormous—Payne Whitney's and Mr. Ryan's for recent examples. When one notices them it is not so difficult to calculate how the colleges can be financed, and the hospitals, and other interests that the public money does not get around to. If you have three hundred millions producing, say, fifteen millions a year, what can you do? You will be apt to give a lot of it away.

Accordingly, it is nothing wonderful that some unknown person has presented Harvard College with three millions to spend on housing an experimental college physically separated from the rest of the University like the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Most of the commentators approve this plan and donation. For one reason or another, they seem to think it is a good thing, or at any rate a good experiment. So, maybe, it is. It was credited to Augustus Cæsar that he found Rome brick and left it marble. It was credited to Frank Munsey that he found journalism in New York a generous profession and left it an eight per cent investment. What is going to be credited to Abbott Lawrence Lowell, sometime and now President of Harvard College? What was Harvard when it passed into his hands out of those of President Eliot? What did he find and what has he done with it? He has not turned it from brick to marble, for he has built chiefly in brick. Did he find it an institution of learning, and has it come to be like New York journalism, something in the nature of an eight per cent investment? Presumably not, but who can answer these solemn queries? The best a wondering beholder can do is to talk around them a little.

It may shed some light on the subject to consider who is the most illustrious living graduate of Harvard. I inquired as to that of a younger person, one about twenty years out of college. Being invited to name the leading Harvard graduate, he reflected a moment and suggested "Owen Young." "But, no," I said, "for he is not a Harvard graduate, though it is true that he is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, which is said to be the greatest place of instruction in the world." "Oh," he said, "you mean Harvard College. Well, I must think again." So he thought again. I had in mind a man, and when after a moment's reflection he said "Judge Holmes," he hit upon the illustrious person I had thought of.

I shall not venture to wind encomiums around Justice Holmes. My younger friend quoted above, who is a lawyer with an experience of the Harvard Law

School, spoke of him with profound admiration as, indeed, one of half a dozen great judges of all time, which certainly is strong language. Justice Holmes had read everything; he knew everything about law and most things about human life, and the relation of law to life as it had been and as it ought to be. My friend told a delightful story. He had had to read up on some case, and read among other things an opinion of Justice Holmes'. What it was about is no matter, nor can I recall it; but the Judge spoke of what would wash and what would not as law affecting that case, and how it would not have been affected by a mere decision of a pie-powder court.

Pie-powder court! What was that? My informant had to know and set about to discover. Finally, after some chasing, he ran it down. It seems that as long ago as the Norman Conquest, and even earlier, trading was done considerably in England, as also in Normandy, in fairs that were licensed and lasted a week or more. Of course there were disputes between sellers and buyers, and to settle them there were instituted courts of prompt and final decision, which were called *Pied Poudreux* courts; that is, courts of the dusty feet, a name which English tongues inevitably transmuted into pie-powder. Wasn't that a pretty turn of language! My lively junior spoke of it as an illustration of what was held in solution in Justice Holmes' mind ready to be drawn on for any turn of thought that called for it.

Ordinarily it takes time to become the leading representative of anything, and Justice Holmes has the advantage of being eighty-seven years old. Anyone who has come to that degree of maturity was trained in a different world from that which we live in now. The Justice came out of such a world, but the world he now lives in is this present one, and in that he is an active figure. How much he got out of Harvard College, Heaven knows. He went from it into still another school, the Civil War. In the English Parliament an ordinary M. P. is spoken of in debate as the honorable member from So and So, but a member who has seen military service is the honorable and gallant member from So and So. It is a matter of record that Justice Holmes in the Civil War abundantly earned the title to be spoken of as the honorable and gallant gentleman. One likes to talk of him (though it is half impertinent) because he is so out of the common. And viewing the adventures and aspirations of Harvard College, one wonders if it has now in the making characters of such quality as the honored and gallant Justice we have been discussing.

PROBABLY it has every kind of good man coming along and due share of bad ones. Doctor Lowell's purpose is not to reproduce old patterns but to help in the development of men who shall be equal to the problems of this new, crackerjack world which will afford the stage for their performance. The Business School which he and Mr. Baker have set up has been regarded with uneasiness by many observers who fear that it is a sign of a disposition to pursue material ends at the cost of the more spiritual interests No doubt Doctor Lowell had that in mind in the address he made in November to the Chamber of Commerce in New York. He is an extremely good talker, does it easily, and always says something. He talked on that occasion about the business of colleges in producing men. He said that the concern of which he is the head has been in that business for nearly three hundred years and was the oldest corporation in the United States. He pointed out that usually the good scholars in college did better in after life than the poor scholars, and got bigger salaries. Of course they average better for they average abler; and yet in a way he disparaged mere knowledge. The real thing we want, he said, is not so much knowledge as resourcefulness. The real art of life, he thought, consists not in solving problems but in finding out what is the problem to be solved. To solve problems when they were stated

was, he thought, comparatively easy, "but the man who can see a new problem and state it is the man who makes a real advance."

Then he discussed how resourcefulness could be acquired. Not, he thought, by pumping information into anyone; not at all. There is only one thing, he thought, which will really train the human mind, and that is the voluntary use of the mind by the man himself. He might have used Alfred Smith as an example of that, but did not. But he said the only thing that is worth having is what one gets by his own exertion, and what he gets is proportionate to the effort he puts into it.

But is it true that the only thing worth having is what one gets by his own exertion and that what he gets is proportionate to the effort he puts into it? It sounds reasonable enough, but what about man as the heir of the ages? Even if one does not inherit a fortune in money, lands, or other such convenient valuables, he is still the heir of the ages and gets an immense deal he never worked for. It is true though that he has to exert himself more or less to come into his inheritance, and unless he does exert himself, he does not get what is normally coming to him in knowledge, in spiritual understanding, and nowadays in material things; but everyone gets an enormous donation as the result of work done by someone else, and it is a good part of the job of the colleges to teach him what it is.

Then as to the development of the mind. The voluntary use of it, Doctor Lowell says, is the only effectual training, and that is true enough, but possibly he would admit that there are many people who know a great deal more than they have ever learned by their own endeavor. There is a thing called personality that is not made by colleges, though it may come to them for training and development. What is talent? What is genius? They seem to be dividends for their possessors on work they never did—the work in some cases of their progenitors and in other cases values that come from no discoverable source. How came Shakespeare, Milton, Daniel Webster, Lincoln; how did they come by what they had? There have been people, a good many of them, whose minds seemed to have access to invisible reservoirs of knowledge and power. It is not for the like of them that universities are founded and carry on; but the fact of their occurrence is worth noting even by the college-taught, for without the fruits of inspiration this would be a poorer world.

THE real art of life, said Doctor Lowell, consists not in solving problems but in finding out what is the problem to be solved. That is a timely suggestion; for life, personal and political, is full of problems just now, the solution of which might be very much helped by better and truer understanding and statement. Take the problem of Prohibition, as to which a correspondent, believed to be an officer of the Anti-Saloon League, has written to the Easy Chair a gentle remonstrance at its attitude. What is the real problem of Prohibition? Is it to contrive an enforcement so strict as to produce a complete divorce of alcohol from humanity? That seems to be the purpose of the misnamed Anti-Saloon League. The true object of rum laws is simply to diminish harmful drinking as much as the intelligence of the contemporary world will allow. Prohibitionists have attempted too much and fallen down in their effort. They might have learned something out of the very front of the Bible, to wit: the second chapter of Genesis, wherein it is set forth, that "the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Now why did the Lord God issue that curious order to the first man? It seems obvious that His purpose was to make sure that the man

would eat the fruit of that tree and learn good from evil and in due time die, since without that knowledge and terminal facilities he could hardly amount to anything as a progressive creature. The Almighty, it would appear, was already a master of psychology when he made Adam, and understood the attraction of forbidden fruit. Not so the prohibitionists. They have tried to forbid knowledge of good and evil in a certain particular and to obstruct the development of character that comes of the right use of such knowledge. They have tried to rule out all rum without distinction of quality or quantity and so they have diminished the use of the less objectionable forms of it and stimulated the use of its worst forms. That is a pity, and it seems to me that the real problem of Prohibition is somehow to correct that error.

But the great objection to Prohibition is something quite apart from alcohol. The great fault was to put liquor legislation in the Constitution. That stopped the wheels of progress by lawful means. It abolished the saloons and it effectually disciplined the lawful liquor dealers, both of which results are most universally approved; but it made legal crimes of actions which are not in themselves wrong, and it checked the great movement that had been going on in all communities in the direction of temperance and indeed of abstinence also. Finally it left in millions of individuals and in great self-governing communities the sense that a regulation of life not their own nor appropriate to their circumstances had been clamped upon them by the capture of an instrument of government which was originally drawn to secure to them the utmost practicable latitude in living their own lives in their own way. That is the great ailment of Prohibition and the fatal one.

ANOTHER pressing current problem, much more important, world-wide in its scope, is the great one of avoiding war. It is approached with piecemeal solutions, covering this point or that but recognized as being still no better than attempts to do something. There does exist in the world, with force apparently undiminished, the conviction that wars must end. That was the lesson of the Great War and it was thoroughly rubbed in. Nevertheless, the habit of regarding war as the final solution of problems that cannot be settled in any other way is deep-seated in the minds of men. The more one reads the documents and stories which come out from month to month about the origin of the Great War, the more it appears that no great nation concerned in it really wanted to fight. They are now even more unwilling than they were ten years ago, and yet they all prepare for a possible war with a melancholy exuberance of expenditure.

Matters have got this far at least. There are a number of important nations who seem thoroughly determined that they will not fight one another. In that determination lies the best hope of a solution of the war problem. Somehow co-operation has got to succeed competition in the human family. Apparently there must be authority somewhere to keep the peace while that comes to pass, and that authority seems to be slowly taking form.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is doubtless also the price of peace. Keeping out of war is not a mere ordinary exploit like keeping out of jail which most people can still contrive without special effort. It is much more like keeping happily married, a matter that calls for daily attention, consideration, the cultivation of affection and a due share of one's best thoughts. Even diplomats have long understood that it is expedient for countries to cultivate affectionate relations with their neighbors, and at that just now the nations work pretty generally with anxious zeal.

Personal and Otherwise

THREE months ago James Truslow Adams wrote about "The Mucker Pose," to the immense satisfaction of a wide circle of readers. Now ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** discusses a kindred phenomenon: the current craze for being, or appearing, hard-boiled. Mrs. Gerould, as almost every HARPER reader already knows, is distinguished both as essayist and short-story writer (in how many anthologies of American short stories is "Vain Oblations" not included?). We have been indebted to her during the past year or two for papers on such varied topics as prize-fighting, culture, hokum, and the nature of our national passion for lawmaking. She is the wife of Professor Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton University.

John R. Tunis's portrait of Florence Farley and her mother is not based on any particular actual daughter and mother; it is a composite portrait or type-study of champions and near-champions in many a branch of sport and of those who engineer their careers. Many of the methods by which Miss Farley profits from her athletic skill are said, for that matter, to be as prevalent among masculine as among feminine stars. Mr. Tunis, tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post* and former sports editor of the *New Yorker*, has shown his familiarity with many a form of sport and his appreciation of the difference between the amateur and the "shamateur" in such HARPER articles as "The Lawn Tennis Industry," "The Great Sports Myth," "The Olympic Games," and "The Great God Football"; he is also the autho of a recent book, *Sports—Heroics and Hysterics*.

The Right Reverend ***Charles Fiske***, Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, who takes hold of a difficult and vital problem this month, will be remembered for previous articles on "The Church and the Law" and "The Church's Loss of Prestige," which are included in his new book of essays, *The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson*. That Bishop Fiske has constructive beliefs and is not merely a puzzled proposer of hard questions, is shown by his life of Christ, written for the new generation: *The Christ We Know*.

Our first story of the month comes from an author new to HARPER'S: ***Vincent Sheean***, author of *The Anatomy of Virtue* (a novel), *The New Persia*, and *An American Among the Riffi*, who for several years has had a roving assignment from the North American Newspaper Alliance which has taken him all over the world—the sort of assignment which is the envy and despair of most writers.

Duncan Aikman, who contends that the ladies are lawless, has been until recently an editorial writer for the El Paso *Morning Times;* he is the author of *The Home Town Mind*, *Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats*, and many a HARPER article, the most recent of which was "Not Quite Standardized Yet," published last September.

Charles A. Beard, former professor of politics at Columbia, is the author of several books on American and European history, co-author (with his wife, Mary A. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, and editor of that excellent symposium, *Whither Mankind?* Last month—in an article entitled "Bigger and Better Armaments"—he showed us what are the factors in present-day Europe which may make for another war; this month he reveals the opposing factors which are making for peace. Dr. Beard speaks with the authority of a dispassionate student of history who knows his facts.

The reputation of ***Konrad Bercovici*** as a skilful writer of short stories is based mostly on his tales of gypsy and Near Eastern life; but in "There's Money in Poetry" (October, 1928) and his present story he shows his skill in writing comedy with an American setting. Mr. Bercovici is a Roumanian by

birth but has lived in this country during the past twelve years. In our December issue he portrayed his friend Charlie Chaplin in action.

Edward Elway Free is one of the ablest American interpreters of science. He has had many years of experience in chemical and physical research with the Department of Agriculture, the Carnegie Institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, etc., and now has his own laboratory as a consulting chemist and physicist in New York; he has also served as editor of the *Scientific American* (1924–25) and science editor of the *Forum* (1925–26). He deals this month with the present popularity of the sun-cure, showing the nature and limitations—so far as they have been determined—of the value of ultraviolet rays.

In her brilliant article of last May, "Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West," ***I. A. R. Wylie*** described an interview with the editor of a popular magazine who refused to consider an article on the advantages of being brought up as she had been. The editor, she told us, would have none of this idea. "Miss Wylie," said he, "have you remembered the Middle West?" He preferred an article on "spiritual love." Not sharing this gentleman's fears concerning the Middle West, we present this month the article which remained so long unwritten. Miss Wylie, an English novelist who now spends most of her time in New York, will be remembered as the author not only of "Dumb Lizzie" but of an earlier article, "Gentlemen Prefer Wars."

John Frazier Vance's "Business Trip" appeared last month; it is now followed by another story of equal conciseness. Mr. Vance is connected with the publishing house of E. P. Dutton and Company.

Jesse Rainsford Sprague has been a shopkeeper himself: he was in retail business in Newport News and San Antonio before he turned to writing. During the past two years he has contributed to HARPER'S such articles as "Confessions of a Ford Dealer," "Putting Business Before Life," and "Prosperity Without Profit." In preparation for his present article he visited many towns and small cities, talking to the merchants along the main streets; it is the consensus of their opinion which he puts into the mouth of an old-time shopkeeper somewhat skeptical of the benefits of chain-store thinking.

Returning from Manchuria by way of Russia, ***Olive Gilbreath*** (who wrote the recent account of Chinese northward migration entitled "China's Covered Wagon") brings back with her to New York a graphic picture of the one city in the world where the white race lives to-day under the full domination of the yellow.

If the editorial page of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* temporarily lost some of its savor last summer, it was because ***Gerald W. Johnson*** was in Paris regarding the Louvre from the opposite bank of the Seine and meditating upon Fra Angelico and cabin passengers. Mr. Johnson, biographer of Andrew Jackson, has written several articles for us, including "Should Our Colleges Educate?" and "The Rise of the Cities."

The poets of the month are ***Witter Bynner*** of Santa Fé, author of many books of verse and of the poem "Hay Wagon" in our last issue; ***S. Foster Damon,*** assistant professor of English at Brown University and author of *Astrolabe* (verse) and of one of the standard works on William Blake; ***Helene Magaret*** of Omaha, a newcomer to HARPER'S, whose grandfather was a widely known German poet, E. C. Magaret; and ***Henriette de Saussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a Californian who has made many recent appearances in our pages.

The last time ***Philip Curtiss*** appeared in the Lion's Mouth he expressed his misgivings about bridge; now he defends the millionaire. He lives in Norfolk, Connecticut, and we are frequently indebted to him for amusing stories and Lion's Mouth skits. With him appear ***Richard Garwood Lewis*** of Ottawa, Canada, a new contributor; and ***Philip Wagner,*** of Schenectady, who works for the General Electric Company by day and feeds the Lion by night.

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James Chapin, whose "Ruby Green Singing" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is a young New York artist who received his artistic education at Cooper Union Institute and abroad, and last winter

won the Temple Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy exhibition with "George Marvin and his daughter Edith."

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There have been many rejoinders to Mr. Davis's article on prohibition, "What Can We Do About It?" This letter comes from A. W. S. of Grand Forks, North Dakota:

I want to express my deep regret that you should have published Mr. Davis's article entitled "What Can We Do About It?" in the December HARPER'S. I have liked to think of your magazine as one in which only the best of literature and information appears, intended for the best-thinking people of the nation. Mr. Davis's discussion, full of open ridicule of the prohibition idea, full of smug lip-smacking at the mention of "good" liquor, full of unreliable estimates, thoroughly disgusted me.

Mr. Davis virtually says that "the majority of people under thirty-five" are so addicted to the use of hard liquor that they would not favor the legalization of wines and beer. I consider that statement one of the most completely foolish things I have ever read. And what is more, it is a terrible insult to the young people of the nation. Mr. Davis has no right to use his name as the means of making people believe such hokum, and HARPER'S should not be spreading it. Nor should HARPER'S repeat, as it did, the absurd calculations of the ex-secretary of the defunct Brewers' Association. They appear too much like the propaganda of a disgruntled and unrespectable minority.

I trust that HARPER'S will continue to maintain the excellent standards which I have noted in it in the past. I trust that its manuscripts are selected for their content rather than the name of the author. I trust that in an effort to make each month's edition greater than the last, you are not stepping down to appeal to the crowds.

Another reader—who lives in Otterbein, Indiana—says that Mr. Davis implied that "the American farmer is making home brew and hard liquor at home in a very general way," and that any such implication is false as regards the Mississippi Valley region at least. Let this reader's testimony be added to the record:

Mr. Davis may know something about the farmers of New York and Massachusetts that would support him in this statement, but I wish to say for the farmers of this great farming region that only in a very small per cent of the homes will he be able to find either a still or a home brew outfit. Before prohibition many of the threshing rings of this vast region had the whiskey jug as a regular part of the threshing equipment. It was also deemed a necessity at many of the butchering gatherings. But to-day one can scarcely find a ring, butchering, or any other gathering of farmers where there is even a bottle, much less a jug. Even at a great gathering of sixteen thousand farmers at the National Corn Husking Contest a few weeks ago there was not a single drunk on the grounds. (This national contest was held in the township where this writer lives and he was present.) Neither were there jugs nor bottles of home brew nor moonshine to be seen anywhere. No, the American Farmer, as a whole, is law abiding and sober. He is for prohibition and has so spoken on November sixth.

I would like to take issue with the rest of the article but space forbids. Allow me, however, to say that there is this that we can do about it—*obey the law ourselves and require others to do the same.*

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An insurance man expresses no uncertain opinion on a problem which has been dealt with in many HARPER articles:

I was very much interested in your recent article concerning married women in business and even more interested in the correspondence which ensued. Inasmuch as I myself work for an insurance firm which permits its girls to remain working after marriage, my personal view of the condition as it exists in this office may be enlightening.

There are at present thirteen married women working here, this number comprising about twenty per cent of our force, for we are a small office as insurance offices go. Of these, three are widows, one by nature and two by law. The real widow has to support herself; one of the others has three children and is working for them. Of the thirteen women, those two are the only ones who really need to work and as they are widows they do not quite come within the bounds of the discussion.

The other divorcee frankly admits that it was her insistence on working that broke up her marriage. Her husband wanted a house and children. She wanted an apartment and freedom. They began to quarrel over that and it ended in a divorce for incompatibility.

The women with husbands, so far as I can see, are working simply because money is the great god of our day. It is out of the question to suppose that they are working because they could not possibly run a house on their husbands' salaries.

They all live either in very good apartments (some of them indeed in expensive ones) or in their own homes. Almost all of them own the respectable sort of automobile. All of them have radios and vacuum cleaners and the rest of the things that Mr. Hoover tells us mark us as the most advanced of the children of men. They all dress well, some of them a great deal better than the average single woman who has to pay her own way and has no husband to worry about her future.

It is my dispassionate opinion that almost all of these women will continue to work until the Company makes some kind of a ruling upon the situation, as it is very likely to do in time. They work because they consider money the most important thing in life—that is the long and short of it. Having children interferes with the quest, besides taking away something they call freedom and being a source of pain and so on, and as long as they can work, I seriously doubt if any of them will consent to be so burdened.

That seems to me to be the complete picture of the woman in business as it is found here in this prosperous insurance company. They are in business not at all because they need to be—simply because they want to be.

C. L. Doyle.

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Go to the ant, thou sluggard, as Mr. Utter has done; consider his ways and see if you can improve on them:

Harper's Magazine
New York City
Sir:

Professor Utter's survey of an ant's career on a boulder in the midst of Alkali Creek, appearing in the December number of Harper's, is one of the most interesting pieces of reading matter that has crossed my path in many a month. I, too, have wondered at the honorable position accorded the stupid ant in the hierarchy of the animal kingdom.

Permit me to add my recent observation while idling during a lunch hour in a geologists' camp south of the Rio Grande. The country is flat and nearly barren. Here is a stump from an old mesquite tree chopped off to provide fuel during the unwelcome norther. A train of ants loaded to capacity with dead leaves and what not are moving at double pace and single file toward the stump. Reaching it they scale the vertical side, climb about four feet to the top, cross the jagged end and reaching the precipitous edge make the descent to the solid ground, and forge ahead energetically on the level earth, full of virtue, having overcome the obstacle through sheer hard work and perseverance!

I am afraid these ant episodes are worth bringing to the attention of thoughtful readers. These, with Mr. Adams's excellent diagnosis of the cost of our prosperity, make the speculative bystander to sigh "Quo Vadis?"

Respectfully yours,
Djevad Eyoub.

❦ ❦ ❦

Lack of space prevents us from printing a number of letters which deserve to appear in these columns this month. The comments on "The Mucker Pose" have been particularly plentiful and lively. Further examples of mucker-posing, to add to those cited by Mr. Adams, have been showered upon us. We have been told, for instance, of a brilliant American student, holder of a scholarship at Oxford, who met at a hotel his mother and a number of friends to whom she had spoken with pride of his intellectual achievements, and at the first meal with them called out, "Sling down the cow-juice!" Another letter tells of an able scholar and linguist, a man at the top of his profession, who revels in the language of the gutter and in the deliberate mispronunciation of French. Still another correspondent suggests that Mr. Adams paid insufficient attention to mucker-posing by women and especially by school-teachers. Says she:

I am a teacher and one of my private grievances is that in the United States women teachers are ashamed of their profession, in the sense that it implies a certain degree of intelligence which makes them odious to men.

One summer I chanced to be on the same boat with two attractive, youngish American school-teachers, one of them a Phi Beta Kappa but with no key in evidence. As soon as they discovered me, an old acquaintance, they took me aside and implored me not to tell the two young men whom they had annexed on board, the damning fact that they were school-teachers.

"Why are you ashamed of it?" I asked. "If these young men are Yale men, as you say, surely your education and profession should not be a drawback?"

"Oh yes, it will," replied one of the girls. "When we first met them, one said, 'God, what a bunch of women on this boat—all of them school-teachers!'"

Banks and Utilities Advertise Cities Nationally

Benefits Accrue Because of Enterprise and Foresight

IT IS a significant fact that in practically every community that is now advertising nationally, the banks and the utilities are sufficiently interested in the progress of these campaigns to contribute to them and to serve on the governing boards in various capacities.

It is a perfectly practical interest which these banks and utilities take in community advertising. If they are able to help induce the leaders to spend money for advertising they are not only helping the communities they serve but they are also helping the institutions and organizations they represent.

The power to draw into a community more and profitable patrons increases the bank deposits, causes new accounts to be opened, promotes savings, and thereby increases the wealth of the community. By the same token, more and profitable patrons for a community increase the consumption of electric energy, enable the power plant to function better, and make possible a reduction of rates. Only as a community grows and prospers can any utility organization provide increased facilities in advance. No utility organization cares to continue to serve a community that is not going ahead. Losses result. These losses must be spread over the entire organization, and they tend to prevent the adoption of expansion policies needed every year.

Because banks and utilities realize the necessity of being identified with the community, they are advertising nationally to call attention to their facilities and to the communities they serve. The Canal Bank and Trust Company, of New Orleans, has spent money to advertise itself to millions of people in all parts of the country. The conclusions of a study pointed out the fact that the bank might bring new business to the city by advertising for it. It was found profitable to advertise on this broad basis. Immediate returns came in. In addition to advertising the South and New Orleans, the bank itself was advertised.

The Guardian Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, ran a series of advertisements dealing with the development of Cleveland which created a great deal of favorable comment, and brought about a friendly feeling for this community.

An interesting series of advertisements is being run nationally by the Old Colony Trust Company, of Boston. These advertisements express the personality of Boston and New England. Whenever I see them, they cause me to want to visit Boston and learn more of that something which forms the background of New England. These advertisements tell of New England character and New England ideals. Here is a background for indicating the stability of this trust company, which is the largest in all New England. I shall not forget "Old Colony" when I go to Boston. I have been "sold" two things: New England and this trust company.

Notable progress with community advertising copy has been accomplished by the Mercantile Trust Company of St. Louis, The Merchants Bank of Mobile, the First National Bank of Tampa, The Hibernia Bank and Trust Company, New Orleans, The Bank of Italy, San Francisco, and many others all over the country.

Much of the copy of banks advertising nationally stresses the city or community or the section of the country in which the bank is interested. Later on in the copy there is established a definite relationship between the city and the bank. The step from the discussion of the city to the mention of the bank is but a short one. The aim is to make the name of the bank synonymous with the locality. When you think of the city you think of the bank.

Banks have realized the advisability of going into the national advertising field to point out the things which should be promoted and advertised by the community. They have advocated, for example, the close proximity of hydro-electric power and the advantages that this power offers to industries locating in their territory. Much of this copy has been read by local people who have freely and favorably commented upon it to the officials of these nationally advertising banks and financial institutions. Outside sources have been tapped and new business has been brought in.

(Continued on second page following)

The entrances from both Monroe and Ionia Avenues have spacious marble lobbies leading into the main lobby, shown above.

Stepping from the elevator into the spacious mezzanine lobby one turns to the right and ascends a short flight of wide steps into the Florentine Room, shown above.

THE BURLESON SANITARIUM

An International Institution

An Ethical Institution Devoted Exclusively to the Treatment of All Rectal Diseases—EXCEPT CANCER. Here More Than 27,000 Patients Have Been Permanently Freed of Their Troubles—Without Surgery

If constipation, or similar ailments, has developed into such serious diseases as hemorrhoids, fistula, fissure, ulcers, etc., which your physician has been unable to relieve . . . permanently . . . and if operations too have been unsuccessful—then by all means investigate at once what The Burleson Treatment for Rectal Diseases has done in over 27,000 cases.

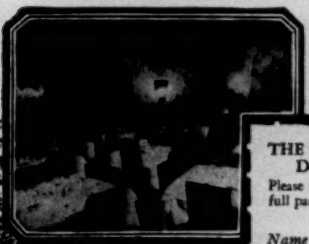
For 25 years it has succeeded where everything else failed. It has succeeded in scores of cases pronounced "hopeless." It is guaranteed to free you forever from your disease, or no charge is made for the treatment. Furthermore, you need not pay one cent until you, personally, are satisfied that the treatment has been successful in your own case.

Let us send you the names and addresses of men and women, near you, who vouch from personal experience for the wonderful results obtained from The Burleson Treatment. Meet, telephone or write these people. They will tell you that this treatment succeeds where everything else failed to do so . . . and that it gives ***permanent relief.***

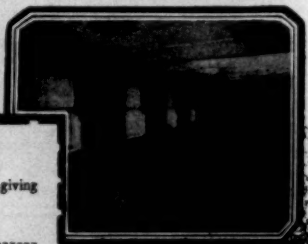
Upon completion of the treatment, and being pronounced freed of your troubles by our medical staff, you are given a written guarantee for your life-time against the ailment's return. Instead of hospital confinement, you enjoy the freedom, relaxation, sports and pursuits of a person on a vacation . . . plus all the comforts, conveniences and facilities of a modern hotel. Investigate!

Send for FREE Booklet

This booklet gives you facts that you want to know about The Burleson Treatment; shows photographs of rooms, accommodations and facilities provided for our guests, together with scores of letters from men and women who suffered from the identical disease that you do. Booklet is Free. Mail coupon today.



One of the dining rooms where guests of the Burleson Sanitarium dine.



The smoking room which the guests of the Burleson Sanitarium enjoy.

THE BURLESON SANITARIUM,
Dept. A137, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Please send me without charge copy of your booklet giving full particulars about "The Burleson Treatment."

Name .....

St. No. .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

MANY investors, though thoroughly familiar with the merits of Public Utility bonds and stocks, sometimes overlook the investment possibilities of certain Public Utility companies operating outside metropolitan centers.

These companies, as a rule, furnish light and power, gas, water and other services to groups of communities in rich agricultural and industrial sections. Through able management they have the same advantages of efficient operation as utilities in the more densely populated areas.

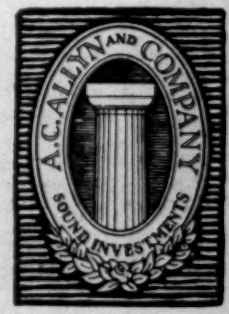
A. C. Allyn and Company have underwritten and distributed the obligations of such companies. They are well secured, and, because of the steady growth of the communities served, they afford excellent investment opportunities. In addition, their yield is uniformly higher, with no sacrifice of safety.

A.C.ALLYN AND COMPANY
INCORPORATED

Investment Securities

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	BOSTON	PHILADELPHIA	MILWAUKEE
67 W. Monroe St.	30 Broad St.	30 Federal St.	Packard Bldg.	110 Mason St.

MINNEAPOLIS	ST. LOUIS	DETROIT	SAN FRANCISCO
415 So. 2nd Ave.	418 Olive St.	Dime Bank Bldg.	405 Montgomery St.



Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Banks and Utilities Advertise Cities Nationally

(*Continued from second preceding page*)

In the utility field, we find the same alertness in national advertising. A southern city was inspired to conduct a national advertising campaign as a result of funds spent by the local utility itself to advertise on a national scale the industrial advantages of that community. A three year campaign was launched the year after the utility pointed out the way in the national field.

The Middle West Utilities Company, advertising for community business, calls attention to the fact that it operates in 3600 communities in 30 states and can provide a variety of selected locations for the factory that is in an expensive location at the present time. In other words, "widely diffused power has helped to give the small town its present significant position as industry's new frontier." Power—diffused—is an important chapter in the nation's development which some communities, interested in economic development, have not fully understood. This process of educating a public to its opportunities has emphasized the valuable community promotion work which our utilities have been doing and should cause more people to recognize the benefits to be derived from such co-operation.

"Perhaps you have a change of location problem," advertises the American Water Works and Electric Company of New York. "If you have, we can place at your disposal the services of our Industrial Development Department." The communities in which a company of this sort operates can obtain from its promotional activities much that will be of direct economic value. Not only should these communities work with the company but they should advertise with it and for its services.

The Utility Securities Company, Chicago, talks of rural electrification as a rapidly growing public utility enterprise. Why does this company advertise in this manner? Because what is of benefit to America is of benefit to every community. We have read a great deal about the farm problem. Do we realize the importance of farm electrification as it affects city dwellers? Do we understand the opportunities created for closer contacts with urban communities, large and small?

The South is making rapid strides forward. There are more communities considering constructive advertising programs in the South than in any other section of the country at the present moment. The South needs additional capital. No wonder, then, that Caldwell and Company calls attention to the fact that the electrification of industry is creating new investment values in the South. This company is impressing upon the minds of readers everywhere, through its national advertising, that the South is progressive, energetic, and thoroughly modern in every way.

Bernard J. Mullaney, manager of the public and industrial relations of the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company, Chicago, tells us that, in round figures, the population of the United States has increased about forty per cent in twenty years. During the same period, demand for and use of street railway services has increased 166 per cent; use of gas service has increased 207 per cent; use of telephone service has increased 1,000 per cent; use of electric light and power service has increased 2,000 per cent. "The electric light and power company in Chicago has more customers than there were users of electricity in the entire country twenty years ago."

While some admit that the organized community life of today is built around public utility services, others do not know enough about local, state and national affairs to realize this fact. Hence the effort of the utilities to impress the fact upon communities that they serve the commercial, industrial and social life.

Community leaders, in any town, are the busiest and most important men; they virtually set the pace. Only as the power to make more community-builders grows can the community hope to secure increased wealth or can the banks, trust companies and utilities hope to secure additional profits from the sale of their services. National bank and utility advertising that aims to sell the community sells the bank and the utility.

Direct benefits accrue to any community that has the foresight to work with financial institutions and utility organizations on all advertising projects. That the banks and utilities have pioneered is evident to all who follow national advertising. There should be no letting-down on this policy. In fact, it is in line with the times for these organizations to continue their national advertising policy, and expand it, so that many more will understand just what is attempted and is being carried out.

As soon as more community leaders appreciate the great value of bank and utility co-operation there will be more study of community problems, more careful allocation of plants at strategic points, and more progress throughout the country.

An important service is being rendered by the banks and the utilities in their national advertising policies; they are leading thinking people to understand that only as all the interests of a community plan together can actual results be recorded on an expanding scale.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

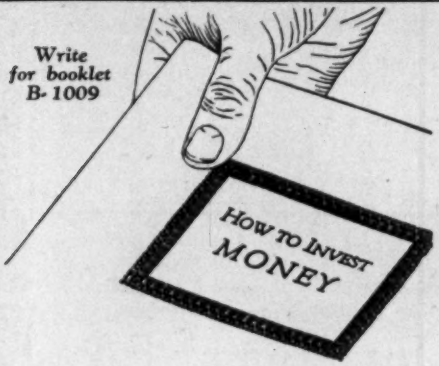
Tipster Sheets and Investment Fakes

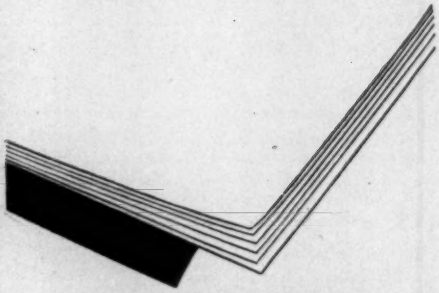
By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE year 1928 was the busiest in the history of the investment business, and people who had never bought or sold securities before became active and enthusiastic market operators. Many of them made money, and many did not. Never before had there been so much interest in the activity and actions of the security markets; never before had the newspapers devoted so much space to news of securities; never had the turnover of securities reached anything like the proportions attained last year; never had prices risen—and fallen—so spectacularly. Stock brokers earned larger commissions than most of them dreamed were possible. Everyone, it seemed, was buying and selling stocks; the stock market, supplanted for a short time only by the presidential election, was the chief topic of conversation wherever people gathered; no one but had positive knowledge of colossal fortunes made almost overnight, and few there were who did not nourish a sneaking idea of gathering in at least a modest fortune for themselves.

WHEN the air is full of talk about easy money the gentlemen who deal in fake securities and fly-by-night investments always prick up their ears and, after some intensive listening, decide that the time is ripe for them to secure a little easy money themselves. The Investment Bankers Association, the National Better Business Bureau, and other organizations which have the investor's interests at heart have made it impossible for these gentlemen to utilize many of the methods they favored in the good old days, but still they do business, and in large volume. Denied the use of newspaper and magazine advertising, and refused the official sanction of securities commissions to operate in many states, the promoters of worthless and fake securities devised the so-called "tipster sheet," and from their point of view it has proved a highly successful invention.

THESE tipster sheets circulate under the guise of stock market advisory services, and the fact that frequently





—A guide, clear and easily readable, that will help solve your investment problem;

—A compact, interesting description of various types of bonds and other securities;

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this and other information of value to all investors is contained in brief form in our new booklet, "How To Invest Money". It requires only half an hour's reading time. A copy will be sent to anyone who is genuinely interested in investments. Simply write for

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ESTABLISHED IN 1882

they are interesting and plausible makes them doubly dangerous to the gullible and avaricious investor. The sheets contain items of general market interest, news of stocks, gossip, and specific recommendations. These recommendations are, of course, the reasons for the sheets' existence, and they naturally have to do with stocks in which the promoters personally are interested. The "editors" whet the appetites of their readers with stories of the profits which have accrued to those who followed previous recommendations; they commiserate those who failed to seize these opportunities, and then they call attention to some other good thing currently available. Of course they neglect to mention that these things are particularly good for the promoters. The general comment on listed and legitimate securities lends an air of authenticity to the whole sheet, but these particular comments have little or no real value, being merely a screen to hide the real purpose of the "service."

THE publishers of tipster sheets must have people to send them to, of course. And they have. The National Better Business Bureau estimated last autumn that their circulation totalled nearly fifteen million, which means that the promoters estimate there are that many suckers in this country—unless, of course, there is a considerable duplication of names. Let us hope this is the case, for tipster sheets are sent only to "sucker lists," the highly prized possessions of their promoters, without which they could not do business. One tipster sheet mailed from Chicago is said to have had a circulation of six hundred thousand; sucker lists of from five to ten thousand names are common, and have been known to contain as many as fifty thousand.

FRIEND'S ADVICE SOUND
M. B., New York.—By hard work I managed to save over $4,000. Of this I invested $2,000 in——bonds and would like to invest another $1,000. A friend advises me to get Cities Service preferred. I would not care to speculate.
Ans.—You would not speculate, if you bought ten shares of Cities Service preferred. For years it has been paying preferred dividends in cash and these dividends were comfortably covered by earnings. Your friend offered sound advice.

"I would not care to speculate"—

So a wise friend recommended Cities Service Preferred and an expert approved it . . .

EDITORS of the financial columns of newspapers and magazines unhesitatingly recommend Cities Service securities as well protected investments that will help you toward financial independence.

Your wise friends, your financial expert, your banker will attest the wisdom of an investment in securities of the Cities Service organization.

Successful investors know that large earnings have consistently followed the operations of this nation-wide public utility and petroleum organization—one of the twelve largest industrial enterprises in America.

The earnings of few organizations have been as large and consistent. Cities Service Company has paid dividends of more than one hundred million dollars in cash or securities to holders of its common stock alone.

Note: The above clipping is one of many in our files. Name of newspaper from which it was taken, together with name of the investment writer can be furnished upon request.

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.
60 Wall Street New York
Branch Offices in Principal Cities

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO., 60 Wall St., New York
Send me booklet "TPO-173" describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Securities.

Name.....
Address.....
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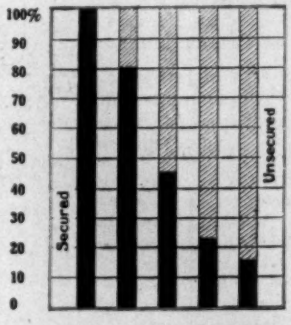
ONCE the unsuspecting investor is lured into subscribing for these so-called market services, all the high-powered salesmanship of the energetic and resourceful promoters is brought to bear upon him. It doesn't cost much to subscribe, but it is liable to prove expensive before the relationship is ended. "If you will immediately return the application blank with $1 bill attached, we will not only send you this daily service for 30 days, but we will also furnish you with the name of a stock which we are, personally, entirely satisfied should sell twenty points higher within the next few months. The sooner your application is received, the more advantageous will be the price." This extract is quoted from one of the market service sheets, and is a good example of the way the case is presented to the investor.

THE investors' names are secured from dealers in sucker lists and the sheet or service or whatever it is called is mailed to these unsuspecting people. Sometimes the service is offered for trial for nothing, sometimes there is a nominal charge as in the case of the one mentioned above, and sometimes there is a subscription charge which may amount to as much as one hundred dollars a year. Whatever the charge, the real object of the promoters is to sell stock in something on which they have "inside information"; they know their public and realize that it is much easier to sell a man something if he thinks he is one of a group possessing information which is not at the disposal of the public generally.

ONCE the innocent investor subscribes to one of these "services," or writes to the editor, he is in for it. Immediately he is bombarded with more

Associated System

Founded in 1852



Secured indebtedness has been reduced to less than 17%. Many properties are completely free of debt.

Financing Without a Mortgage

Instead of meeting capital requirements by mortgaging individual properties, the Associated Gas and Electric Company itself is furnishing the major portion of the capital needed. This has resulted in:

1. Improved credit as shown by financing at 4½% as compared with 6½% three years ago.
2. Saving in taxes, salaries and accounting costs through grouping operating properties into large units.

Properties free of debt are an element of financial strength

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INCORPORATED IN 1906

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Trust Company Resources 22 Billions

RECENTLY published figures show that the trust companies of the United States have total resources of approximately 22 billion dollars—nearly a third of the total resources of *all* the banks of the nation. This is a gain of about 13 billion dollars in ten years.

These figures are significant of the rapidly-growing appreciation of the distinctive and essential services rendered by these institutions.

The Guaranty Trust Company, with resources of more than one billion dollars, and capital, surplus and undivided profits of more than one hundred million dollars, numbers among its customers many of the largest business organizations of the country.

We invite executives to discuss their banking and trust requirements with us.

The three buildings comprising our Main Office, occupying a block frontage on Broadway.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

140 Broadway

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS LIVERPOOL HAVRE ANTWERP

bulletins, with letters, and telegrams; high-powered salesmen call him on the telephone, or see him personally in his office or home. They are plausible, fiendishly clever, and everlastingly persistent. It takes a good man to escape them, usually a man who knows something about investments himself and can ask the questions they cannot or will not answer, or else someone who is able to stall them off until he has had a chance to talk with his banker.

HOW can one recognize a tipster sheet when he sees it? Sometimes it is not so easy, for they are usually plausible, and cleverly made up to deceive the unwary. Nor are they all alike by any means. One promoter may endeavor to destroy confidence in legitimate enterprise so as to emphasize what he wants the reader to believe are the advantageous features of his own schemes. Another may distribute what seems at first glance to be a first-class financial publication, with articles praising and recommending bona fide securities; sometimes he will go so far as to insert—unauthorized of course—advertisements of reputable companies, so as to lend tone and character to his sheet. Scattered through the pages, however, are recommendations to buy the usually valueless stocks in which the promoter is interested, and which furnish the real reason for the sheet.

TIPSTER sheets of all kinds usually conduct elaborate question-and-answer departments. It may be that the printed questions have really been put, but in any case it is easy to make up what seem like honest inquiries, and write answers which will help the pro-

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It is our function to underwrite and distribute to the public securities of sound organizations which warrant public financing. Having been engaged in this field since 1899 we believe that we are in a position to give valuable aid to investors either with regard to specific recommendations or general information.

We cordially extend the aid of our experience without obligation to you.

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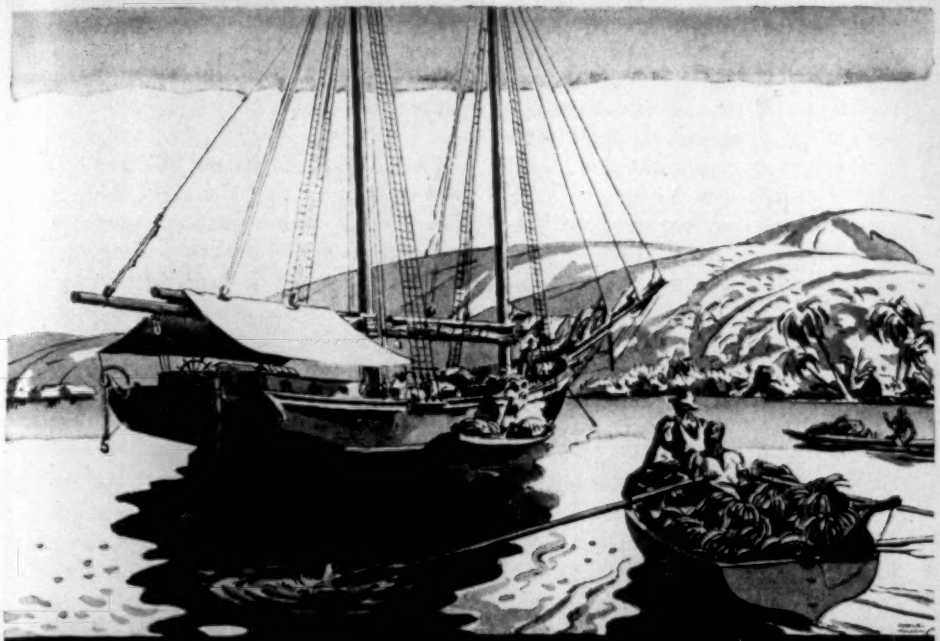

BANANAS ★ ★ ★ ★ AND WHITE FLEETS

IN *March, '71,* CAP'N LORENZO BAKER *left Cape Cod for the warmer waters of Jamaica . . . returning to Boston with a full cargo of bananas, which he landed in good condition . . . the first ever brought in quantity to this port.*

¶His importing venture a success, Baker proposed operating a fleet of schooners in the banana trade between Jamaica and Boston. Canny Cape Cod skippers listened—approved the scheme—forerunning the "Great White Fleet" of the United Fruit Company, a famous New England enterprise which from its conception has been Boston owned and manned.

¶OLD COLONY always has been a close friend to concerns foremost in the development of our country's import and export trade, sharing with them a regard for sound business progress. Whether your problem is confined to routine banking, or extends to the outposts of the world's commercial frontiers, we gladly offer to you our comprehensive service.

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moter in his business. If an inquiry about a decent investment is received it is a simple matter for the editors to distort the real facts in an answer, imply all sorts of things against the management of the issuing corporation, and advise the writer to sell and buy some of the precious stuff they are peddling. It is remarkable how eager these people are to give the investing public good advice, particularly that kind which seems to promise large profits. The lure of easy money is universal in its appeal.

THE tipster sheet, of course, is not concerned with the kind of stocks that are listed on one of the big stock exchanges. Usually it is used to promote an oil, mining, public utility, or industrial stock which is not known in first-class investment circles, and is consequently more difficult to find out about. Almost invariably, too, the stocks recommended are of some new corporation, for new enterprises have no record to prove that they will not be successful.

AS the National Better Business Bureau puts it: "Upon obtaining a block of the stock by outright purchase or option, practically controlling the market thereafter by insisting that the company escrow the balance of the stock, the operator then launches full blast into an active campaign, characterized by 'wash' or fictitious sales at rising prices, through the co-operation of his allies, and an intensive 'touting' campaign through one or more 'tipster sheets.' As the 'washed' prices rise towards a profitable peak, urgent telegrams and long distance telephone calls are brought to bear upon the luckless subscriber to the 'tipster sheet.' The stock is soon unloaded, and as the proceeds of the sale roll in, the

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An Important Investment Index

THE earnings of a company constitute an important index of the investment standing of its securities. In many instances they comprise the most important factor of investment analysis. A company having a good record of earnings enjoys a high credit rating, and its securities have a high investment standing.

We offer for investment the Fifteen Year 6% Gold Debentures of the ASSOCIATED TELEPHONE UTILITIES COMPANY whose net earnings applicable to interest charges on all outstanding funded indebtedness are over five times interest requirements. Price and complete information on request.

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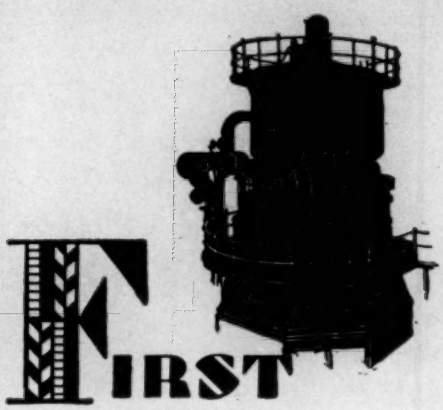

¶ America's first large steam generating turbine, of 5000-kilowatt capacity, was put into operation in 1903 by Commonwealth Edison Company—marking the beginning of a new era in the central station industry. It was ten times the size of the largest experimental units of that day; vision and courage have always played important parts in the colorful history of this company and this industry.

¶ Now acclaimed a pioneering leader, this company reviews a history rich with progress. In 1888, an 80-kw. steam engine was considered impressive; today huge 200,000-kw. steam turbine units provide far cheaper as well as more reliable power.

¶ Commonwealth Edison Company—the central station serving Chicago—has now the largest maximum demand for electrical energy of any company in the world.

¶ We represent this and other companies operating in 30 states. Write us for the Edison Annual Report, and for our current list of security offerings yielding 6% and more.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY
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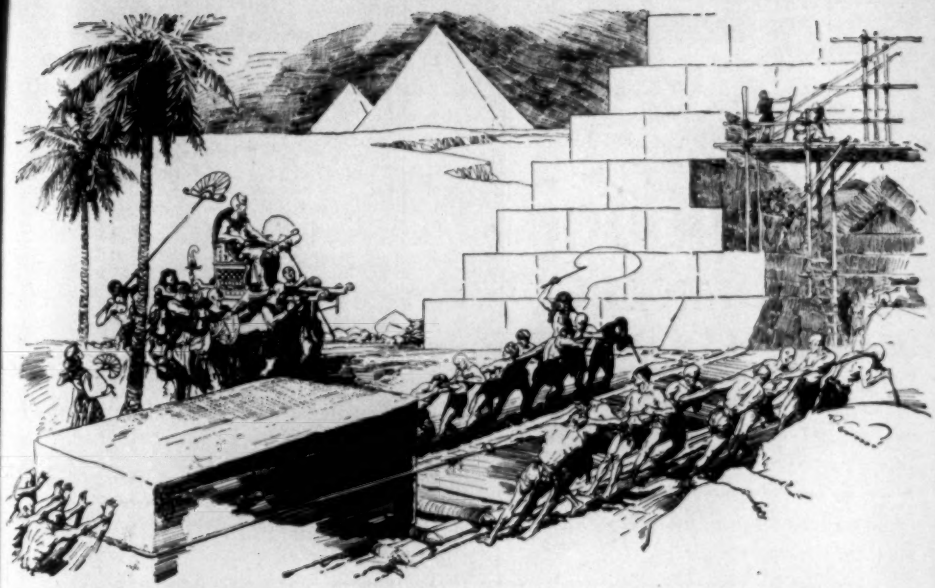
turmoil dies, the market vanishes, and the victims are left with their losses."

THE federal government, state governments, advertising clubs, and investment bankers' associations everywhere are doing all they can to combat these evil sheets, but to quote the National Better Business Bureau once more, "It will require aggressive measures to curtail the 'tipster sheet' menace." It all resolves itself into a question of what the people, the investing public, are going to do about it. So long as they allow themselves to be fooled and tricked out of their money, just so long will the promoters and sellers of fake securities continue to operate and prosper. Laws won't stop them, for while they may be embarrassed by laws for a time they can always evolve some method of evasion.

THE one cure for the tipster sheet evil, and the fake stock evil, is knowledge of a few fundamental facts on the part of the investing public. People will not knowingly allow themselves to be cheated. Aside from the loss of money, it is humiliating, and it, therefore, is fair to assume that the only reason people buy worthless investments is that they don't know any better. And if the man who knows nothing about investments will just admit this fact to himself, and seek the advice of an expert, he will save himself much money and embarrassment.

EVERY investment banking house sends circulars through the mails. The good ones, however, do not state that they know of a stock which is due for a twenty point advance within the next few months; they state facts. When a particular investment is recommended full information is given; earnings, prior obligations, security, equity,



Building *for* Permanence

In selecting investment securities, permanency of values is a factor of vital importance since capital invested is stored away for future as well as present use.

Permanency of asset values and stability of earning power are outstanding characteristics of the Electric Power, Gas and Water Industries.

Steady demand for Light, Heat, Power and Water has earned for Preferred Stocks of well established companies supplying these indispensable services an enviable reputation for safety of money invested and dependability of income return.

Public Utility Preferred Stocks are particularly attractive to the conservative investor building for permanence. Carefully selected securities of this type will assure the continuation of liberal returns in future years.

We will be glad to submit a list of sound public utility preferred stocks which we regard as opportunities for permanent investment.

G. L. OHRSTROM & CO.

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In addition, the Bonds are the direct obligation of the Security Bond & Mortgage Company, with resources of more than five million dollars. And the

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with resources of more than forty million dollars, endorses on each Security Bond its irrevocable guarantee that principal and interest on each underlying mortgage will be paid.

Security Bonds are legal investments for National Banks and safe investments for everyone. They are issued in short maturities—2, 3, 4 and 5 years—and in the convenient denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100. Write today for further particulars.

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and all other salient features are listed in a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact way. Further investigation is welcomed, and then, although a complete study has already been made of the investment there is usually—in order to be doubly conservative—a line printed at the end of the circular to the effect that "while the above information has been taken from reliable sources, and effort has been made to avoid inaccuracies, it is not guaranteed correct." How different from the tipster sheet, which is full of extravagant statements, and real or implied promises.

THE experienced investor knows that when profits are stressed too strongly it is well to be on guard; he knows that no one alive can guarantee profits on investments. The experienced investor becomes suspicious the moment legitimate enterprises are attacked; he knows that this is merely a cloak to hide something illegitimate. He knows that when someone tries to stampede him into buying it is because time taken for investigation will result in unwillingness to buy. He knows enough to inquire about a corporation's earnings, management, dividend record, surplus, and—frequently most embarrassing of all to the fake security seller—the market for its bonds and stocks.

THE experienced investor, in other words, can have a lot of fun with tipster sheets and high-pressure salesmen, and at no risk. Unfortunately there are hundreds of thousands of investors who lack experience. These are the people whose names appear on the sucker lists, who are the quarry hunted by the dishonest promoters of worthless enterprises. Yet these same people would be perfectly safe if it were possible to teach them one elementary fact—and have them live up to it. That is, never to

A Coast to Coast Business

in the Purchase and Sale of

INDUSTRIAL, PUBLIC UTILITY *and* REAL ESTATE BONDS

SINCE 1865 we have been continuously engaged in the investment banking business and have done original financing in all of the States and Provinces of the United States and Canada, respectively, which are shaded in the above map, and also in the Republic of Cuba.

During this period of sixty-three years we have built up an effective wholesale and retail distribution among dealers and investors throughout the United States. Two features of our business appear to be specially liked by our customers: the diversity of our offerings, which makes for safety; and our practice of placing the responsibility for each account on some one member of our organization, which makes for promptness and satisfaction.

If you are interested in learning more about the principles which guide us in the selection of bond issues, purchased for resale to our clients, we shall be glad to send you our leaflet, entitled "A Sound Policy for Investors."

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

Established 1865

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Federal Bonds

assure steady income without risk—

Federal Bonds are as well suited for persons who desire to build Capital as for those with Capital to invest, and to whom assured maximum interest return and safety of principal are of vital importance.

All Federal Bonds are secured by first mortgages on homes and small business properties held in trust by the Empire Trust Company of New York. Such properties have always been highly regarded as security for loans. In addition to the mortgage security Federal Bonds, being direct obligations of the Federal Home Mortgage Company, are protected by all the assets of the Company, amounting to over three and three quarter million dollars.

5½% to 6%

In view of the safety of these Bonds the income is unusually high. The yield from government and industrial bonds of comparable safety is considerably less, which means more income for the investor in Federal Bonds, and more rapid building of Capital.

Our new booklet No. 14, "Safety and Steady Income," will be mailed upon request

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lifts her mighty bridges with electric power supplied by this company. With remarkable rapidity, electricity performs a duty otherwise difficult—thereby helping speed vehicle traffic without hindering river commerce. This task well accomplished is another significant manifestation of Edison Service in the daily life of this great city.

Commonwealth Edison Company

The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 187 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. This stock is listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

buy any security, of any sort, without first talking it over with a banker, and getting a full and reliable report, and the banker's expert opinion as to what to do. Such an elementary precaution would save the investors of this country hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SOUND POLICY FOR INVESTORS: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

(Continued on page following)